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A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

[*ABRIDGED*]

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH A SHORT BIOGRAPHY BY

ANDREW LANG

AND

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

R. LISHMAN

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1914

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WALTER SCOTT, the great novelist and poet, was born in the narrow black street called College Wynd, in the old town of Edinburgh, on 15th August, 1771. On the ground where that street stood had been a house in which the husband of Mary Queen of Scots was murdered, more than two hundred years before the poet's birth. His father was a lawyer, of an ancient and noble family, descended from the Scotts of Harden, who were famous fighters and robbers on the Border, when Scotland and England were separate and unfriendly nations. The baby Walter was born also on a borderland of time and change. People were leaving the ancient and filthy lanes of the old town of Edinburgh for new streets in new quarters, and Scott's parents moved to the broad and airy George's Square, almost in the country. In other ways everything was changing. The Highland clans who fought in 1745 for Prince Charles and the exiled Royal Family of Scotland against the German Kings of England, the Georges, had become peaceful. As Scott grew up he knew many of the men who had been victorious in 1745, and were beaten at Culloden in 1746, and it was his joy to collect their old stories of battle and of adventure. Till he was eighteen months old he was a very strong child, but then a lameness fell on his right foot which never could be cured. He became a very strong man, could lift enormous weights, and was a bold or even rash rider, but he was always lame, and could not be a soldier in the great wars against Napoleon, which was what he wanted to be.

Scott's first memory of anything was of being at his grandfather's house, Sandy Knowe, beside the tall old tower of Smaillholme, on a cliff above a little lake, near the Tweed. From this cliff you see over all the country which Scott made so famous : the three purple peaks of Eildon Hill, haunted by the Fairy Queen ; the ruined abbey of Dryburgh, where he is buried ; Melrose and its abbey ; the plain where English and Scots had fought so many battles ; in the south the blue Cheviot Hills, with England on the farther side ; in the north the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick, where his ancestors had lived, fought and hidden the cattle they robbed out of England.

Here Scott, still a child of about three years old, heard from his grandfather the stories of the old fighting days, which he later put into his novels and poems ; and he learned the ballads about battles, ghosts, and fairies which the country people had made for themselves to sing in winter evenings. He had already learned to read, beginning with some ballads that had been printed. His nurse one day left him alone in the hills, a great thunderstorm came on, and the child was found lying alone on his back, clapping his hands at the flashes of lightning, and crying, " Bonny ! bonny ! "

Before he was four Scott was taken to Bath for his health, and he thought that he first learned to read there, which is perhaps more likely. He returned to Edinburgh when he was six ; a clever lady met him and said : " He has the most extraordinary genius for a boy I ever saw." He said that he was a " virtuoso." " What is a virtuoso ? " said his aunt. " Don't you know, it is one who wishes to know, and will know everything." " Why don't you go out and play with these boys, Walter ? " said somebody who found him reading. " You can't think how ignorant these boys are," said Walter, who already knew more than any of the grown-up people *about the things he wanted to know about*. But these things were stories and poetry, fights and fairies, giants, ladies, knights and dwarfs, not his school lessons. He got a pony

and rode over the hills, seeing the place where the Fairy Queen carried the wizard into Fairyland, and the field where his ancestors turned again on their enemies, the Kers, after a defeat, and all the other scenes which he made famous.

But when he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh he was better at fights with the boys than at grammar, which, whether in Latin or English, he never, all his life, knew much about. He got to the top of his class when a question was asked that nobody else knew, and he fell from place to place when questions were asked that everybody knew except himself. When he got into a fight, he and the other boy fought *sitting*, because of his lameness, on benches opposite each other. He always fell asleep during sermons in church, but, when the boys were asked about the sermon, he answered best, for he remembered the text, and invented, out of his own head, what the preacher was bound to say. He was the story-teller of the school, making up, already, novels that never were written.

There was no cricket in Scotland at that time, and he was too lame for football, but he and a friend took long walks with books in their pockets, which they read among the hills. They learned Italian for the sake of the poetry and stories, and German for the same reason, but Scott utterly refused to learn Greek, for which he was sorry afterwards. Mr. Stevenson, the author of *Treasure Island*, was exactly like Scott in these things, both were clever, idle boys, who never worked except at what they were not expected to learn. Indeed, Scott's father, an honest man, said that he "would never be better than a gangrel scrapegut," which means "a wandering fiddler." When Scott was fifteen he entered his father's office as an apprentice. His business was to copy law papers, and as he wrote very fast, and worked very hard, he made a little money which he spent on books and on old things, swords and Highland dirks (or daggers) and engravings. Though he was so idle he could read Latin,

French, German, Italian, and Spanish, which he picked up in, studying novels, and histories, and poems in these languages. His handwriting was very small and close. If you look at the written copy of one of his novels, made to be printed from, you see that one of the pages makes five pages of the printed book; and you also see that he never stopped to make any corrections or improvements, he just wrote straight on. Shakespeare was said by the actors to work in the same way: it is not certain about Shakespeare, but it is true about Scott. When he was fifteen he met the poet Burns at a party. Burns asked who wrote a piece of poetry printed on the margin of an engraving. None of the learned people who were there knew, but of course Scott did, and whispered it to a friend who told Burns. They never met again. The extraordinary thing is that the name of the author of the poetry is printed under the lines, for I have the engraving.

Scott now studied Law at the College of Edinburgh, which is partly built on the ground where stood the house in which he was born. "You may take him for a poor lamiter" (lame man), said a naval officer who knew him, "but he is the first to begin a row, and the last to end it." He was then a big untidy lad, in corduroy trousers, and was called "Colonel Grogg."

But now Scott fell in love at first sight with a young lady to whom he lent his umbrella on a wet day. Her father was a much richer man than his father, and in a different class of life, though not born of more famous ancestors. Being in love, Scott became tidy and polite, dressed well, went to parties, wrote poetry, and made many friends, including dukes and duchesses. For some reason he was not fortunate enough to marry this lady. "She was more like an angel than a woman," says a person who knew her well. For years Scott was very unhappy, though he did not say anything about it. He always dreamed of this lady before any misfortune came to him. In his poems and novels you see places in which he has been

thinking of her : she is the heroine of one poem, *Rokeby*, and one novel, *Redgauntlet*. When he was old and weak, he sat at the foot of the tall ancient tower of St. Rules, at St. Andrews, and thought of how he had cut her name in *Runic* letters on the turf there, when he was young. ("Runic" is the kind of alphabet used by the old Danes, who gave the English so much trouble in early times.)

This love affair was the great sorrow of Scott's life, but he bore it like a man ; he worked at his studies (at last !), and became an "advocate," as the Scots call a barrister. He made long journeys into the country on the border of Scotland and England, collecting the ballads which the people made for themselves four hundred years ago ; and he went into the Highlands, where the men who fought for Prince Charlie lived, and everywhere he made friends, and gathered old stories. His first book was one of translations from German poems about ghosts, his next a translation of a German play. In 1797 he met a pretty, merry girl of French birth, Miss Charpentier, and married her. He said : "There is no *romance* in her composition ;" she did not care much about the old stories of which he was so fond. But she was "jolly," and they now lived very happily in Edinburgh, and, in summer, at a cottage in the country. In 1802 Scott published the old songs he had picked up, with some of his own, and with essays on the old times. The book is called *The Border Minstrelsy*, and became famous. Of Scott's own pieces, "The Eve of St. John" is the best ; the scene where the ghost burns the lady's hand is Smailholme Tower, beside the house where he lived when he was three years old, and laughed at the lightning.

Scott now began the first, and the best, of his longer poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It was written in a new, lively and irregular metre, invented by the poet Coleridge, in *Christabel*.

Coleridge never finished that poem, and did not publish the part he had written till twelve years later. But Scott heard

a friend repeat part of it, and he never forgot what he had heard. Once he was fishing in the Tweed at night with James Hogg, a shepherd and a poet. They had to wait for some of their fishing things, and Scott said : " Jamie, repeat that poem of yours that you once read to me." The shepherd could not remember it, so Scott recited the whole long ballad, which he had only heard once.

In the same way the metre of part of *Christabel* remained in his mind, and in that, with changes, he wrote *The Lay*. It is all about the witches and warriors of old times, and the famous wizard, Michael Scot, who split by magic the hill of Eildon into its three peaks. The heroes were real people of Scott's own family, in the time of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, but they are mixed up with a mischievous fairy boy, The Goblin Page, and with Michael Scot's book of magic, buried in his grave in Melrose Abbey.

For a great many years poetry had been what you may call very dull stuff, very prim and moral, and this poem was a new thing, most exciting to read, and very beautiful. Scott at once was famous, and in money he got £669 9s. Unluckily about this time Scott became, secretly, a partner of two boys with whom he had been at school in the business of printing; later they not only *printed* books for publishers, but *published* them. It was not allowed to advocates to be partners in any business, but the business, as it was concerned with books, amused Scott. He would publish books about things, old things, which interested him, but for which few other people cared. The result of all this was that Scott was constantly losing money, and getting mixed up in trade affairs, and promises to pay. He had plenty to live on, for he held two well-paid legal positions, and soon began to make thousands of pounds by his poems, and, after 1814, by his novels. But partly he lost it in the business of his school friends and partly he spent it in buying an estate on the Tweed, and building Abbotsford, and purchasing expensive

old books, pictures and curious things, and on asking everybody to stay with him. He enjoyed himself very much, and made himself the best-liked man in all Scotland, for he talked to shepherds and labourers and everybody, "as if they had been his own blood relations," and he found work and money for poor people in hard times, and always had money for everybody in distress. But the end of all this was that, twenty years after he wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when Scott thought himself very rich, he found himself ruined. There was nobody to pay a huge debt but Scott, and he died of working to do it, writing, writing, all day long, at histories and novels, till his brain broke. But his debts were paid.

All these miseries happened long after the time when he first became famous, but the beginning of them all was just at that time, when Scott was about thirty, and took a part in the business of printing. From that hour anxiety was with him, and ruin was only waiting for its chance.

It was now that Scott, in 1805, began a novel in prose, *Waverley*, but he put it away in a drawer, and forgot all about it. He was writing poems and essays, and drilling with the volunteer cavalry, for Napoleon was overrunning Europe, and had a camp opposite Folkestone, from which he meant to invade our country. There were neither railways nor electric telegraphs then, but piles of wood were set up along the coasts to be lighted for a warning if the French landed. One day Scott was with his wife at a place near Carlisle, when news came that one of these warning fires, or "beacons," had been lighted, and on every height above the sea the flames were blazing. The country and towns of the south of Scotland sent out their armed men, who rode or marched to Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleugh's house near Edinburgh. They meant to send their wives and children and cattle up into the hills and burn their towns, so that the French might not find food or shelter. My own grandfather, whom Scott knew, was in Edinburgh, away from home, but his mother, who was a widow, sent his horse

and sword to the meeting place, "for," she said to Scott, "I would rather see him dead than a horse's length behind the best." Scott himself mounted as soon as he heard the news, and rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, meeting the men of Ettrick Forest. On the road he made a poem; he never was happier than at the chance of a fight. But the beacon had been lighted by accident, and after Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon broke up his camp, and went to win Austerlitz against the Austrians.

I can only mention the books that Scott wrote in the following years, such as the poem of *Marmion*, one of his best, the description of the battle of Flodden, where the English defeated the Scots and killed King James, is the finest battle in British poetry. Scott now lived in summer at Ashiestiel, a beautiful place on the Tweed, where there was no bridge, so that he had the pleasure of riding across the flooded ford at the risk of his life. He was sheriff, or chief magistrate, of Selkirkshire, also known as the Forest of Ettrick, and he rode across the hills, composing *Marmion*, on his way to sit as judge at Selkirk. His next poem was *The Lady of the Lake*, about adventures of King James V. (about 1530) in the Highlands. This, like *Marmion*, was a splendid success, and all the world flocked into the Highlands, which previously had been little known to English people. Now Scott bought his estate, which was to be so ruinous to him. He gave fancy prices for poor lands, because they were the scenes of old battles or fairy tales, and he began to build his house, Abbotsford, which is not large, but was terribly expensive. He entertained people who crowded to see him, and spent his money before he got it. His poem of *Rokeby* was about the wars against Charles I. in England, and was not so much liked as his Scottish poems. Besides Lord Byron now wrote *Childe Harold*, and all the world went wild about the new poet.

But Scott had another string to his bow. When hunting in a drawer for fly-hooks to fish with, he found the beginning

part of a novel in prose, *Waverley*, which he had thrown aside in 1805 and 1810 and forgotten. It was now 1814, the month was June. Some very young men were dining together in Edinburgh, one of them was Lockhart, who later married Scott's daughter, Sophia, and wrote his *Life*. From their table they saw into a room in a neighbouring house ; what they saw was the hand of a man writing, writing, finishing page after page, and throwing it aside. Candles were brought, and still the hand wrote on and on. One of the young men knew that it was the hand of Walter Scott. He wrote the two last volumes of *Waverley* in three weeks, sent them to the printer and went on a cruise round the coasts of Scotland. He did not publish his name as the author of *Waverley*, and when he returned from his tour in the North he found that an unknown person, the author of *Waverley*, was famous. For some reason he never did admit that he was the author of this and his other novels, till, eleven years later, when the truth was certain to be discovered, in the examining into the affairs of his printing company. People guessed from the very first that he must have written *Waverley*, and about twenty persons knew for certain, but they all kept the secret. The secret amused Scott, for all sorts of absurd guesses were made in his hearing, and though there was perfect proof in a passage of *Rob Roy* that he was the author, nobody noticed it till a few years ago.

At that time not many novels were written, and no good novels, except those of Scott's friend, Miss Edgeworth, about the characters and ways of the Irish. Scott thought he could make as much of the ways and characters of his own people of Scotland ; and he also could tell of the old times that he knew so well. Thus almost all of his novels are "historical," and speak of times long past, times of Prince Charlie (1745-60), of Queen Mary (1568), of Charles II. (1670-80), of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), of Richard I. (about 1195), of James I. (1604-24), of Louis XI. of France (about 1475), and so on. The author knew the Scots of every rank in life thoroughly

well, and to him the famous people of history were like living friends, and he made them come to life again in his books. Many writers everywhere, in France, Germany, and England, have imitated Scott in writing novels about historical events and persons, but none has ever done it so well, except Alexandre Dumas, in French, the author of *The Three Musketeers*. Nobody at all has come near Scott in drawing Scottish characters, whether barons and ladies, or gardeners and ploughmen. There are hundreds of men and women of his invention, from Claverhouse the cavalier to the Glasgow magistrate, or the lawyer Macwhaeble, or James I., or the old Covenanter, Davie Deans, or the thief Ratcliffe, whom we know as well as if we met them every day.

In this power of making fancied personages real, Scott comes nearest to Shakespeare. It is true that his hero and heroine are not usually very interesting. They fall in love, go through dangers, and marry happily. But they are only points about which the story moves ; scores of other characters surround them, and are much more alive than they are. Thus in *Waverley* Scott had the lowest opinion of his hero, Edward Waverley, a brave, handsome, undecided young man, not very clever, who takes the side of Prince Charles for love of one lady, and marries another, an innocent, pretty, harmless little lass, who has fallen in love with him. It is the other people, Fergus MacIvor and his Highlanders ; the brave, loyal, old-fashioned Baron Bradwardine ; the tipsy laird, Balmawhapple ; the silly, noisy Gilfillan ; Prince Charles himself, gallant, beautiful, and doomed to misfortune, who make the story interesting. The only heroines whom we care much about are Diana Vernon in *Rob Roy*, so much of a boy, and so beautiful and loyal a woman ; Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, and Catherine Seton in *The Abbot*. Scott's old women are much more excellent than his girls ; and he writes just as little as he can about love-making. The exception is Jeanie Deans, a country girl, rather good than pretty, and she is his masterpiece.

His best novels are about Scotland, and of these the best are *Waverley*, *Old Mortality* (about the Covenanters and Claverhouse), *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Antiquary* (a story of his own times) and *Guy Mannering*. Next come *The Fortunes of Nigel* (a Scot in London at the Court of James I.), and *Quentin Durward* (a Scot in France at the Court of Louis XI). Most boys like *Ivanhoe* best, a novel about Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck ; and *The Talisman*, the story of a Scottish knight in the Crusades, is also very popular. But where are we to stop ? We cannot be happy without the fighting blacksmith and the cowardly Highland chief in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and Queen Elizabeth and Amy Robsart in *Kenilworth*, and Charles II. as a lad, and Oliver Cromwell in *Woodstock*, and Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate* ; nor can we overlook little tales like "The Highland Widow" and "Wandering Willy's Tale" in *Redgauntlet* (which is certainly one of the best in the whole family), and *The Tapestry Chamber*, a terrible little ghost story ; and then there is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the most tragical of them all. In these *Waverley* novels and Shakespeare's plays you could be happy, as far as reading goes, on a desert island.

The drawbacks of the novels are that there is occasionally a dull beginning, about history ; that the grammar is not always what you can recommend to a friend, and that characters, especially meant to be comic, are apt to grow tedious. If I might advise a boy or girl, I would say : "Skip what you find dull, or cannot understand, and read what you find interesting." Later, other passages will interest you, and the older you grow the more you will find to admire, and the more you will fall in love with Walter Scott.

It is not to be thought that all the history is correct. Scott took great liberties in spinning his stories, but the point is that the people themselves are all real, behaving and talking just as they did behave and talk. As you read history, you will find out what things in the novels did not happen, or could

not happen, but the life of the men and women you learn from Scott.

He only wrote one long poem after the success of *Waverley*, that was *The Lord of the Isles*, about the adventures of Robert Bruce. People liked the novels better, and he wrote, on an average, two a year. He was created a baronet, Sir Walter Scott, and was the best liked and most honoured man in the country. Then came the bankruptcy in 1825-26, and five years of eternal hard work at novels, essays, a history of Napoleon, anything to pay his debts and clear his honour. His brain gave way, he had apoplexy, but he worked on, and, even when he went abroad for his health, in 1832, he must still write—a novel called *The Knights of Malta*. But the busy hand and brain were tired out; the handwriting is different, but the pages are still filled in the old way. The book will never be published. In Italy and at Rome, the scenes of old Roman history did not interest him, he went and stood by the graves of our exiled Princes, James, Charles, and Henry, the descendants of the old Royal Family of Scotland.

Then he grew worse, and was hurried home. He was glad to see his dogs, and the hills, and the dear water of the Tweed, and the faces of his friends. He said to Lockhart, his son-in-law: "My dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. . . . God bless you all." These were his latest recorded words, though it is said that he asked to be lifted up to see the Tweed once more. He died on 21st September, 1832, and was buried, with the sorrow of the whole country, in the beautiful ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Lockhart now lies at his feet, and the murmur of the Tweed is never still.

There he had always wished to sleep.

Sir Walter Scott wrote many volumes of which nothing has been said here, for example, the delightful *Tales of a Grandfather* about the history of Scotland, a great number of

essays, and notes on other authors, such as Swift and Dryden. He never wrote a word that on his death-bed he would have wished to blot out. He gave more happiness to more readers than kings or statesmen can bestow on the world. Dogs and horses were all fond of him, and a hen and a pig used to run after him for friendship ! He was the most generous of men ; in his misfortunes, having no money to give to a needy person, he actually wrote, without signing his name, some sermons which brought money for the sufferer. He was so far from vain that he thought his children should not read his poetry, though he owned that it was only intended for " young people of spirit." Among his very best verses are the little songs and ballads which were sung by the characters in his novels, such as " Proud Maisie," " The Battle of Harlaw " and " Bonny Dundee." He never wrote anything about the mysterious problems of human life and destiny ; it was not that he did not think about them, but his conclusion was, " My dear, be a good man."

INTRODUCTION

A Legend of Montrose, like many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, is founded on historical events, and many of its characters are real historical personages. The actual and fictitious incidents therein narrated are supposed to occur between the summer of 1644 and a time immediately following the battle of Inverlochy, which was fought on February 2nd, 1645. The narrative thus embraces a period of some seven months. This period is selected with an eye to dramatic effect, as it exhibits the titular hero, Montrose, at the most successful and brilliant portion of his career. His subsequent defeat and exile belong rather to the domain of the historian, than to that of the novelist, and these calamities are therefore only hinted at in the concluding chapter of the story. The main object of the author, however, was to portray the social and political condition of the Highlands about the middle of the seventeenth century, and his picture of the impetuous and lawless character of the clansmen, their loyalty and obedience to their chieftains, their weird superstitions and relentless blood-feuds, their obstinate pride, and keen susceptibility to insult, lives before the mind of the reader.

Although Montrose is the titular, Dugald Dalgetty is the real hero of the tale. The full-length picture of this character occupies a prominent place in the portrait gallery of the great Scottish novelist. Nurtured in a country already celebrated for its learning, and in an age strongly tinctured by pedantry—the arch-pedant James I. furnishing a conspicuous example—the character of Dalgetty, with his endless tags of Latin, and his

tedious use of military technicalities, accords well with its historical setting. He is essentially a soldier of fortune, with hardly a thought outside his profession, and like all men possessed by a single idea, is anxious to impart his peculiar knowledge to all and sundry, on every possible opportunity. By his long association with the swashbucklers of the German wars, he has acquired that unconscious habit of boasting, usually associated with military adventurers, and his vices of gluttony and coarseness of expression are the natural products of the rude life of the camp. Punctilious on all points touching the conventional code of morals adopted by the mercenary soldiers of that age, he is a stranger to all feelings of patriotism, or of enthusiasm for any cause, however sacred. His code of duty contains but one clause—fidelity to his military oath. His sturdy independence and self-assertion in the presence of the great, and his coolness and resourcefulness in danger, are national characteristics, which have been strengthened by the stern discipline of the German wars. He has but one object of reverence and worship—the memory of his old commander, Gustavus Adolphus, and but one drop of the milk of human kindness—his affection for his faithful steed, named after his revered hero. This last artistic touch shows Scott's profound knowledge of human nature, since there is no man, however selfish, hardened, or cruel, who does not require some outlet for the affections, natural to the human heart.

Dalgetty's frequent references to the battles and commanders in the Thirty Years' War will be better understood from a brief sketch of the war, than from disjointed explanations interspersed throughout the notes. For a similar reason, a brief outline of the chief events in the Civil War, previous to the opening of the story, and especially of the relations existing between Scotland and England, at that time, will be found useful. The student is strongly advised to read both, before commencing the text.

The Civil War.—The fiery eloquence of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, had, before his death in 1572, converted the vast majority of the Lowland Scots to the Calvinistic form of the Protestant faith, known as Presbyterianism. Bitterly opposed to Episcopacy, or government of the church by bishops, the followers of Knox had zealously adopted the more republican form of Church government by presbyteries, or councils of pastors and elders. When, therefore, Charles I. and his minister, Archbishop Laud, attempted to re-establish Episcopacy in Scotland, the people of that country drew up and signed the *Solemn League and Covenant* (1638), the closing words of which ran :—" We promise and swear, by the great name of the Lord our God, to continue in the profession and obedience of the said Religion, and that we shall defend the same, and resist all the contrary errors and corruptions, according to our vocation, and the utmost of that power which God has put into our hands, all the days of our life." Raising a voluntary levy, and being reinforced by the Scottish mercenaries who had taken part in the Thirty Years' War, they took up arms in defence of their religion. Charles collected an army at York, and marched to the Scottish border, where the *Covenanters under General Leslie had taken up a position on the hill of Dunse Law, near Berwick-on-Tweed.* Finding himself too weak to attack, Charles granted the demands of the Scots, and returned home, but only to call to his aid his resolute henchman, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to summon a Parliament, in order to obtain supplies for a fresh campaign. As this body did not prove sufficiently pliable to his wishes, he dismissed it within three weeks, from which fact it is known as the Short Parliament. The king, by the advice of Strafford, now obtained money from his Irish Parliament, and in England by various forms of illegal taxation, and thus equipped an army for the subjugation of Scotland. The soldiers, however, proved mutinous, spoke contemptuously of the campaign as the

“Bishop’s War,” and were naturally easily defeated at *Newburn-on-Tyne* by the Scots, who had marched into England “to present their grievances to the King’s Majesty” (1640). The Scotts seized Newcastle, and retained possession of Northumberland and Durham for more than a year. *In both of these campaigns the Marquis of Montrose played a leading part on the side of the Covenanters.* In November of the same year the Long Parliament met, and its members, by their bold and vigorous measures, soon brought matters to a crisis. They impeached and beheaded Strafford, imprisoned Laud in the Tower, abolished the tyrannical courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and disbanded the English and Scottish armies. Charles thereupon visited Edinburgh, made concessions to the Scottish Parliament, and heaped honours on the leaders of the Covenanters (amongst others, on the Marquis of Argyle), with the object of securing their assistance against his enemies in England. The king’s schemes were, however, frustrated by the sudden withdrawal of Argyle from the Scottish capital, on the plea that Montrose, who had been imprisoned by the Covenanters for plotting against them, was intriguing with the king for his (Argyle’s) arrest (1641). In the following year Civil War broke out between the king and the English Parliament, and for some time the balance of success lay with the Cavaliers or Royalists. In order to stem the tide of adversity, the English Parliament sent Sir Harry Vane and other commissioners to Scotland to solicit aid from their co-religionists in that country, and in January, 1644, a Scottish army of 20,000 men marched over the border to the assistance of the Parliamentarians. The Marquis of Montrose seized the opportunity to create a diversion in the North by rousing the Highland clans in support of the Royalist cause, and at the same time to avenge himself on his hated rival Argyle. The course of the early portion of this campaign is described in the novel.

The Thirty Years' War.—Previous to this war (1618–1648), Germany was divided into a number of States, each ruled by its own prince. The more important of these territorial rulers were called Electors, since they enjoyed the privilege of electing the supreme ruler of the Empire (the Kaiser *i.e.* Cæsar). The Imperial dignity was, at this period, borne by Ferdinand II. of the Austrian house of the Hapsburgs. As these princes were practically independent, and as the emperor was almost continually engaged in external wars with the French, the Turks, and the people of the Netherlands, his authority was by no means proportionate to the splendour of his title. The German princes, however, were divided into two hostile camps. Some had supported Luther, and had adopted the Protestant faith, while others had adhered to the Roman Catholic religion. As it was a commonly accepted axiom at that time, that subjects must be of the same faith as their ruler, the whole German people were also sharply divided by their several frontiers, into two opposing parties. Protestantism had been so widely accepted in Germany, England, Scotland, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, that the Pope, aided by that famous religious order, the Jesuits, determined to try and bring back the people of these countries to the old faith by a counter-reformation. In this he was assisted by the Hapsburgs, and by the Catholic League of German princes. Their opponents, the Protestant Union, were disunited, owing to the enmity which existed between the two sections, the Lutherans and the Calvinists.

The Bohemians, who were Calvinists, having elected as their king, *Frederick V., Elector of the Palatinate*, and son-in-law of James I. of England, the emperor, Ferdinand II., sent against him *Count Tilly*, commander of the army of the League. Tilly had, at an early age, entered the order of the Jesuits, but abandoned the clerical for the military profession. In this he greatly distinguished himself against the Protestants of the Netherlands, the Hungarians, and the Turks. He was noted,

not only for his great military skill, but also for his fanatical hatred of the Protestants and his merciless cruelty towards his defeated foes. Having completely defeated the Elector Frederick before the walls of Prague, he thoroughly subdued Bohemia for the Emperor. This alarmed the Protestant princes of the North German states, and they elected *Christian IV.* of Denmark as their leader, in order to oppose the designs of Ferdinand and the League. Now, the Emperor, having no regular standing army, was dependent on the Catholic League, and on bands of mercenary troops, to carry on the campaign. From this difficulty he was freed by the military genius and unscrupulous policy of *Wallenstein*. Wallenstein, a Protestant and Bohemian by birth, had been sent in his youth to a Jesuit school, and thus embraced the Catholic faith. He was a man of profound learning, a master of the ancient, and many modern languages, and had studied mathematics, and the sciences connected with the military art, but was nevertheless superstitious, a believer in astrology, and suspected by his troops of practising magic arts. In character he was ruthless, passionate, and ambitious. Being extremely wealthy, he raised an army for the Emperor, and proposed to maintain it by levying contributions on the districts through which it passed, a policy which caused terrible suffering to the German peasantry. Wallenstein and Tilly now joined forces, marched against Christian, drove him out of Germany, and then out of his own country—Denmark. Emboldened by his success, the Emperor issued an edict, ordering the restitution of all Church lands taken by the Protestant princes, and Wallenstein openly urged the Emperor to become the real master of Germany, as the French king was in France. This alarmed even the Catholic princes of the League, who demanded the dismissal of Wallenstein. Ferdinand was obliged to yield, and Wallenstein retired in high dudgeon to one of his private estates. In the same year, *Gustavus Adolphus*, king of Sweden, landed in Pomerania, as the champion of the Protestant cause. His

army, in which were six regiments of Scottish mercenary troops, under the Duke of Hamilton, was characterized by its strict discipline, and the religious fervour of the troops, who, like Cromwell's Ironsides, sang hymns of praise, as they marched to attack the enemy. The success of Gustavus was rapid, and decisive. In eight months he captured eighty fortified places. He defeated the hitherto invincible Tilly at the battle of Leipzig (1613), and again at the passage of the Lech, where Tilly was killed. Germany seemed to lie at the mercy of the Swedish king, when Wallenstein was induced to leave his retirement, and to take command of the Imperial forces. At the celebrated battle of Lützen (1632), Wallenstein was defeated, but the heroic Gustavus met with his death in the moment of victory. Two years afterwards Wallenstein was assassinated.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

CHAPTER I.

It was towards the close of a summer's evening, that a young gentleman of quality, well mounted and armed, and accompanied by two servants, one of whom led a sumpter-horse, rode slowly up one of those steep passes by which the Highlands are accessible from the lowlands 5 of Perthshire. Their course had lain for some time along the banks of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the crimson beams of the western sun. The broken path, which they pursued with some difficulty, was in some places shaded by ancient birches and oak trees, and in 10 others overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsewhere, the hill, which formed the northern side of this beautiful sheet of water, arose in steep, but less precipitous acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the darkest purple. In the present times, a scene so romantic would have been judged 15 to possess the highest charms for the traveller; but those who journey in days of doubt and dread pay little attention to picturesque scenery.

The master kept, as often as the wood permitted, abreast of one or both of his domestics, and seemed 20 earnestly to converse with them, probably because the

distinctions of rank are readily set aside among those who are made to be sharers of common danger.

They had not advanced above halfway up the lake, when they discovered a single horseman coming down the shore as if to meet them. The gleam of the sunbeams upon his headpiece and corselet showed that he was in armour, and the purpose of the other travellers required that he should not pass unquestioned.

"We must know who he is," said the young gentleman,
10 "and whither he is going."

And, putting spurs to his horse, he rode forward as fast as the rugged state of the road would permit, followed by his two attendants, until he reached the point where the pass along the side of the lake was inter-
15 sected by that which descended by the ravine, securing thus against the possibility of the stranger eluding them by turning into the latter road before they came up with him.

The single horseman had mended his pace when he
20 first observed the three riders advance rapidly towards him; but when he saw them halt and form a front which completely occupied the path, he checked his horse, and advanced with great deliberation; so that each party had an opportunity to take a full survey of the other. The
25 solitary stranger was mounted upon an able horse, fit for military service, and for the great weight which he had to carry, and his rider occupied his demipique, or war-saddle, with an air that showed it was his familiar seat. He had a bright burnished headpiece, with a plume of feathers,
30 together with a cuirass thick enough to resist a musket-ball, and a back-piece of lighter materials. These defensive arms he wore over a buff jerkin, along with a pair of gauntlets, or steel gloves, the tops of which reached up to his elbow, and which, like the rest of his armour, were of

bright steel. At the front of his military saddle hung a case of pistols, far beyond the ordinary size, nearly two feet in length, and carrying bullets of twenty to the pound. A buff belt, with a broad silver buckle, sustained on one side a long straight double-edged broadsword, with a strong guard, and a blade calculated either to strike or push. On the right side hung a dagger of about eighteen inches in length; a shoulder-belt sustained at his back a musketoon or blunderbuss, and was crossed by a bandoleer containing his charges of ammunition. Thighpieces of steel, then termed tassets, met the tops of his huge jack-boots, and completed the equipage of a well-armed trooper of the period.

The appearance of the horseman himself corresponded well with his military equipage, to which he had the air of having been long inured. He was above the middle size, and of strength sufficient to bear with ease the weight of his weapons offensive and defensive. His age might be forty and upwards, and his countenance was that of a resolute, weather-beaten veteran, who had seen many fields, and brought away in token more than one scar. At the distance of about thirty yards he halted and stood fast, raised himself on his stirrups, as if to reconnoitre and ascertain the purpose of the opposite party, and brought his musketoon under his right arm, ready for use if occasion should require it. In everything but numbers he had the advantage of those who seemed inclined to interrupt his passage.

The leader of the party was, indeed, well mounted, and clad in a buff-coat richly embroidered, the half-military dress of the period; but his domestics had only coarse jackets of thick felt, which could scarce be expected to turn the edge of a sword, if wielded by a strong man; and none of them had any weapons, save swords and pistols,

without which gentlemen, or their attendants, during those disturbed times, seldom stirred abroad.

When they had stood at gaze for about a minute, the younger gentleman gave the challenge which was then
5 common in the mouth of all strangers who met in such circumstances—

“For whom are you?”

“Tell me first,” answered the soldier, “for whom are you? The strongest party should speak first.”

10 “We are for God and King Charles,” answered the first speaker. “Now, tell your faction, you know ours.”

“I am for God and my standard,” answered the single horseman.

“And for which standard?” replied the chief of the
15 other party—“Cavalier or Roundhead, King or Convention?”

“By my troth, sir,” answered the soldier, “I would be loth to reply to you with an untruth, as a thing unbecoming a cavalier of fortune and a soldier. But to answer
20 your query with beseeeming veracity, it is necessary I should myself have resolved to whilk of the present divisions of the kingdom I shall ultimately adhere, being a matter whereon my mind is not as yet preceesely ascertained.”

25 “I should have thought,” answered the gentleman, “that when loyalty and religion are at stake, no gentleman or man of honour could be long in choosing his party.”

“Truly, sir,” replied the trooper, “if ye speak this in the
30 way of vituperation, as meaning to impugn my honour or genteelity, I would blithely put the same to issue, venturing in that quarrel with my single person against you three. But if you speak it in the way of logical ratiocination, whilk I have studied in my youth at the Marischal

College of Aberdeen, I am ready to prove to ye *logicé*, that my resolution to defer, for a certain season, the taking upon me either of these quarrels, not only becometh me as a gentleman and a man of honour, but also as a person of sense and prudence, one imbued with humane letters in his early youth, and who, from henceforward, has followed the wars under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinist, Papist and Arminian.”

10

After exchanging a word or two with his domestics, the younger gentleman replied—

“I should be glad, sir, to have some conversation with you upon so interesting a question, and should be proud if I can determine you in favour of the cause I have myself espoused. I ride this evening to a friend’s house, not three miles distant, whither, if you choose to accompany me, you shall have good quarters for the night, and free permission to take your own road in the morning, if you then feel no inclination to join with us.”

20

“Whose word am I to take for this?” answered the cautious soldier. “A man must know his guarantee, or he may fall into an ambuscade.”

“I am called,” answered the younger stranger, “the Earl of Menteith, and I trust you will receive my honour as a sufficient security.”

“A worthy nobleman,” answered the soldier, “whose parole is not to be doubted.” With one motion he replaced his musketoon at his back, and with another made his military salute to the young nobleman, and continuing to talk as he rode forward to join him. “And I trust,” said he, “my own assurance, that I will be *bon camarado* to your lordship, in peace or in peril, during the time we shall abide together, will not be altogether vilipended in

these doubtful times, when, as they say, a man's head is safer in a steel cap than in a marble palace."

"I assure you, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that, to judge from your appearance, I most highly value the
5 advantage of your escort; but I trust we shall have no occasion for any exercise of valour, as I expect to conduct you to good and friendly quarters."

"Good quarters, my lord," replied the soldier, "are always acceptable, and are only to be postponed to good
10 pay or good booty, not to mention the honour of a cavalier or the needful points of commanded duty. And truly, my lord, your noble proffer is not the less welcome in that I knew not preceesely this night where I and my poor companion" (patting his horse) "were to find
15 lodgments."

"May I be permitted to ask, then," said Lord Menteith, "to whom I have the good fortune to stand quarter-master?"

"Truly, my lord," said the trooper, "my name is
20 Dalgetty—Dugald Dalgetty—Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honourable service to command. My father, my lord, having by unthrifty courses reduced a fair patrimony to a nonentity, I had no better shift, when I was eighteen years auld, than to carry the learning whilk
25 I had acquired at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, my gentle bluid and designation of Drumthwacket, together with a pair of stalwart arms and legs conform, to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune."

30 "And, doubtless, sir," replied Lord Menteith, "you have gone through some hot service?"

"Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak; but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lützen, may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who

hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know somewhat about leaguers, storms, onslaughts, and outfalls."

"But your merit, sir, and experience, were doubtless followed by promotion?"

"It came slow, my lord, dooms slow," replied Dalgetty; "but as my Scottish countrymen, the fathers of the war, and the raisers of those valorous Scottish regiments that were the dread of Germany, began to fall pretty thick, what with pestilence and what with the sword, why we, 10 their children, succeeded to their inheritance. Sir, I was six years first private gentleman of the company, and three years lance-spessade, disdaining to receive a halberd, as unbecoming my birth. Wherefore I was ultimately promoted to be a fahn-dragger, as the High Dutch call it 15 (which signifies an ancient), in the King's Leif Regiment of Black Horse, and thereafter I arose to be lieutenant and rittmaster, under that invincible monarch, the Bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious." 20

"And yet, if I understand you, Captain Dalgetty, I think that rank corresponds with your foreign title of rittmaster——"

"The same grade preceesely," answered Dalgetty; "rittmaster signifying literally file-leader." 25

"I was observing," continued Lord Menteith, "that, if I understood you right, you had left the service of this great Prince?"

"It was after his death—it was after his death, sir," said Dalgetty, "when I was in no shape bound to con- 30 tinue mine adherence. There are things, my lord, in that service, that cannot but go against the stomach of any cavalier of honour. In especial, albeit the pay be none of the most superabundant, being only about sixty dollars a

month to a rittmaster, yet the invincible Gustavus never paid above one-third of that sum, whilk was distributed monthly by way of loan; although, when justly considered, it was, in fact, a borrowing by that great monarch of the additional two-thirds which were due to the soldier. And I have seen whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out, 'Gelt, gelt,' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever
10 disdained, my lord, postponing of honour to filthy lucre."

"But were not these arrears," said Lord Menteith, "paid to the soldiery at some stated period?"

"My lord," said Dalgetty, "I take it on my conscience that at no period, and by no possible process, could one
15 kreutzer of them ever be recovered. I myself never saw twenty dollars of my own all the time I served the invincible Gustavus, unless it was from the chance of a storm or victory, or the fetchling in some town or doorp, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars,
20 seldom faileth to make some small profit."

"I begin rather to wonder, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that you should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that you should have ultimately withdrawn from it."

25 "Neither I should," answered the rittmaster; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the Bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly
30 delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms. Simple as I ride here, my lord, I have myself commanded the whole stift of Dunklespiel on the Lower Rhine, occupying the Palsgrave's palace, consuming his choice wines with my comrades, calling in

contributions, requisitions, and caduacs, and not failing to lick my fingers as became a good cook. But truly all this glory hastened to decay after our great master had been shot with three bullets on the field of Lützen; wherefore, finding that Fortune had changed sides, that the borrowings and lendings went on as before out of our pay, while the caduacs and casualties were all cut off, I c'en gave up my commission, and took service with Wallenstein, in Walter Butler's Irish regiment."

"And may I beg to know of you," said Lord Menteith, 10 apparently interested in the adventures of this soldier of fortune, "how you liked this change of masters?"

"Indifferent well," said the Captain—"very indifferent well. I cannot say that the emperor paid much better than the great Gustavus. For hard knocks, we had 15 plenty of them. I was often obliged to run my head against my old acquaintances, the Swedish feathers, whilk your honour must conceive to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron at each end, and planted before the squad of pikes to prevent an onfall of the cavalry. The whilk 20 Swedish feathers, although they look gay to the eye, resembling the shrubs or lesser trees of a forest, as the puissant pikes, arranged in battalia behind them, correspond to the tall pines thereof, yet, nevertheless, are not altogether so soft to encounter as the plumage of a goose. 25 Howbeit, in despite of heavy blows and light pay, a cavalier of fortune may thrive indifferently well in the Imperial service, in respect his private casualties are nothing so closely looked to as by the Swede; and so that an officer did his duty on the field, neither Wallenstein nor Pappenheim, nor old Tilly before them, would likely listen to the objurgations of boors or burghers against any commander or soldado, by whom they chanced to be somewhat closely shorn. So that an experienced cavalier,

knowing how to lay, as our Scottish phrase runs, "the head of the sow to the tail of the grice," might get out of the country the pay whilk he could not obtain from the emperor."

5 "With a full hand, sir, doubtless, and with interest," said Lord Menteith.

"Indubitably, my lord," answered Dalgetty, composedly; "for it would be doubly disgraceful for any soldado of rank to have his name called in question
10 for any petty delinquency."

"And pray, sir," continued Lord Menteith, "what made you leave so gainful a service?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the soldier, "an Irish cavalier, called O'Quilligan, being major of our regiment,
15 and I having had words with him the night before, respecting the worth and precedence of our several nations, it pleased him the next day to deliver his orders to me with the point of his baton advanced and held aloof, instead of declining and trailing the same, as is the
20 fashion from a courteous commanding officer towards his equal in rank, though it may be his inferior in military grade. Upon this quarrel, sir, we fought in private *rencontre*; and as, in the perquisitions which followed, it pleased Walter Butler, our oberst, or colonel,
25 to give the lighter punishment to his countryman, and the heavier to me, whereupon ill stomaching such partiality, I exchanged my commission for one under the Spaniard."

"I hope you found yourself better off by the change?"
30 said Lord Menteith.

"In good sooth," answered the rittmaster, "I had but little to complain of. The pay was somewhat regular, being furnished by the rich Flemings and Walloons of the Low Country."

"And may I ask," said Lord Menteith, "why you, captain, retired from the Spanish service also?"

"You are to consider, my lord, that your Spaniard," replied Captain Dalgetty, "is a person altogether unparalleled in his own conceit, wherethrough he maketh 5 not fit account of such foreign cavaliers of valour as are pleased to take service with him. And a galling thing it is to every honourable soldado, to be put aside, and postponed, and obliged to yield preference to every puffing signor, who, were it the question which should 10 first mount a breach at push of pike, might be apt to yield willing place to a Scottish cavalier. Moreover, sir, I was pricked in conscience respecting a matter of religion."

"I should not have thought, Captain Dalgetty," said the young nobleman, "that an old soldier, who had changed 15 service so often, would have been too scrupulous on that head."

"No more I am, my lord," said the captain, "since I hold it to be the duty of the chaplain of the regiment to settle those matters for me and every other brave cavalier, 20 inasmuch as he does nothing else that I know of for his pay and allowances. But this was a particular case, my lord, a *casus improvisus*, as I may say, in whilk I had no chaplain of my own persuasion to act as my adviser. I found, in short, that although my being a Protestant might 25 be winked at, in respect that I was a man of action, and had more experience than all the Dons in our *tertia* put together, yet, when in garrison, it was expected I should go to mass with the regiment. Now, my lord, as a true Scottish man, and educated at the Marischal College of 30 Aberdeen, I was bound to uphold the mass to be an act of blinded papistry and utter idolatry, whilk I was altogether unwilling to homologate by my presence. True it is, that I consulted on the point with a worthy

countryman of my own, one Father Fatsides, of the Scottish Convent in Wurtzburg——”

“And I hope,” observed Lord Menteith, “you obtained a clear opinion from this same ghostly father?”

5 “As clear as it could be,” replied Captain Dalgetty, “considering we had drunk six flasks of Rhenish, and about two mutchkins of kirschenwasser. Father Fatsides informed me that, as nearly as he could judge, for a heretic like myself, it signified not much whether
10 I went to mass or not, seeing my eternal perdition was signed and sealed at any rate, in respect of my impenitent and obdurate perseverance in my heresy. Being discouraged by this response, I applied to a Dutch pastor of the Reformed church, who told me he thought I might
15 lawfully go to mass, in respect that the prophet permitted Naaman, a mighty man of valour, and an honourable cavalier of Syria, to follow his master into the house of Rimmon, a false god or idol, to whom he had vowed service, and to bow down when the king was leaning upon
20 his hand. But neither was this answer satisfactory to me, both because there was an unco difference between an anointed king of Syria and our Spanish colonel, whom I could have blown away like the peeling of an ingan, and chiefly because I could not find the thing was re-
25 quired of me by any of the articles of war; neither was I proffered any consideration, either in perquisite or pay, for the wrong I might thereby do to my conscience.”

“So you again changed your service?” said Lord Menteith.

30 “In troth did I, my lord; and after trying for a short while two or three other powers, I even took on for a time with their High Mightinesses the States of Holland.”

“And how did their service jump with your humour?” again demanded his companion.

"Oh, my lord!" said the soldier, in a sort of enthusiasm, "their behaviour on pay-day might be a pattern to all Europe—no borrowings, no lendings, no offsets, no arrears—all balanced and paid like a banker's book. The quarters, too, are excellent, and the allowances unchallenge- 5 able; but then, sir, they are a preceese, scrupulous people, and will allow nothing for peccadilloes."

CHAPTER II.

LORD MENTEITH resumed the conversation, which had been interrupted by the difficulties of the way.

"I should have thought," said he to Captain Dalgetty, 10 "that a cavalier of your honourable mark, who hath so long followed the valiant king of Sweden, and entertains such a suitable contempt for the base mechanical States of Holland, would not have hesitated to embrace the cause of King Charles, in preference to that of the low-born, 15 roundheaded, canting knaves who are in rebellion against his authority?"

"Ye speak reasonably, my lord," said Dalgetty, "and, *cæteris paribus*, I might be induced to see the matter in the same light. But, my lord, there is a southern proverb, 20 —'fine words butter no parsnips.' I have heard enough, since I came here, to satisfy me that a cavalier of honour is free to take any part in this civil embroilment whilk he may find most convenient for his own peculiar. 'Loyalty' is your password, my lord; 'Liberty,' roars another chield 25 from the other side of the strath; 'The King,' shouts one war-cry; 'The Parliament,' roars another; 'Montrose for ever,' cries Donald, waving his bonnet; 'Argyle and

Leven,' cries a south-country Saunders, vapouring with his hat and feathers; 'Fight for the bishops,' says a priest, with his gown and rochet; 'Stand stout for the Kirk,' cries a minister in a Geneva cap and band.—Good watch-
5 words all—excellent watchwords. Whilk cause is the best I cannot say. But sure am I, that I have fought knee-deep in blood many a day for one that was ten degrees worse than the worst of them all."

• "And pray, Captain Dalgetty," said his lordship,
10 "since the pretensions of both parties seem to you so equal, will you please to inform us by what circumstances your preference will be determined?"

"Simply upon two considerations, my lord," answered the soldier, "being, first, on which side my services
15 would be in most honourable request; and, secondly, whilk is a corollary of the first, by whilk party they are likely to be most gratefully requited. And, to deal plainly with you, my lord, my opinion at present doth on both points rather incline to the side of the Parliament."

20 "Your reasons, if you please?" said Lord Menteith, "and perhaps I may be able to meet them with some others which are more powerful."

"Sir, I shall be amenable to reason," said Captain Dalgetty, "supposing it addresses itself to my honour and
25 my interest. Well, then, my lord, here is a sort of Highland host assembled, or expected to assemble, in these wild hills, in the king's behalf. Now, sir, you know the nature of our Highlanders. I will not deny them to be a people stout in body and valiant in heart,
30 and courageous enough in their own wild way of fighting, which is as remote from the usages and discipline of war as ever was that of the ancient Scythians, or of the salvage Indians of America that now is."

"I believe, Anderson," said Lord Menteith, looking

back to one of his servants, for both were close behind him, "you can assure this gentleman we shall have more occasion for experienced officers, and be more disposed to profit by their instructions, than he seems to be aware of."

"With your honour's permission," said Anderson, respectfully raising his cap, "when we are joined by the Irish infantry, who are expected, and who should be landed in the West Highlands before now, we shall have need of good soldiers to discipline our levies."

"And I should like well, very well, to be employed in such service," said Dalgetty. "The Irish are pretty fellows—very pretty fellows; I desire to see none better in the field."

"A command of Irish," said Menteith, "I think I could almost promise you, should you be disposed to embrace the royal cause."

"And yet," said Captain Dalgetty, "my second and greatest difficulty remains behind; for although I hold it a mean and sordid thing for a soldado to have nothing in his mouth but pay and gelt, like the base cullions the German lanzknechts whom I mentioned before; and although I will maintain it with my sword, that honour is to be preferred before pay, free quarters, and arrears, yet, *ex contrario*, a soldier's pay being the counterpart of his engagement of service, it becomes a wise and considerate cavalier to consider what remuneration he is to receive for his service, and from what funds it is to be paid. And truly, my lord, from what I can see and hear, the Convention are the purse-masters. The Highlanders, indeed, may be kept in humour by allowing them to steal cattle; and for the Irishes, your lordship and your noble associates may, according to the practice of the wars in such cases, pay them as seldom

or as little as may suit your pleasure or convenience; but the same mode of treatment doth not apply to a cavalier like me, who must keep up his horses, servants, arms, and equipage, and who neither can, nor will, go
5 to warfare upon his own charges."

Anderson, the domestic who had before spoken, now respectfully addressed his master.

"I think, my lord," he said, "that under your lordship's favour, I could say something to remove Captain
10 Dalgetty's second objection also. He asks us where we are to collect our pay; now, in my poor mind, the resources are as open to us as to the Covenanters. They tax the country according to their pleasure, and dilapidate the estates of the king's friends; now, were
15 we once in the Lowlands, with our Highlanders and our Irish at our backs, and our swords in our hands, we can find many a fat traitor, whose ill-gotten wealth shall fill our military chest and satisfy our soldiery. Besides, confiscations will fall in thick; and, in giving
20 donations of forfeited lands to every adventurous cavalier who joins his standard, the King will at once reward his friends and punish his enemies. In short, he that joins these Roundhead dogs may get some miserable pittance of pay; he that joins our standard has a chance
25 to be a knight, lord, or earl, if luck serve him."

"Have you ever served, my good friend?" said the captain to the spokesman.

"A little, sir, in these our domestic quarrels," answered the man, modestly.

30 "But never in Germany or the Low Countries?" said Dalgetty.

"I never had the honour," answered Anderson.

"I profess," said Dalgetty, addressing Lord Menteith, "your lordship's servant has a sensible, natural, pretty

idea of military matters; somewhat irregular, though, and smells a little too much of selling the bear's skin before he has hunted him. I will take the matter, however, into my consideration."

"Do so, Captain," said Lord Menteith; "you will 5 have the night to think of it, for we are now near the house, where I hope to ensure your hospitable reception."

"And that is what will be very welcome," said the captain, "for I have tasted no food since daybreak but a farl of oatcake, which I divided with my horse. So I have 10 been fain to draw my sword-belt three bores tighter for very extenuation, lest hunger and heavy iron should make the gird slip."

CHAPTER III.

A HILL was now before the travellers, covered with an ancient forest of Scottish firs, the topmost of which, fling- 15 ing their scathed branches across the western horizon, gleamed ruddy in the setting sun. In the centre of this wood rose the towers, or rather the chimneys, of the house, or castle, as it was called, destined for the end of their journey.

20

As usual at that period, one or two high-ridged narrow buildings, intersecting and crossing each other, formed the *corps de logis*. A projecting bartizan or two, with the addition of small turrets at the angles, much resembling pepper-boxes, had procured for Darnlinvarach the digni- 25 fied appellation of a castle. It was surrounded by a low courtyard wall, within which were the usual offices.

As the travellers approached more nearly, they discovered marks of recent additions to the defences of the place, which had been suggested, doubtless, by the insecurity of those troublesome times. Additional loopholes
5 for musketry were struck out in different parts of the building, and of its surrounding wall. The windows had just been carefully secured by stanchions of iron, crossing each other athwart and end-long, like the grates of a prison. The door of the courtyard was shut; and it was
10 only after cautious challenge that one of its leaves was opened by two domestics, both strong Highlanders, and both under arms, like Bitias and Pandarus in the *Æneid*, ready to defend the entrance if aught hostile had ventured an intrusion.

15 More domestics, both in the Highland and Lowland dress, instantly rushed from the interior of the mansion, and some hastened to take the horses of the strangers, while others waited to marshal them a way into the dwelling-house. But Captain Dalgetty refused the proffered assistance of those who wished to relieve him of the
20 charge of his horse.

"It is my custom, my friends, to see Gustavus—for so I have called him, after my invincible master—accommodated myself; we are old friends and fellow-travellers, and as I
25 often need the use of his legs, I always lend him in my turn the service of my tongue, to call for whatever he has occasion for;" and accordingly, he strode into the stable after his steed without further apology.

Neither Lord Monteith nor his attendants paid the
30 same attention to their horses, but, leaving them to the proffered care of the servants of the place, walked forward into the house, where a sort of dark vaulted vestibule displayed, among other miscellaneous articles, a huge barrel of twopenny ale, beside which were ranged two or three

wooden queichs, or bickers, ready, it would appear, for the service of whoever thought proper to employ them. Lord Menteith applied himself to the spigot, drank without ceremony, and then handed the stoup to Anderson, who followed his master's example, but not until he had flung 5 out the drop of ale which remained, and slightly rinsed the wooden cup.

"What the deil, man," said an old Highland servant belonging to the family, "can she no drink after her ain master without washing the cup and spilling the ale, and 10 be tanned to her?"

"I was bred in France," answered Anderson, "where nobody drinks after another out of the same cup, unless it be after a young lady."

"The teil's in their nicety!" said Donald; "and if the 15 ale be gude, fat the waur is't that another man's beard's been in the queich before ye?"

Anderson's companion drank without observing the ceremony which had given Donald so much offence, and both of them followed their master into the low-arched 20 stone wall, which was the common rendezvous of a Highland family. A large fire of peats in the huge chimney at the upper end shed a dim light through the apartment, and was rendered necessary by the damp, by which, even during the summer, the apartment was rendered uncom- 25 fortable. Twenty or thirty targets, as many claymores, with dirks, and plaids, and guns, both matchlock and firelock, and long-bows and cross-bows, and Lochaber axes, and coats of plate-armour, and steel bonnets and head-pieces, and the more ancient habergeons, or shirts of 30 reticulated mail, with hood and sleeves corresponding to it, all hung in confusion about the walls, and would have formed a month's amusement to a member of a modern antiquarian society. But such things were too familiar

to attract much observation on the part of the present spectators.

There was a large clumsy oaken table, which the hasty hospitality of the domestic who had before spoken, immediately spread with milk, butter, goat-milk cheese, a flagon of beer, and a flask of usquebaugh, designed for the refreshment of Lord Menteith; while an inferior servant made similar preparations at the bottom of the table for the benefit of his attendants. The space which intervened between them was, according to the manners of the times, sufficient distinction between master and servant, even though the former was, as in the present instance, of high rank. Meanwhile, the guests stood by the fire—the young nobleman under the chimney, and his servants at some little distance.

“What do you think, Anderson,” said the former, “of our fellow-traveller?”

“A stout fellow,” replied Anderson, “if all be good that is upcome. I wish we had twenty such, to put our Teagues into some sort of discipline.”

“I differ from you, Anderson,” said Lord Menteith; “I think this fellow Dalgetty is one of those horse-leeches, whose appetite for blood being only sharpened by what he has sucked in foreign countries, he is now returned to batten upon that of his own. Shame on the pack of these mercenary swordsmen! they have made the name of Scot through all Europe equivalent to that of a pitiful mercenary, who knows neither honour nor principle but his month’s pay, who transfers his allegiance from standard to standard, at the pleasure of fortune or the highest bidder; and to whose insatiable thirst for plunder and warm quarters we owe much of that civil dissension which is now turning our swords against our own bowels. I had scarce patience with the hired gladiator, and yet

could hardly help laughing at the extremity of his impudence."

"Your lordship will forgive me," said Anderson, "if I recommend to you, in the present circumstances, to conceal at least a part of this generous indignation; we cannot, unfortunately, do our work without the assistance of those who act on baser motives than our own. We cannot spare the assistance of such fellows as our friend the soldado. To use the canting phrase of the saints in the English Parliament, the sons of Zeruiah are still too many for us."

"I must dissemble, then, as well as I can," said the Lord Menteith, "as I have hitherto done, upon your hint. But I wish the fellow at the devil with all my heart."

"Ay, but still you must remember, my lord," resumed Anderson, "that to cure the bite of a scorpion, you must crush another scorpion on the wound. But stop, we shall be overheard."

From a side-door in the hall glided a Highlander into the apartment, whose lofty stature and complete equipment, as well as the eagle's feather in his bonnet, and the confidence of his demeanour, announced to be a person of superior rank. He walked slowly up to the table, and made no answer to Lord Menteith, who, addressing him by the name of Allan, asked him how he did.

"Ye mauna speak to her e'en now," whispered the old attendant.

The tall Highlander, sinking down upon the empty settle next the fire, fixed his eyes upon the red embers and the huge heap of turf, and seemed buried in profound abstraction. His dark eyes, and wild, and enthusiastic features, bore the air of one who, deeply impressed with his own subjects of meditation, pays little attention to exterior objects. An air of gloomy severity, the fruit

perhaps of ascetic and solitary habits, might, in a Lowlander, have been ascribed to religious fanaticism; but by that disease of the mind, then so common both in England and the Lowlands of Scotland, the Highlanders of this
5 period were rarely infected. They had, however, their own peculiar superstitions, which overclouded the mind with thick-coming fancies, as completely as the Puritanism of their neighbours.

“His lordship’s honour,” said the Highland servant,
10 sideling up to Lord Menteith, and speaking in a very low tone, “his lordship mauna speak to Allan even now, for the cloud is upon his mind.”

Lord Menteith nodded, and took no further notice of the reserved mountaineer.

15 “Said I not,” asked Allan, suddenly raising his stately person upright, and looking at the domestic—“said I not that four were to come, and here stand but three on the hall floor?”

“In troth did ye say sae, Allan,” said the old High-
20 lander, “and here’s the fourth man coming clinking in at the yett e’en now from the stable, for he’s shelled like a partan, wi’ airn on back and breast, haunch and shanks. And am I to set her chair up near the Menteith’s, or down wi’ the honest gentlemen at the foot of the table?”

25 Lord Menteith himself answered the inquiry, by pointing to a seat beside his own.

“And here she comes,” said Donald, as Captain Dalgetty entered the hall; “and I hope gentlemens will all take bread and cheese, as we say in the glens, until better
30 meat be ready, until the Tiernach comes back frae the hill wi’ the southern gentlefolk, and then Dugald Cook will show himself wi’ his kid and hill venison.”

In the mean time, Captain Dalgetty had entered the apartment, and, walking up to the seat placed next Lord

Menteith, was leaning on the back of it with his arms folded. Anderson and his companion waited at the bottom of the table, in a respectful attitude, until they should receive permission to seat themselves; while three or four Highlanders, under the direction of old Donald, ran hither 5 and thither to bring additional articles of food, or stood still to give attendance upon the guests.

In the midst of these preparations, Allan suddenly started up, and, snatching a lamp from the hand of an attendant, held it close to Dalgetty's face, while he perused 10 his features with the most heedful and grave attention.

"By my honour," said Dalgetty, half-displeased, as, mysteriously shaking his head, Allan gave up the scrutiny, "I trow that lad and I will ken each other when we meet again." 15

Meanwhile Allan strode to the bottom of the table, and having, by the aid of his lamp, subjected Anderson and his companion to the same investigation, stood a moment as if in deep reflection; then, touching his forehead, suddenly seized Anderson by the arm, and, before 20 he could offer any effectual resistance, half-led and half-dragged him to the vacant seat at the upper end, and, having made a mute intimation that he should there place himself, he hurried the soldado with the same uncereceremonious precipitation to the bottom of the table. The captain, 25 exceedingly incensed at this freedom, endeavoured to shake Allan from him with violence; but, powerful as he was, he proved in the struggle inferior to the gigantic mountaineer, who threw him off with such violence, that, after reeling a few paces, he fell at full length, and the vaulted 30 hall rang with the clash of his armour. When he arose, his first action was to draw his sword and fly at Allan, who, with folded arms, seemed to await his onset with the most scornful indifference. Lord Menteith and his attendants

interposed to preserve peace, while the Highlanders, snatching weapons from the wall, seemed prompt to increase the broil.

"He is mad," whispered Lord Menteith, "he is perfectly mad; there is no purpose in quarrelling with him."

"If your lordship is assured that he is *non compos mentis*," said Dalgetty, "the whilk his breeding and behaviour seem to testify, the matter must end here, seeing that a madman can neither give an affront nor render honourable satisfaction. But, by my saul, if I had my provant and a bottle of Rhenish under my belt, I should have stood otherways up to him. And yet it's a pity he should be sae weak in the intellectuals, being a strong proper man of body, fit to handle pike, morgenstern, or any other military implement whatsoever."

Peace was thus restored, and the party seated themselves agreeably to their former arrangement, with which Allan, who had now returned to his settle by the fire, and seemed once more immersed in meditation, did not again interfere. Lord Menteith, addressing the principal domestic, hastened to start some theme of conversation which might obliterate all recollection of the fray that had taken place.

"The Laird is at the hill, then, Donald, I understand, and some English strangers with him?"

"At the hill he is, an it like your honour, and two Saxon calabaleros are with him, sure eneuch; and that is Sir Miles Musgrave and Christopher Hall, both from the Cumraik, as I think they call their country."

"Hall and Musgrave?" said Lord Menteith, looking at his attendants; "the very men that we wished to see."

"Troth," said Donald, "an' I wish I had never seen

them between the een, for they're come to herry us out o' house and ha'."

"Why, Donald," said Lord Menteith, "you did not use to be so churlish of your beef and ale; southland though they be, they'll scarce eat up all the cattle that's 5 going on the castle mains."

"Teil care an they did," said Donald, "an that were the warst o't, for we have a wheen canny trewsmen here that wadna let us want if there was a horned beast atween this and Perth. But this is a warse job—it's nae less than 10 a wager."

"A wager!" repeated Lord Menteith, with some surprise.

"Troth," continued Donald, to the full as eager to tell his news as Lord Menteith was curious to hear them, "as 15 your lordship is a friend and kinsman o' the house, an' as ye'll hear enouch o't in less than an hour, I may as weel tell ye mysel'. Ye sall be pleased, then, to know, that when our Laird was up in England, where he gangs oftener than his friends can wish, he was biding at the house o' 20 this Sir Miles Musgrave, an' there was putten on the table six candlesticks, that they tell me were twice as muckle as the candlesticks in Dumblane kirk, and neither airn, brass, nor tin, but a' solid silver, nae less;—up wi' their English pride, has sae muckle, and kens sae little how to guide it! 25 Sae they began to jeer the Laird, that he saw nae sic graith in his ain poor country; and the Laird, scorning to hae his country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a gude Scotsman, that he had mair candlesticks, and better candlesticks, in his ain castle at hame, than were ever 30 lighted in a hall in Cumberland, an Cumberland be the name o' the country."

"That was patriotically said," observed Lord Menteith.

"Fary true," said Donald; "but her honour had better

hae hauden her tongue ; for if ye say ony thing amang the Saxons that's a wee by ordinar, they clink ye down for a wager as fast as a Lowland smith would hammer shoon on a Highland sheltie. An' so the Laird behoved either to gae
5 back o' his word, or wager twa hunder merks ; and so he e'en took the wager rather than be shamed wi' the like o' them. And now he's like to get it to pay, and I'm thinkin' that's what makes him sae swear to come hame at e'en."

"Indeed," said Lord Menteith, "from my idea of your
10 family plate, Donald, your master is certain to lose such a wager."

"Your honour may swear that ; an' where he's to get the siller I kenna, although he borrowed out o' twenty purses. I advised him to pit the twa Saxon gentlemen
15 and their servants cannily into the pit o' the tower till they gae up the bargain o' free gude-will, but the Laird winna hear reason."

Allan here started up, strode forward, and interrupted the conversation, saying to the domestic in a voice like
20 thunder—

"And how dared you to give my brother such dishonourable advice ? or how dare you to say he will lose this or any other wager which it is his pleasure to lay ?"

"Troth, Allan M'Aulay," answered the old man, "it's
25 no for my father's son to gainsay what your father's son thinks fit to say, an' so the Laird may no doubt win his wager. A' that I ken against it is, that the teil a candlestick, or onything like it, is in the house, except the auld airn branches that hae been here since Laird Kenneth's
30 time, and the tin sconces that your father gar'd be made by auld Willie Winkie the tinkler, mair be token that deil an unce of siller plate is about the house at a', forby the lady's auld posset-dish, that wants the cover and ane o' the lugs."

"Peace, old man !" said Allan, fiercely ; "and do you,

gentlemen, if your refection is finished, leave this apartment clear; I must prepare it for the reception of these southern guests."

"Come away," said the domestic, pulling Lord Menteith by the sleeve; "his hour is on him," said he, looking 5 towards Allan, "and he will not be controlled."

They left the hall accordingly, Lord Menteith and the Captain being ushered one way by old Donald, and the two attendants conducted elsewhere by another High-lander. The former had scarcely reached a sort of with- 10 drawing apartment ere they were joined by the lord of the mansion, Angus M'Aulay by name, and his English guests. Great joy was expressed by all parties, for Lord Menteith and the English gentlemen were well known to each other; and on Lord Menteith's introduction, Captain 15 Dalgetty was well received by the Laird. But after the first burst of hospitable congratulation was over, Lord Menteith could observe that there was a shade of sadness on the brow of his Highland friend.

"You must have heard," said Sir Christopher Hall, 20 "that our fine undertaking in Cumberland is all blown up. The militia would not march into Scotland, and your prick-ear'd Covenanters have been too hard for our friends in the southern shires. And so, understanding there is some stirring work here, Musgrave and I, rather than sit 25 idle at home, are come to have a campaign among your kilts and plaids."

"I hope you have brought arms, men, and money with you," said Lord Menteith, smiling.

"Only some dozen or two of troopers, whom we left 30 at the last Lowland village," said Musgrave, "and trouble enough we had to get them so far."

"As for money," said his companion, "we expect a small supply from our friend and host here."

The Laird now, colouring highly, took Menteith a little apart, and expressed to him his regret that he had fallen into a foolish blunder.

"I heard it from Donald," said Lord Menteith, scarce
5 able to suppress a smile.

"Devil take that old man!" said M'Aulay; "he would tell everything, were it to cost one's life; but it's no jesting matter to you neither, my lord, for I reckon on your friendly and fraternal benevolence, as a near kinsman of
10 our house, to help me out with the money due to these pock-puddings; or else, to be plain wi' ye, the deil a M'Aulay will there be at the muster, for curse me if I do not turn Covenanter rather than face these fellows without paying them; and at the best, I shall be ill enough off,
15 getting both the scaith and the scorn."

"You may suppose, cousin," said Lord Menteith, "I am not too well equipped just now; but you may be assured I shall endeavour to help you as well as I can, for the sake of old kindred, neighbourhood, and
20 alliance."

"Thank ye—thank ye—thank ye," reiterated M'Aulay; "and as they are to spend the money in the King's service, what signifies whether you, they, or I pay it? we are a' one man's bairns, I hope? But you must help me out, too,
25 with some reasonable excuse, or else I shall be for taking to Andrea Ferrara; for I like not to be treated like a liar or a braggart at my own board end, when God knows, I only meant to support my honour and that of my family and country."

30 Donald, as they were speaking, entered, with rather a blither face than he might have been expected to wear, considering the impending fate of his master's purse and credit.

"Gentlemens, her dinner is ready, and her candles are

lighted too," said Donald, with a strong guttural emphasis on the last clause of his speech.

"What the devil can he mean?" said Musgrave, looking to his countryman.

Lord Menteith put the same question with his eyes to the Laird, which M'Aulay answered by shaking his head.

A short dispute about precedence somewhat delayed their leaving the apartment. Lord Menteith insisted upon yielding up that which belonged to his rank, on consideration of his being in his own country, and of his near connection with the family in which they found themselves. The two English strangers, therefore, were first ushered into the hall, where an unexpected display awaited them. The large oaken table was spread with substantial joints of meat, and seats were placed in order for the guests. Behind every seat stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed after the fashion of his country, holding in his right hand his drawn sword, with the point turned downwards, and in the left a blazing torch made of the bog-pine. This wood, found in the morasses, is so full of turpentine, that, when split and dried, it is frequently used in the Highlands instead of candles. The unexpected and somewhat startling apparition was seen by the red glare of the torches, which displayed the wild features, unusual dress, and glittering arms of those who bore them, while the smoke, eddying up to the roof of the hall, over-canopied them with a volume of vapour. Ere the strangers had recovered from their surprise, Allan stepped forward, and, pointing with his sheathed broadsword to the torch-bearers, said, in a deep and stern tone of voice—

"Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name; not one of these men knows any law but their chief's command. Would you dare to compare to THEM in value the

richest ore that ever was dug out of the mine? How say you, cavaliers? is your wager won or lost?"

"Lost, lost," said Musgrave, gaily; "my own silver candlesticks are all melted and riding on horseback by 5 this time, and I wish the fellows that enlisted were half as trusty as these. Here, sir," he added to the chief, "is your money; it impairs Hall's finances and mine somewhat, but debts of honour must be settled."

"My father's curse upon my father's son," said Allan, 10 interrupting him, "if he receives from you one penny! It is enough that you claim no right to exact from him what is his own."

Lord Menteith eagerly supported Allan's opinion, and the elder M'Aulay readily joined, declaring the whole to 15 be a fool's business, and not worth speaking more about. The Englishmen, after some courteous opposition, were persuaded to regard the whole as a joke.

"And now, Allan," said the laird, "please to remove your candles; for, since the Saxon gentlemen have seen 20 them, they will eat their dinner as comfortably by the light of the old tin sconces, without scomfishing them with so much smoke."

Accordingly, at a sign from Allan, the living chandeliers, recovering their broadswords, and holding the point erect, 25 marched out of the hall, and left the guests to enjoy their refreshments.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial epicurism of the English, —proverbial, that is to say, in Scotland at the period, —the English visitors made no figure whatever at the entertainment, compared with the portentous voracity of Captain Dalgetty, although that gallant soldier had already 5 displayed much steadiness and pertinacity in his attack upon the lighter refreshment set before them at their entrance, by way of forlorn hope. He spoke to no one during the time of his meal; and it was not until the victuals were nearly withdrawn from the table that he 10 gratified the rest of the company, who had watched him with some surprise, with an account of the reasons why he ate so very fast and so very long.

"The former quality," he said, "he had acquired while he filled a place at the bursar's table at the Marischal 15 College of Aberdeen; when," said he, "if you did not move your jaws as fast as a pair of castanets, you were very unlikely to get anything to put between them. And as for the quantity of my food, be it known to this honourable company," continued the captain, "that it's the duty 20 of every commander of a fortress, on all occasions which offer, to secure as much munition and vivers as their magazines can possibly hold, not knowing when they may have to sustain a siege or a blockade. Upon which principle, gentlemen," said he, "when a cavalier finds that 25 provant is good and abundant, he will, in my estimation, do wisely to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may come by another meal."

The Laird expressed his acquiescence in the prudence of this principle, and recommended to the veteran to add a 30

tass of brandy and a flagon of claret to the substantial provisions he had already laid in, to which proposal the captain readily agreed.

When dinner was removed and the servants had withdrawn, excepting the Laird's page or henchman, who remained in the apartment to call for or bring whatever was wanted, or, in a word, to answer the purposes of a modern bell-wire, the conversation began to turn upon politics and the state of the country; and Lord Menteith inquired anxiously and particularly what clans were expected to join the proposed muster of the king's friends.

"That depends much, my lord, on the person who lifts the banner," said the Laird; "for you know we Highlanders, when a few clans are assembled, are not easily commanded by one of our own chiefs, or, to say the truth, by any other body. We have heard a rumour, indeed, that Colkitto—that is, young Colkitto, or Alaster M'Donnell—is come over the kyle from Ireland with a body of the Earl of Antrim's people, and that they had got as far as Ardnamurchan. They might have been here before now, but, I suppose, they loitered to plunder the country as they came along."

"Will Colkitto not serve you for a leader, then?" said Lord Menteith.

"Colkitto!" said Allan M'Aulay, scornfully; "who talks of Colkitto? There lives but one man whom we will follow, and that is Montrose."

"But Montrose, sir," said Sir Christopher Hall, "has not been heard of since our ineffectual attempt to rise in the north of England. It is thought he has returned to the king at Oxford for further instructions."

"Returned!" said Allan, with a scornful laugh; "I could tell ye, but it is not worth my while: ye will know soon enough."

"By my honour, Allan," said Lord Menteith, "you will weary out your friends with this intolerable, froward, and sullen humour. But I know the reason," added he, laughing; "you have not seen Annot Lyle to-day."

"Whom did you say I had not seen?" said Allan, sternly.

"Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of song and minstrelsy," said Lord Menteith.

"Would to God I were never to see her again," said Allan, sighing, "on condition the same weird were laid on you."

"And why on me?" said Lord Menteith, carelessly.

"Because," said Allan, "it is written on your forehead, that you are to be the ruin of each other." So saying, he rose up and left the room.

"Has he been long in this way?" asked Lord Menteith, addressing his brother.

"About three days," answered Angus; "the fit is well-nigh over, he will be better to-morrow. But come, gentlemen, don't let the tappit-hen scraugh to be emptied. The king's health, King Charles's health! and may the Covenanting dog that refuses it go to heaven by the road of the Grassmarket!"

The health was quickly pledged, and as fast succeeded by another, and another, and another, all of a party cast, and enforced in an earnest manner. Captain Dalgetty, however, thought it necessary to enter a protest.

"Gentlemen cavaliers," he said, "I drink these healths, *primo*, both out of respect to this honourable and hospitable roof-tree, and, *secundo*, because I hold it not good to be preceese in such matters, *inter pocula*; but I protest, agreeable to the warrandice granted by this honourable lord, that it shall be free to me, notwithstanding my

present complaisance, to take service with the Covenanters, to-morrow, provided I shall be so minded."

M'Aulay and his English guests stared at this declaration, which would have certainly bred new disturbance, if Lord Menteith had not taken up the affair, and explained the circumstances and conditions.

"I trust," he concluded, "we shall be able to secure Captain Dalgetty's assistance to our own party."

"And if not," said the Laird, "I protest, as the Captain says, that nothing that has passed this evening, not even his having eaten my bread and salt, and pledged me in brandy, Bourdeaux, or usquebaugh, shall prejudice my cleaving him to the neckbone."

"You shall be heartily welcome," said the Captain, "provided my sword cannot keep my head, which it has done in worse dangers than your feud is likely to make for me."

Here Lord Menteith again interposed, and the concord of the company being with no small difficulty restored, was cemented by some deep carouses. Lord Menteith, however, contrived to break up the party earlier than was the usage of the castle, under pretence of fatigue and indisposition. This was somewhat to the disappointment of the valiant Captain, who, among other habits acquired in the Low Countries, had acquired both a disposition to drink, and a capacity to bear, an exorbitant quantity of strong liquors.

Their landlord ushered them in person to a sort of sleeping gallery, in which there was a four-post bed, with tartan curtains, and a number of cribs, or long hampers, placed along the wall, three of which, well stuffed with blooming heather, were prepared for the reception of guests.

"I need not tell your lordship," said M'Aulay to Lord

Menteith, a little apart, "our Highland mode of quartering. Only that, not liking you should sleep in the room alone with this German landlouver, I have caused your servants' beds to be made here in the gallery. These are times, my lord, when men go to bed with a throat 5 hale and sound as ever swallowed brandy, and before next morning it may be gaping like an oyster-shell."

Lord Menteith thanked him sincerely, saying, "It was just the arrangement he would have requested; for, although he had not the least apprehension of violence from Captain 10 Dalgetty, yet Anderson was a better kind of person, a sort of gentleman, whom he always liked to have near his person."

"I have not seen this Anderson," said M'Aulay; "did you hire him in England?" 15

"I did so," said Lord Menteith; "you will see the man to-morrow; in the mean time I wish you good night."

His host left the apartment after the evening salutation, and was about to pay the same compliment to Captain 20 Dalgetty, but observing him deeply engaged in the discussion of a huge pitcher filled with brandy-posset, he thought it a pity to disturb him in so laudable an employment, and took his leave without further ceremony.

Lord Menteith's two attendants entered the apartment 25 almost immediately after his departure. The good captain, who was now somewhat encumbered with his good cheer, began to find the undoing of the clasps of his armour a task somewhat difficult, and addressed Anderson in these words, interrupted by a slight hiccup— 30

"Anderson, my good friend, you may read in Scripture that he that putteth off his armour should not boast himself like he that putteth it on. I believe that is not the right word of command; but the plain truth of it is, I

am like to sleep in my corselet, like many an honest fellow that never waked again, unless you unloose this buckle."

"Undo his armour, Sibbald," said Anderson to the
5 other servant.

"By St. Andrew!" exclaimed the Captain, turning round in great astonishment, "here's a common fellow, a stipendiary with four pounds a year and a livery cloak, thinks himself too good to serve Rittmaster Dugald
10 Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, who has studied humanity at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and served half the princes of Europe!"

"Captain Dalgetty," said Lord Menteith, whose lot it was to stand peacemaker throughout the evening, "please
15 to understand that Anderson waits upon no one but myself; but I will help Sibbald to undo your corselet with much pleasure."

"Too much trouble for you, my lord," said Dalgetty; "and yet it would do you no harm to practise how a hand-
20 some harness is put on and put off. I can step in and out of mine like a glove; only to-night, although not *ebrius*, I am, in the classic phrase, *vino ciboque gravatus*."

By this time he was unshelled, and stood before the fire, musing, with a face of drunken wisdom, on the events
25 of the evening. What seemed chiefly to interest him was the character of Allan M'Aulay.

"To come over the Englishman so cleverly with his Highland torch-bearers—eight bare-breeched Rories for six silver candlesticks! it was a master-piece—a *tour-de-
30 passe*—it was perfect legerdemain; and to be a madman after all! I doubt greatly, my lord" (shaking his head), "that I must allow him, notwithstanding his relationship to your lordship; the privileges of a rational person, and either baton him sufficiently to expiate the violence

ffered to my person, or else bring it to a matter of mortal arbitrament, as becometh an insulted cavalier."

"If you care to hear a long story," said Lord Menteith, "at this time of night, I can tell you how the circumstances of Allan's birth account so well for his singular 5 character as to put such satisfaction entirely out of the question."

"A long story, my lord," said Captain Dalgetty, "is, next to a good evening draught and a warm nightcap, the best shoeing-horn for drawing on a sound sleep. And since 10 your lordship is pleased to take the trouble to tell it, I shall rest your patient and obliged auditor."

"Anderson," said Lord Menteith, "and you, Sibbald, are dying to hear, I suppose, of this strange man too; and I believe I must indulge your curiosity, that you may 15 know how to behave to him in time of need. You had better step to the fire, then."

Having thus assembled an audience about him, Lord Menteith sat down upon the edge of the four-post bed, while Captain Dalgetty, wiping the relics of the posset 20 from his beard and moustachios, and repeating the first verse of the Lutheran psalm, *Alle guten Geister loben den Herrn*, etc., rolled himself into one of the places of repose, and, thrusting his shock pate from between the blankets, listened to Lord Menteith's relation in a most luxurious 25 state, between sleeping and waking.

"The father," said Lord Menteith, "of the two brothers, Angus and Allan M'Aulay, was a gentleman of consideration and family, being the chief of a Highland clan, of good account, though not numerous; his lady, the mother 30 of these young men, was a gentlewoman of good family, if I may be permitted to say so of one nearly connected with my own. Her brother, an honourable and spirited young man, obtained from James the Sixth a grant of forestry

and other privileges, over a royal chase adjacent to this castle; and, in exercising and defending these rights, he was so unfortunate as to involve himself in a quarrel with some of our Highland freebooters or caterans, of whom, I think, Captain Dalgetty, you must have heard?"

"And that I have," said the captain, exerting himself to answer the appeal.

"The clan," said Lord Menteith, "with whom the maternal uncle of the M'Aulays had been placed in feud, was a small sept of banditti, called, from their houseless state, and their incessantly wandering among the mountains and glens, the Children of the Mist. They are a fierce and hardy people, with all the irritability, and wild and vengeful passions, proper to men who have never known the restraint of civilized society. A party of them lay in wait for the unfortunate warden of the Forest, surprised him while hunting alone and unattended, and slew him with every circumstance of inventive cruelty. They cut off his head, and resolved, in a bravado, to exhibit it at the castle of his brother-in-law. The Laird was absent, and the lady reluctantly received as guests, men against whom, perhaps, she was afraid to shut her gates. Refreshments were placed before the Children of the Mist, who took an opportunity to take the head of their victim from the plaid in which it was wrapped, placed it on the table, put a piece of bread between the lifeless jaws, bidding them do their office now, since many a good meal they had eaten at that table. The lady, who had been absent for some household purpose, entered at this moment, and, upon beholding his brother's head, fled like an arrow out of the house into the woods, uttering shriek upon shriek. The ruffians, satisfied with this savage triumph, withdrew. The terrified menials, after overcoming the alarm to which they had been subjected, sought their unfortunate mistress

in every direction, but she was nowhere to be found. The miserable husband returned next day, and, with the assistance of his people, undertook a more anxious and distant search, but to equally little purpose. It was believed universally that, in the ecstasy of her terror, she must either have thrown herself over one of the numerous precipices which overhang the river, or into a deep lake about a mile from the castle. But I tire you, Captain Dalgetty, and you seem inclined to sleep.” 5

“By no means,” answered the soldier; “I am no whit 10
somnolent; I always hear best with my eyes shut. It is a fashion I learned when I stood sentinel.”

“And I dare say,” said Lord Menteith, aside to Anderson, “the weight of the halberd of the sergeant of the round often made him open them.” 15

Being apparently, however, in the humour of story-telling, the young nobleman went on, addressing himself chiefly to his servants, without minding the slumbering veteran.

“Every baron in the country,” said he, “now swore 20
revenge for this dreadful crime. They took arms with the relations and brother-in-law of the murdered person, and the Children of the Mist were hunted down, I believe, with as little mercy as they had themselves manifested. Seventeen heads, the bloody trophies of their vengeance, 25
were distributed among the allies, and fed the crows upon the gates of their castles. The survivors sought out more distant wildernesses, to which they retreated.”

“To your right hand, counter-march, and retreat to your former ground,” said Captain Dalgetty; the military 30
phrase having produced the correspondent word of command; and then starting up, professed he had been profoundly attentive to every word that had been spoken.

“It is the custom in summer,” said Lord Menteith,

without attending to his apology, "to send the cows to the upland pastures to have the benefit of the grass ; and the maids of the village and of the family go there to milk them in the morning and evening. While thus employed, 5 the females of this family, to their great terror, perceived that their motions were watched at a distance by a pale, thin, meagre figure, bearing a strong resemblance to their deceased mistress, and passing, of course, for her apparition. When some of the boldest resolved to approach this faded 10 form, it fled from them into the woods with a wild shriek. The husband, informed of this circumstance, came up to the glen with some attendants, and took his measures so well as to intercept the retreat of the unhappy fugitive, and to secure the person of his unfortunate lady, though 15 her intellect proved to be totally deranged. How she supported herself during her wandering in the woods, could not be known—some supposed she lived upon roots and wild berries, with which the woods at that season abounded ; but the greater part of the vulgar were satisfied that she 20 must have subsisted upon the milk of the wild does, or been nourished by the fairies, or supported in some manner equally marvellous. Her reappearance was more easily accounted for. She had seen from the thicket the milking of the cows, to superintend which had been her 25 favourite domestic employment, and the habit had prevailed even in her deranged state of mind.

"In due season the unfortunate lady was delivered of a boy, who not only showed no appearance of having suffered from his mother's calamities, but appeared to be 30 an infant of uncommon health and strength. The unhappy mother, after her confinement, recovered her reason, at least in a great measure, but never her health and spirits. Allan was her only joy. Her attention to him was unremitting ; and unquestionably she must have impressed

Upon his early mind many of those superstitious ideas to which his moody and enthusiastic temper gave so ready a reception. She died when he was about ten years old. Her last words were spoken to him in private; but there is little doubt that they conveyed an injunction of vengeance upon the Children of the Mist, with which he has since amply complied. 5

“From this moment the habits of Allan M'Aulay were totally changed. He had hitherto been his mother's constant companion, listening to her dreams and repeating his own, and feeding his imagination, which, probably from the circumstances preceding his birth, was constitutionally deranged, with all the wild and terrible superstitions so common to the mountaineers, to which his unfortunate mother had become much addicted since her brother's death. By living in this manner the boy had gotten a timid, wild, startled look, loved to seek out solitary places in the woods, and was never so much terrified as by the approach of children of the same age. I remember, although some years younger, being brought up here by my father upon a visit, nor can I forget the astonishment with which I saw this infant hermit shun every attempt I made to engage him in the sports natural to our age. I can remember his father bewailing his disposition to mine, and alleging at the same time that it was impossible for him to take from his wife the company of the boy, as he seemed to be the only consolation that remained to her in this world, and as the amusement which Allan's society afforded her seemed to prevent the recurrence, at least in its full force, of that fearful malady by which she had been visited. But, after the death of his mother, the habits and manners of the boy seemed at once to change. It is true he remained as thoughtful and serious as before; and long fits of silence and abstraction 25 30

showed plainly that his disposition, in this respect, was in no degree altered. But at other times he sought out the rendezvous of the youth of the clan, which he had hitherto seemed anxious to avoid. He took share in
5 all their exercises; and, from his very extraordinary personal strength, soon excelled his brother and other youths, whose age considerably exceeded his own. They who had hitherto held him in contempt, now feared, if they did not love him; and instead of Allan's being
10 esteemed a dreaming, womanish, and feeble-minded boy, those who encountered him in sports or military exercise now complained that, when heated by the strife, he was too apt to turn game into earnest, and to forget that he was only engaged in a friendly trial of strength. But I
15 speak to regardless ears," said Lord Menteith, interrupting himself, for the Captain's nose now gave the most indisputable signs that he was fast locked in the arms of oblivion.

"If you mean the ears of that snorting swine, my
20 lord," said Anderson, "they are, indeed, shut to anything that you can say; nevertheless, this place being unfit for more private conference, I hope you will have the goodness to proceed, for Sibbald's benefit and for mine. The history of this poor young fellow has a deep and wild interest
25 in it."

"You must know, then," proceeded Lord Menteith, "that Allan continued to increase in strength and activity till his fifteenth year, about which time he assumed a total independence of character and impatience of control, which
30 much alarmed his surviving parent. He was absent in the woods for whole days and nights, under pretence of hunting, though he did not always bring home game. His father was the more alarmed, because several of the Children of the Mist, encouraged by the increasing

troubles of the state, had ventured back to their old haunts, nor did he think it altogether safe to renew any attack upon them. The risk of Allan, in his wanderings, sustaining injury from these vindictive free-booters, was a perpetual source of apprehension.

5

"I was myself upon a visit to the castle when this matter was brought to a crisis. Allan had been absent since daybreak in the woods, where I had sought for him in vain; it was a dark, stormy night, and he did not return. His father expressed the utmost anxiety, and 10 spoke of detaching a party at the dawn of morning in quest of him; when, as we were sitting at the supper-table, the door suddenly opened, and Allan entered the room, with a proud, firm, and confident air. His intractability of temper, as well as the unsettled state of his 15 mind, had such an influence over his father that he suppressed all other tokens of displeasure, excepting the observation that I had killed a fat buck, and had returned before sunset, while he supposed Allan, who had been on the hill till midnight, had returned with 20 empty hands.

"'Are you sure of that?' said Allan, fiercely; 'here is something will tell you another tale.'

"We now observed his hands were bloody, and that there were spots of blood on his face, and waited the issue 25 with impatience; when suddenly, undoing the corner of his plaid, he rolled down on the table a human head, bloody and new severed, saying at the same time, 'Lie thou where the head of a better man lay before ye.' From the haggard features and matted red hair and beard, partly 30 grizzled with age, his father and others present recognized the head of Hector of the Mist, a well-known leader among the out-laws, redoubted for strength and ferocity, who had been active in the murder of the unfortunate forester,

uncle to Allan, and had escaped by a desperate defence and extraordinary agility, when so many of his companions were destroyed. We were all, it may be believed, struck with surprise, but Allan refused to gratify our curiosity; 5 and we only conjectured that he must have overcome the outlaw after a desperate struggle, because we discovered that he had sustained several wounds from the contest. All measures were now taken to ensure him against the vengeance of the freebooters; but neither his wounds, nor 10 the positive command of his father, nor even the locking of the gates of the castle and the doors of his apartment, were precautions adequate to prevent Allan from seeking out the very persons to whom he was peculiarly obnoxious. He made his escape by night from the window of the 15 apartment, and, laughing at his father's vain care, produced on one occasion the head of one, and upon another those of two, of the Children of the Mist. At length these men, fierce as they were, became appalled by the inveterate animosity and audacity with which Allan sought out 20 their recesses. As he never hesitated to encounter any odds, they concluded that he must bear a charmed life, or fight under the guardianship of some supernatural influence. Neither gun, dirk, nor dourlach, they said, availed aught against him. They imputed this to the 25 remarkable circumstances under which he was born; and at length five or six of the stoutest caterans of the Highlands would have fled at Allan's halloo, or the blast of his horn.

"In the meanwhile, however, the Children of the Mist 30 carried on their old trade, and did the M'Aulays, as well as their kinsmen and allies, as much mischief as they could. This provoked another expedition against the tribe, in which I had my share; we surprised them effectually by besetting at once the upper and under passes of

the country, and made such clean work as is usual on these occasions, burning and slaying right before us. In this terrible species of war even the females and the helpless do not always escape. One little maiden alone, who smiled upon Allan's drawn dirk, escaped his vengeance 5 upon my earnest entreaty. She was brought to the castle, and here bred up under the name of Annot Lyle, the most beautiful little fairy certainly that ever danced upon a heath by moonlight. It was long ere Allan could endure the presence of the child, until it occurred to his imagination, from her features, perhaps, that she did not belong to the hated blood of his enemies, but had become their captive in some of their incursions; a circumstance not in itself impossible, but in which he believes as firmly as in Holy Writ. He is particularly delighted by her skill in 15 music, which is so exquisite, that she far exceeds the best performers in this country in playing on the clairsach, or harp. It was discovered that this produced upon the disturbed spirits of Allan, in his gloomiest moods, beneficial effects, similar to those experienced by the Jewish monarch 20 of old; and so engaging is the temper of Annot Lyle, so fascinating the innocence and gaiety of her disposition, that she is considered and treated in the castle rather as the sister of the proprietor than as a dependent upon his charity. Indeed, it is impossible for any one to see her 25 without being deeply interested by the ingenuity, liveliness, and sweetness of her disposition."

"Take care, my lord," said Anderson, smiling; "there is danger in such violent commendations. Allan M'Aulay, as your lordship describes him, would prove no very safe 30 rival."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Lord Menteith, laughing, yet blushing at the same time; "Allan is not accessible to the passion of love; and for myself," said he, more gravely,

"Annot's unknown birth is a sufficient reason against serious designs, and her unprotected state precludes every other."

"It is spoken like yourself, my lord," said Anderson.
5 "But I trust you will proceed with your interesting story."

"It is well-nigh finished," said Lord Menteith; "I have only to add, that from the great strength and courage of Allan M'Aulay, from his energetic and uncontrollable
10 disposition, and from an opinion generally entertained and encouraged by himself, that he holds communion with supernatural beings and can predict future events, the clan pay a much greater degree of deference to him than even to his brother, who is a bold-hearted, rattling High-
15 lander, but with nothing which can possibly rival the extraordinary character of his younger brother."

"Such a character," said Anderson, "cannot but have the deepest effect on the minds of a Highland host. We must secure Allan, my lord, at all events. What between
20 his bravery and his second sight——"

"Hush!" said Lord Menteith, "that owl is awaking."

"Do you talk of the second sight, or *deuteroscopia*?" said the soldier; "I remember memorable Major Munro telling me how Murdoch Mackenzie, born in Assint, a
25 private gentleman in a company, and a pretty soldier, foretold the death of Donald Tough, a Lochaber man, and certain other persons, as well as the hurt of the major himself at a sudden onfall at the siege of Trailsund."

"I have often heard of this faculty," observed Anderson, "but I have always thought those pretending to it were either enthusiasts or impostors."

"I should be loth," said Lord Menteith, "to apply either character to my kinsman Allan M'Aulay. He has shown on many occasions too much acuteness and sense,

of which you this night had an instance, for the character of an enthusiast; and his high sense of honour and manliness of disposition free him from the charge of imposture."

"Your lordship, then," said Anderson, "is a believer in his supernatural attributes?"

5

"By no means," said the young nobleman; "I think that he persuades himself that the predictions, which are in reality the result of judgment and reflection, are supernatural impressions on his mind, just as fanatics conceive the workings of their own imagination to be divine inspiration; at least, if this will not serve you, Anderson, I have no better explanation to give; and it is time we were all asleep after the toilsome journey of the day."

CHAPTER V.

At an early hour in the morning the guests of the castle sprung from their repose; and, after a moment's private conversation with his attendants, Lord Menteith addressed the soldier, who was seated in a corner burnishing his corselet with rot-stone and chamois leather, while he hummed the old song in honour of the victorious Gustavus Adolphus—

20

When cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying,
The lad that would have honour, boys, must never fear dying.

"Captain Dalgetty," said Lord Menteith, "the time is come that we must part, or become comrades in service."

"Not before breakfast, I hope?" said Captain Dalgetty.

25

"I should have thought," replied his lordship, "that your garrison was victualled for three days at least."

"I have still some stowage left for beef and bannocks," said the Captain; "and I never miss a favourable opportunity of renewing my supplies."

"But," said Lord Menteith, "no judicious commander
5 allows either flags of truce or neutrals to remain in his camp longer than is prudent; and therefore we must know your mind exactly, according to which you shall either have a safe-conduct to depart in peace, or be welcome to remain with us."

10 "Truly," said the Captain, "that being the case, I will not attempt to protract the capitulation by a counterfeited parley (a thing excellently practised by Sir James Ramsay at the siege of Hannau, in the year of God 1636), but I will frankly own, that if I like your pay as well as your
15 provant and your company, I care not how soon I take the oath to your colours."

"Our pay," said Lord Menteith, "must at present be small, since it is paid out of the common stock raised by the few amongst us who can command some funds. As
20 major and adjutant, I dare not promise Captain Dalgetty more than half a dollar a day."

"The devil take all halves and quarters!" said the Captain; "were it in my option, I could no more consent to the halving of that dollar, than the woman
25 in the Judgment of Solomon to the disseverment of her child."

"The parallel will scarce hold, Captain Dalgetty, for I think you would rather consent to the dividing of the dollar, than give it up entire to your competitor. However,
30 in the way of arrears, I may promise you the other half-dollar at the end of the campaign."

"Ah, these arrearages!" said Captain Dalgetty, "that are always promised, and always go for nothing; Spain, Austria, and Sweden, all sing one song. Oh, long life to

the Hoganmogans! If they were no officers or soldiers, they were good paymasters. And yet, my lord, if I could but be made certiorate that my natural hereditament of Drumthwacket had fallen into possession of any of these loons of Covenanters, who could be, in the event of our success, conveniently made a traitor of, I have so much value for that fertile and pleasant spot, that I would e'en take on with you for the campaign."

"I can resolve Captain Dalgetty's question," said Sibbald, Lord Menteith's second attendant; "for if his estate of Drumthwacket be, as I conceive, the long waste moor so called, that lies five miles south of Aberdeen, I can tell him it was lately purchased by Elias Strachan, as rank a rebel as ever swore the Covenant."

"The crop-eared hound!" said Captain Dalgetty, in a rage; "what gave him the assurance to purchase the inheritance of a family of four hundred years' standing? *Cynthiaus aurem vellit*, as we used to say at Marischal College; that is to say, I will pull him out of my father's house by the ears. And so, my Lord Menteith, I am yours, hand and sword, body and soul, till death do us part, or to the end of the next campaign, whichever event shall first come to pass."

"And I," said the young nobleman, "rivet the bargain by a month's pay in advance."

"That is more than necessary," said Dalgetty, pocketing the money, however. "But now I must go down, look after my war-saddle and abulziements, and see that Gustavus has his morning, and tell him we have taken new service."

"There goes your precious recruit," said Lord Menteith to Anderson, as the captain left the room; "I fear we shall have little credit of him."

"He is a man of the times, however," said Anderson;

"and without such we should hardly be able to carry on our enterprise."

"Let us go down," answered Lord Menteith, "and see how our muster is likely to thrive, for I hear a good deal of bustle in the castle."

When they entered the hall, the domestics keeping modestly in the background, morning greetings passed between Lord Menteith, Angus M'Aulay, and his English guests, while Allan, occupying the same settle which he had filled the preceding evening, paid no attention whatever to any one.

Old Donald hastily rushed into the apartment. "A message from Vich Alister More; he is coming up in the evening."

"With how many attendants?" said M'Aulay. "Some five-and-twenty or thirty," said Donald, "his ordinary retinue."

"Shake down plenty of straw in the great barn," said the Laird.

Another servant here stumbled hastily in, announcing the expected approach of Sir Hector M'Lean, "who is arriving with a large following."

"Put them in the malt-kiln," said M'Aulay; "and keep the breadth of the midden-stead between them and the M'Donalds; they are but unfriends to each other."

Donald now re-entered, his visage considerably lengthened.

"The teil's i' the folk," he said; "the hail Hielands are asteer, I think. Evan Dhu, of Lochiel, will be here in an hour, with Lord kens how many gillies."

"Into the great barn with them, beside the M'Donalds," said the Laird.

More and more chiefs were announced, the least of whom would have accounted it derogatory to his dignity

to stir without a retinue of six or seven persons. To every new annunciation Angus M'Aulay answered by naming some place of accommodation,—the stables, the loft, the cow-house, the sheds, every domestic office, were destined for the night to some hospitable purpose or other. At length the arrival of M'Dougal of Lorn, after all his means of accommodation were exhausted, reduced him to some perplexity.

"What is to be done, Donald?" said he; "the great barn would hold fifty more, if they would lie heads and thraws; but there would be drawn dirks among them which should lie uppermost, and so we should have blood before morning!"

"What needs all this?" said Allan, starting up, and coming forward with the stern abruptness of his usual manner; "are the Gael to-day of softer flesh or whiter blood than their fathers were? Knock the head out of a cask of usquebaugh; let that be their night-gear, their plaids their bedclothes, the blue sky their canopy, and the heather their couch. Come a thousand more, and they would not quarrel on the broad heath for want of room."

"Allan is right," said his brother; "it is very odd how Allan, who, between ourselves," said he to Musgrave, "is a little wowf, seems at times to have more sense than us all put together. Observe him now."

"Yes," continued Allan, fixing his eyes with a ghastly stare upon the opposite side of the hall, "they may well begin as they are to end; many a man will sleep this night upon the heath, that when the Martinmas wind shall blow shall lie there stark enough, and reck little of cold or lack of covering."

"Do not forespeak us, brother," said Angus; "that is not lucky."

“And what luck is it then that you expect?” said Allan; and, straining his eyes until they almost started from their sockets, he fell with a convulsive shudder into the arms of Donald and his brother, who, knowing the nature of his fits, had come near to prevent his fall. They seated him upon a bench, and supported him until he came to himself, and was about to speak.

“For God’s sake, Allan,” said his brother, who knew the impression his mystical words were likely to make on many of the guests, “say nothing to discourage us.”

“Am I he who discourages you?” said Allan; “let every man face his weird as I shall face mine. That which must come, will come; and we shall stride gallantly over many a field of victory ere we reach yon fatal slaughter-place or tread yon sable scaffolds.”

“What slaughter-place? what scaffolds?” exclaimed several voices; for Allan’s renown as a seer was generally established in the Highlands.

“You will know that but too soon,” answered Allan. “Speak to me no more, I am weary of your questions.”

He then pressed his hand against his brow, rested his elbow upon his knee, and sunk into a deep reverie.

“Send for Annot Lyle and the harp,” said Angus, in a whisper, to his servant, “and let those gentlemen follow me who do not fear a Highland breakfast.”

All accompanied their hospitable landlord, excepting only Lord Menteith, who lingered in one of the deep embrasures formed by the windows of the hall. Annot Lyle shortly after glided into the room, not ill described by Lord Menteith as being the lightest and most fairy figure that ever trod the turf by moonlight. Her stature, considerably less than the ordinary size of women, gave her the appearance of extreme youth, insomuch that,

Although she was near eighteen, she might have passed for four years younger. Her figure, hands, and feet were formed upon a model of exquisite symmetry with the size and lightness of her person, so that Titania herself could scarce have found a more fitting representative. Her hair was a dark shade of the colour usually termed flaxen, whose clustering ringlets suited admirably with her fair complexion, and with the playful yet simple expression of her features. When we add to these charms that Annot, in her orphan state, seemed the gayest and happiest of maidens, the reader must allow us to claim for her the interest of almost all who looked on her. In fact, it was impossible to find a more universal favourite, and she often came among the rude inhabitants of the castle, as Allan himself, in a poetical mood, expressed it, "like a sunbeam on a sullen sea," communicating to all others the cheerfulness that filled her own mind.

Annot, such as we have described her, smiled and blushed, when, on entering the apartment, Lord Menteith came from his place of retirement, and kindly wished her good morning.

"And good morning to you, my lord," returned she, extending her hand to her friend; "we have seldom seen you of late at the castle, and now I fear it is with no peaceful purpose."

"At least, let me not interrupt your harmony, Annot," said Lord Menteith, "though my arrival may breed discord elsewhere. My cousin Allan needs the assistance of your voice and music."

"My preserver," said Annot Lyle, "has a right to my poor exertions; and you, too, my lord,—you, too, are my preserver, and were the most active to save a life that is worthless enough unless it can benefit my protectors."

So saying, she sat down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan M'Aulay was placed, and, tuning her clairsach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient
5 Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language.

As the strain proceeded, Allan M'Aulay gradually gave signs of recovering his presence of mind and attention to the objects around him. The deep-knit furrows of his
10 brow relaxed and smoothed themselves; and the rest of his features, which had seemed contorted with internal agony, relapsed into a more natural state. When he raised his head and sat upright, his countenance, though still deeply melancholy, was divested of its wildness and
15 ferocity; and in its composed state, although by no means handsome, the expression of his features was striking, manly, and even noble. His thick brown eyebrows, which had hitherto been drawn close together, were now slightly separated, as in the natural state; and his grey eyes, which
20 had rolled and flashed from under them with an unnatural and portentous gleam, now recovered a steady and determined expression.

"Thank God!" he said, after sitting silent for about a minute, until the very last sounds of the harp had
25 ceased to vibrate, "my soul is no longer darkened; the mist hath passed from my spirit."

"You owe thanks, cousin Allan," said Lord Menteith, coming forward, "to Annot Lyle, as well as to Heaven, for this happy change in your melancholy mood."

30 "My noble cousin Menteith," said Allan, rising and greeting him very respectfully, as well as kindly, "has known my unhappy circumstances so long, that his goodness will require no excuse for my being thus late in bidding him welcome to the castle."

"We are too old acquaintances, Allan," said Lord Menteith, "and too good friends, to stand on the ceremonial of outward greeting; but half the Highlands will be here to-day, and you know, with our mountain Chiefs ceremony must not be neglected. What will you give 5 little Annot for making you fit company to meet Evan Dhu and I know not how many bonnets and feathers?"

"What will he give me?" said Annot, smiling; "nothing less, I hope, than the best ribbon at the Fair of Doune." 10

"The Fair of Doune, Annot?" said Allan, sadly; "there will be bloody work before that day, and I may never see it; but you have well reminded me of what I have long intended to do."

Having said this, he left the room. 15

"Should he talk long in this manner," said Lord Menteith, "you must keep your harp in tune, my dear Annot."

"I hope not," said Annot, anxiously; "this fit has been a long one, and probably will not soon return. It is fearful to see a mind, naturally generous and affectionate, afflicted by this constitutional malady."

As she spoke in a low and confidential tone, Lord Menteith naturally drew close, and stooped forward, that he might the better catch the sense of what she said. 25 When Allan suddenly entered the apartment, they as naturally drew back from each other with a manner expressive of consciousness, as if surprised in a conversation which they wished to keep secret from him. This did not escape Allan's observation; he stopped short at the door 30 of the apartment, his brows were contracted, his eyes rolled; but it was only the paroxysm of a moment. He passed his broad, sinewy hand across his brow, as if to obliterate these signs of emotion, and advanced towards

Annot, holding in his hand a very small box, made of oak-wood, curiously inlaid.

"I take you to witness," he said, "cousin Menteith, that I give this box and its contents to Annot Lyle. It
5 contains a few ornaments that belonged to my poor mother, of trifling value, you may guess, for the wife of a Highland laird has seldom a rich jewel-casket."

"But these ornaments," said Annot Lyle, gently and timidly refusing the box, "belong to the family; I cannot
10 accept——"

"They belong to me alone, Annot," said Allan, interrupting her; "they were my mother's dying bequest. They are all I can call my own, except my plaid and my claymore. Take them, therefore, they are to me value-
15 less trinkets; and keep them for my sake, should I never return from these wars."

So saying, he opened the case, and presented it to Annot.

"If," said he, "they are of any value, dispose of them
20 for your own support, when this house has been consumed with hostile fire, and can no longer afford you protection. But keep one ring in memory of Allan, who has done, to requite your kindness, if not all he wished, at least all he could."

25 Annot Lyle endeavoured in vain to restrain the gathering tears, when she said—

"One ring, Allan, I will accept from you as a memorial of your goodness to a poor orphan, but do not press me to take more; for I cannot, and will not, accept a gift of
30 such disproportioned value."

"Make your choice, then," said Allan; "your delicacy may be well founded; the others will assume a shape in which they may be more useful to you."

"Think not of it," said Annot, choosing from the

contents of the casket a ring, apparently the most trifling in value which it contained; "keep them for your own, or your brother's bride. But, good heavens!" she said, interrupting herself, and looking at the ring, "what is this that I have chosen?"

5

Allan hastened to look upon it, with eyes of gloomy apprehension; it bore, in enamel, a death's head above two crossed daggers. When Allan recognized the device, he uttered a sigh so deep, that she dropped the ring from her hand, which rolled upon the floor. Lord Menteith ¹⁰ picked it up, and returned it to the terrified Annot.

"I take God to witness," said Allan, in a solemn tone, "that *your* hand, young lord, and not mine, has again delivered to her this ill-omened gift. It was the mourning ring worn by my mother in memorial of her murdered ¹⁵ brother."

"I fear no omens," said Annot, smiling through her tears; "and nothing coming through the hands of my two patrons," so she was wont to call Lord Menteith and Allan, "can bring bad luck to the poor orphan." ²⁰

She put the ring on her finger, and, turning to her harp, sung to a lively air the following verses of one of the fashionable songs of the period, which had found its way, marked as it was with the quaint hyperbolical taste of King Charles's time, from some court masque to the ²⁵ wilds of Perthshire:—

"Gaze not upon the stars, fond sage,
In them no influence lies;
To read the fate of youth or age,
Look on my Helen's eyes.

30

"Yet, rash astrologer, refrain!
Too dearly would be won
The prescience of another's pain,
If purchased by thine own."

"She is right, Allan," said Lord Menteith; "and this ³⁵

end of an old song is worth all we shall gain by our attempt to look into futurity."

"She is *WRONG*, my lord," said Allan, sternly, "though you, who treat with lightness the warnings I have given
5 you, may not live to see the event of the omen. Laugh not so scornfully," he added, interrupting himself, "or rather laugh on as loud and as long as you will; your term of laughter will find a pause ere long."

"I care not for your visions, Allan," said Lord Menteith;
10 "however short my span of life, the eye of no Highland seer can see its termination."

"For Heaven's sake," said Annot Lyle, interrupting him, "you know his nature, and how little he can endure ——"

15 "Fear me not," said Allan, interrupting her, "my mind is now constant and calm. But for you, young lord," said he, turning to Lord Menteith, "my eye has sought you through fields of battle, where Highlanders and Lowlanders lay strewed as thick as ever the rooks sat
20 on those ancient trees," pointing to a rookery which was seen from the window—"my eye sought you, but your corpse was not there; my eye sought you among a train of unresisting and disarmed captives, drawn up within the bounding walls of an ancient and rugged fortress; flash
25 after flash—platoon after platoon—the hostile shot fell amongst them, they dropped like the dry leaves in autumn, but you were not among their ranks; scaffolds were prepared, blocks were arranged, sawdust was spread, the priest was ready with his book, the headsmen with
30 his axe; but there, too, mine eye found you not."

"The gibbet, then, I suppose, must be my doom," said Lord Menteith. "Yet I wish they had spared me the halter, were it but for the dignity of the peerage."

He spoke this scornfully, yet not without a sort of

curiosity, and a wish to receive an answer ; for the desire of prying into futurity frequently has some influence even on the minds of those who disavow all belief in the possibility of such predictions.

"Your rank, my lord, will suffer no dishonour in your person, or by the manner of your death. Three times have I seen a Highlander plant his dirk in your bosom, and such will be your fate."

"I wish you would describe him to me," said Lord Menteith, "and I shall save him the trouble of fulfilling your prophecy, if his plaid be passable to sword or pistol."

"Your weapons," said Allan, "would avail you little ; nor can I give you the information you desire. The face of the vision has been ever averted from me."

"So be it, then," said Lord Menteith, "and let it rest in the uncertainty in which your augury has placed it. I shall dine not the less merrily among plaids, and dirks, and kilts to-day."

"It may be so," said Allan ; "and it may be you do well to enjoy these moments, which to me are poisoned by auguries of future evil. But I," he continued—"I repeat to you, that this weapon—that is, such a weapon as this," touching the hilt of the dirk which he wore, "carries your fate."

"In the meanwhile," said Lord Menteith, "you, Allan, have frightened the blood from the cheeks of Annot Lyle ; let us leave this discourse, my friend, and go to see what we both understand—the progress of our military preparations."

They joined Angus M'Aulay and his English guests, and, in the military discussions which immediately took place, Allan showed a clearness of mind, strength of judgment, and precision of thought, totally inconsistent with the mystical light in which his character has been hitherto exhibited.

CHAPTER VI.

WHOEVER saw that morning the castle of Darnlinvarach, beheld a busy and a gallant sight.

The followers of the different leaders were separately arranged and accommodated, as room and circumstances
5 best permitted, each retaining, however, his henchman, who waited, close as the shadow, upon his person, to execute whatever might be required by his patron.

The exterior of the castle afforded a singular scene. The Highlanders, from different islands, glens, and straths,
10 eyed each other at a distance with looks of emulation, inquisitive curiosity, or hostile malevolence; but the most astounding part of the assembly, at least to a Lowland ear, was the rival performance of the bagpipers. These warlike minstrels, who had the highest opinion each of
15 the superiority of his own tribe, joined to the most overweening idea of the importance connected with his profession, at first performed their various pibrochs in front each of his own clan. At length, however, as the black-
20 cocks towards the end of the season, when, in sportsman's language, they are said to flock or crowd, attracted together by the sound of each other's triumphant crow, even so did the pipers, swelling their plaids and tartans in the same triumphant manner in which the birds ruffle up
25 their feathers, begin to approach each other within such distance as might give to their brethren a sample of their skill. Walking within a short interval, and eyeing each other with looks in which self-importance and defiance might be traced, they strutted, puffed, and plied their screaming instruments, each playing his own favourite
30 tune with such a din, that if an Italian musician had

Jain buried within ten miles of them, he must have risen from the dead to run out of hearing.

The chieftains meanwhile had assembled in close conclave in the great hall of the castle.

For some time they remained silent, until some one 5 should open the business of the meeting. At length, one of the most powerful of them commenced the diet by saying—

“We have been summoned hither, M'Aulay, to consult of weighty matters concerning the King's affairs and those 10 of the State; and we crave to know by whom they are to be explained to us?”

M'Aulay, whose strength did not lie in oratory, intimated his wish that Lord Menteith should open the business of the council. With great modesty, and at the same 15 time with spirit, that young lord said, “He wished what he was about to propose had come from some person of better known and more established character. Since, however, it lay with him to be spokesman, he had to state to the Chiefs assembled, that those who wished to throw off the 20 base yoke which fanaticism had endeavoured to wreathe round their necks, had not a moment to lose. The Covenanters,” he said, “after having twice made war upon their sovereign, and having extorted from him every request, reasonable or unreasonable, which they thought 25 proper to demand; after their chiefs had been loaded with dignities and favours; after having publicly declared, when his Majesty, after a gracious visit to the land of his nativity, was upon his return to England, that he returned a contented king from a contented people,—after all this, 30 and without even the pretext for a national grievance, the same men have, upon doubts and suspicions, equally dishonourable to the King and groundless in themselves, detached a strong army to assist his rebels in England,

in a quarrel with which Scotland had no more to do than she has with the wars in Germany. It was well," he said, "that the eagerness with which this treasonable purpose was pursued, had blinded the junta who now usurped the government of Scotland to the risk which they were about to incur. The army which they had despatched to England under old Leven comprehended their veteran soldiers, the strength of those armies which had been levied in Scotland during the two former wars.

10 "The moment," he said, "was most favourable for all true-hearted and loyal Scotsmen to show, that the reproach their country had lately undergone arose from the selfish ambition of a few turbulent and seditious men, joined to the absurd fanaticism which, disseminated from five hundred pulpits, had spread like a land-flood over the Lowlands of Scotland.

"It only remained," he said, "that the noble Chiefs assembled, laying aside every lesser consideration, should unite, heart and hand, in the common cause; send the fiery cross through their clans, in order to collect their utmost force, and form their junction with such celerity as to leave the enemy no time, either for preparation, or recovery from the panic which would spread at the first sound of their pibroch. He himself," he said, "though 25 neither among the richest nor the most powerful of the Scottish nobility, felt that he had to support the dignity of an ancient and honourable house, the independence of an ancient and honourable nation, and to that cause he was determined to devote both life and fortune. If those 30 who were more powerful were equally prompt, he trusted they would deserve the thanks of their King, and the gratitude of posterity."

Loud applause followed this speech of Lord Menteith, and testified the general acquiescence of all present in the

sentiments which he had expressed ; but when the shout had died away, the assembled chiefs continued to gaze upon each other as if something yet remained to be settled. After some whispers among themselves, an aged man, whom his grey hairs rendered respectable, although he was 5 not of the highest order of chiefs, replied to what had been said.

"Thane of Menteith," he said, "you have well spoken ; nor is there one of us in whose bosom the same sentiments do not burn like fire. Simple and rude as we may be 10 deemed, we know something of the established rules of war, as well as of the laws of our country ; nor will we arm ourselves against the general peace of Scotland, unless by the express commands of the King, and under a leader fit to command such men as are here assembled." 15

"Where would you find such a leader," said another chief, starting up, "saving the representative of the Lord of the Isles, entitled by birth and hereditary descent to lead forth the array of every clan of the Highlands ; and where is that dignity lodged, save in the house of Vich 20 Alister More ?"

"I acknowledge," said another chief, eagerly interrupting the speaker, "the truth in what has been first said, but not the inference. If Vich Alister More desires to be held representative of the Lord of the Isles, let him 25 first show his blood is redder than mine."

"That is soon tried," said Vich Alister More, laying his hand upon the basket hilt of his claymore. Lord Menteith threw himself between them, entreating and imploring each to remember that the interests of Scotland, 30 the liberty of their country, and the cause of their King, ought to be superior in their eyes to any personal disputes respecting descent, rank, and precedence. Several of the Highland Chiefs, who had no desire to admit the claims of

either chieftain, interfered to the same purpose, and none with more emphasis than the celebrated Evan Dhu.

"I have come from my lakes," he said, "as a stream descends from the hills, not to turn again, but to accomplish my course. It is not by looking back to our own pretensions that we shall serve Scotland or King Charles. My voice shall be for that general whom the King shall name, who will doubtless possess those qualities which are necessary to command men like us. High-born he must be, or we shall lose our rank in obeying him; wise and skilful, or we shall endanger the safety of our people; bravest among the brave, or we shall peril our own honour; temperate, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such is the man that must command us. Are you prepared, Thane of Menteith, to say where such a general is to be found?"

"There is but ONE," said Allan M'Aulay; "and here," he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Anderson, who stood behind Lord Menteith, "here he stands!"

The general surprise of the meeting was expressed by an impatient murmur; when Anderson, throwing back the cloak in which his face was muffled, and stepping forward, spoke thus—

"I did not long intend to be a silent spectator of this interesting scene, although my hasty friend has obliged me to disclose myself somewhat sooner than was my intention. Whether I deserve the honour reposed in me by this parchment, will best appear from what I shall be able to do for the King's service. It is a commission, under the Great Seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to command those forces which are to be assembled for the service of his Majesty in this kingdom."

A loud shout of approbation burst from the assembly. There was, in fact, no other person to whom, in point of

rank, these proud mountaineers would have been disposed to submit. His inveterate and hereditary hostility to the Marquis of Argyle ensured his engaging in the war with sufficient energy, while his well-known military talents, and his tried valour, afforded every hope of his bringing it to a favourable issue. 5

CHAPTER VII.

"By the honour of a cavalier," said Captain Dalgetty, finding at length an opportunity to thrust in his word, "I am proud and happy in having an opportunity of drawing a sword under your lordship's command; and I do forgive all grudge, malecontent, and malice of my heart, to Mr. Allan M'Aulay, for having thrust me down to the lowest seat of the board yestreen. Certes, he hath this day spoken so like a man having full command of his senses, that I had resolved in my secret purpose that he was no way entitled to claim the privilege of insanity. But since I was only postponed to a noble earl, my future commander-in-chief, I do, before you all, recognize the justice of the preference, and heartily salute Allan as one who is to be his *bon-camarado*." 20

Having made this speech, which was little understood or attended to, without putting off his military glove, he seized on Allan's hand, and began to shake it with violence, which Allan, with a gripe like a smith's vice, returned with such force as to drive the iron splents of the gauntlet into the hand of the wearer. 25

Captain Dalgetty might have construed this into a new

affront, had not his attention, as he stood blowing and shaking the injured member, been suddenly called by Montrose himself.

“Hear this news,” he said, “Captain Dalgetty—I
5 should say Major Dalgetty,—the Irish, who are to profit by your military experience, are now within a few leagues of us.”

“Our deer-stalkers,” said Angus M'Aulay, “who were abroad to bring in venison for this honourable party, have
10 heard of a band of strangers, speaking neither Saxon nor pure Gaelic, and with difficulty making themselves understood by the people of the country, who are marching this way in arms, under the leading, it is said, of Alaster M'Donnell, who is commonly called Young
15 Colkitto.”

“These must be our men,” said Montrose; “we must hasten to send messengers forward, both to act as guides and to relieve their wants.”

“The last,” said Angus M'Aulay, “will be no easy
20 matter; for I am informed that, excepting muskets and a very little ammunition, they want everything that soldiers should have; and they are particularly deficient in money, in shoes, and in raiment.”

“There is at least no use in saying so,” said Montrose,
25 “in so loud a tone. The puritan weavers of Glasgow shall provide them with plenty of broadcloth, when we make a descent from the Highlands; and if the ministers could formerly preach the old women of the Scottish boroughs out of their webs of napery, to make tents for the fellows
30 on Dunse Law, I will try whether I have not a little interest both to make these godly dames renew their patriotic gift, and the prick-eared knaves, their husbands, open their purses.”

“And respecting arms,” said Captain Dalgetty, “if

“your lordship will permit an old cavalier to speak his mind, so that the one-third have muskets, my darling weapon would be the pike for the remainder, whether for resisting a charge of horse, or for breaking the infantry. A common smith will make a hundred pike-heads in a day; here is 5 plenty of wood for shafts; and I will uphold that, according to the best usages of war, a strong battalion of pikes, drawn up in the fashion of the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus, would beat the Macedonian phalanx, of which I used to read in the Marischal College, when I 10 studied in the ancient town of Bon-Accord; and further, I will venture to predicate——”

The captain's lecture upon tactics was here suddenly interrupted by Allan M'Aulay, who said hastily—

“Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest!” 15

At the same moment, the door of the hall opened, and a grey-haired man, of a very stately appearance, presented himself to the assembly. There was much dignity, and even authority, in his manner.

“To which of this assembly,” said the stranger, “am 20 I to address myself as leader? or have you not fixed upon the person who is to hold an office at least as perilous as it is honourable?”

“Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell,” said Montrose, stepping forward. 25

“To you!” said Sir Duncan Campbell, with some scorn.

“Yes, to me,” repeated Montrose,—“to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgotten him.”

“I should now, at least,” said Sir Duncan Campbell, “have had some difficulty in recognizing him in the dis- 30 guise of a groom. And yet I might have guessed that no evil influence inferior to your lordship's, distinguished as one who troubles Israel, could have collected together this rash assembly of misguided persons.”

"I will answer unto you," said Montrose, "in the manner of your own Puritans. I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house. But let us leave an altercation, which is of little consequence but to ourselves, and hear the tidings you have brought from your Chief of Argyle; for I must conclude that it is in his name that you have come to this meeting."

"It is in the name of the Marquis of Argyle," said Sir Duncan Campbell,—
"in the name of the Scottish Convention of Estates, that I demand to know the meaning of this singular convocation. If it is destined to disturb the peace of the country, it were but acting like neighbours, and men of honour, to give us some intimation to stand upon our guard."

"It is a singular and new state of affairs in Scotland," said Montrose, turning from Sir Duncan Campbell to the assembly, "when Scottish men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend, without an inquisitorial visit and demand, on the part of our rulers, to know the subject of our conference. Methinks our ancestors were accustomed to hold Highland huntings, or other purposes of meeting, without asking the leave either of the great M'Callum More himself, or any of his emissaries or dependants."

"The times have been such in Scotland," answered one of the Western Chiefs, "and such they will again be, when the intruders on our ancient possessions are again reduced to be Lairds of Lochow, instead of overspreading us like a band of devouring locusts."

"Am I to understand, then," said Sir Duncan, "that it is against *my* name alone that these preparations are directed? or are the race of Diarmid only to be sufferers in common with the whole of the peaceful and orderly inhabitants of Scotland?"

"I would ask," said a wild-looking Chief, starting hastily up, "one question of the Knight of Ardenvoehr, ere he proceeds further in his daring catechism. Has he brought more than one life to this castle, that he ventures to intrude among us for the purposes of insult?" 5

"Gentlemen," said Montrose, "let me implore your patience; a messenger who comes among us for the purpose of embassy is entitled to freedom of speech and a safe-conduct. And since Sir Duncan Campbell is so pressing, I care not if I inform him, for his 10 guidance, that he is in an assembly of the King's loyal subjects, convoked by me, in his Majesty's name and authority, and as empowered by his Majesty's royal commission."

"We are to have, then, I presume," said Sir Duncan 15 Campbell, "a civil war in all its forms? I have been too long a soldier to view its approach with anxiety; but it would have been for my Lord of Montrose's honour, if, in this matter, he had consulted his own ambition less and the peace of the country more." 20

"Those consulted their own ambition and self-interest, Sir Duncan," answered Montrose, "who brought the country to the pass in which it now stands, and rendered necessary the sharp remedies which we are now reluctantly obliged to use." 25

"And what rank among these self-seekers," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "shall we assign to a noble earl, so violently attached to the Covenant that he was the first, in 1639, to cross the Tyne, wading middle deep, at the head of his regiment, to charge the royal forces? It was 30 the same, I think, who imposed the Covenant upon the burgesses and colleges of Aberdeen at the point of sword and pike."

"I understand your sneer, Sir Duncan," said Montrose,

temperately ; “and I can only add that, if sincere repentance can make amends for youthful error, and for yielding to the artful representation of ambitious hypocrites, I shall be pardoned for the crimes with which you taunt me. I will at least endeavour to deserve forgiveness, for I am here, with my sword in my hand, willing to spend the best blood of my body to make amends for my error ; and mortal man can do no more.”

“Well, my lord,” said Sir Duncan, “I shall be sorry to carry back this language to the Marquis of Argyle. I had it in further charge from the Marquis, that, to prevent the bloody feuds which must necessarily follow a Highland war, his lordship will be contented if terms of truce could be arranged to the north of the Highland line, as there is ground enough in Scotland to fight upon, without neighbours destroying each other’s families and inheritances.”

“It is a peaceful proposal,” said Montrose, smiling, “such as it should be, coming from one whose personal actions have always been more peaceful than his measures. Yet, if the terms of such a truce could be equally fixed, and if we can obtain security—for that, Sir Duncan, is indispensable—that your Marquis will observe these terms with strict fidelity, I, for my part, should be content to leave peace behind us, since we must needs carry war before us. But, Sir Duncan, you are too old and experienced a soldier for us to permit you to remain in our leaguer and witness our proceedings ; we shall, therefore, when you have refreshed yourself, recommend your speedy return to Inverary, and we shall send with you a gentleman on our part to adjust the terms of the Highland armistice, in case the Marquis shall be found serious in proposing such a measure.” Sir Duncan Campbell assented by a bow.

“My lord of Menteith,” continued Montrose, “will

you have the goodness to attend Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, while we determine who shall return with him to his chief? M'Aulay will permit us to request that he be entertained with suitable hospitality."

"I will give orders for that," said Allan M'Aulay, rising 5 and coming forward. "I love Sir Duncan Campbell; we have been joint sufferers in former days, and I do not forget it now."

"My lord of Menteith," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "I am grieved to see you, at your early age, engaged in such 10 desperate and rebellious courses."

"I am young," answered Menteith, "yet old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, between loyalty and rebellion; and the sooner a good course is begun, the longer and the better have I a chance of running it." 15

"And you too, my friend, Allan M'Aulay," said Sir Duncan, taking his hand, "must we also call each other enemies, that have been so often allied against a common foe?" Then, turning round to the meeting, he said, "Farewell, gentlemen; there are so many of you to whom I wish 20 well, that your rejection of all terms of mediation gives me deep affliction. May Heaven," he said, looking upwards, "judge between our motives and those of the movers of this civil commotion!"

"Amen," said Montrose; "to that tribunal we all 25 submit us."

Sir Duncan Campbell left the hall, accompanied by Allan M'Aulay and Lord Menteith.

"There goes a true-bred Campbell," said Montrose, as the envoy departed, "for they are ever fair and false." 30

"Pardon me, my lord," said Evan Dhu; "hereditary enemy as I am to their name, I have ever found the Knight of Ardenvohr brave in war, honest in peace, and true in council."

Of his own disposition," said Montrose, "such he is undoubtedly; but he now acts as the organ or mouthpiece of his Chief, the Marquis, the falsest man that ever drew breath. And, M'Aulay," he continued in a whisper to his
5 host, "lest he should make some impression upon the inexperience of Menteith or the singular disposition of your brother, you had better send music into their chamber, to prevent his inveigling them into any private conference."

10 "The devil a musician have I," answered M'Aulay, "excepting the piper, who has nearly broke his wind by an ambitious contention for superiority with three of his own craft; but I can send Annot Lyle and her harp." And he left the apartment to give orders accordingly.

15 Meanwhile a warm discussion took place, who should undertake the perilous task of returning with Sir Duncan to Inverary.

In this dilemma, Montrose, who considered the proposed armistice as a mere stratagem on the part of Argyle,
20 although he had not ventured bluntly to reject it in presence of those whom it concerned so nearly, resolved to impose the danger and dignity upon Captain Dalgetty, who had neither clan nor estate in the Highlands upon which the wrath of Argyle could wreak itself.

25 "But I have a neck, though," said Dalgetty, bluntly; "and what if he chooses to avenge himself upon that? I have known a case where an honourable ambassador has been hanged as a spy before now. Neither did the Romans use ambassadors much more mercifully at the
30 siege of Capua, although I read that they only cut off their hands and noses, put out their eyes, and suffered them to depart in peace."

"By my honour, Captain Dalgetty," said Montrose, "should the Marquis, contrary to the rules of war, dare

to practise any atrocity against you, you may depend upon my taking such signal vengeance that all Scotland shall ring of it."

"That will do but little for Dalgetty," returned the captain; "but, corragio! as the Spaniard says. With the Land of Promise full in view, the moor of Drumthwacket, *mea paupera regna*, as we said at Marischal College, I will not refuse your Excellency's commission, being conscious it becomes a cavalier of honour to obey his commander's orders in defiance both of gibbet and sword."

"Gallantly resolved," said Montrose; and if you will come apart with me, I will furnish you with the conditions to be laid before M'Callum More, upon which we are willing to grant him a truce for his Highland dominions."

With these we need not trouble our readers. They were of an evasive nature, calculated to meet a proposal which Montrose considered to have been made only for the purpose of gaining time. When he had put Captain Dalgetty in complete possession of his instructions, and when that worthy, making his military obeisance, was near the door of his apartment, Montrose made him a sign to return.

"I presume," said he, "I need not remind an officer who has served under the great Gustavus, that a little more is required of a person sent with a flag of truce than mere discharge of his instructions, and that his general will expect from him on his return some account of the state of the enemy's affairs, as far as they come under his observation. In short, Captain Dalgetty, you must be *un peu clairvoyant*."

"Ah ha! your Excellency," said the captain, twisting his hard features into an inimitable expression of cunning and intelligence, "if they do not put my head in a poke,

which I have known practised upon honourable soldados who have been suspected to come upon such errands as the present, your Excellency may rely on a preceese narration of whatever Dugald Dalgetty shall hear or see, 5 were it even how many turns of tune there are in M'Callum More's pibroch, or how many checks in the set of his plaid and trews."

"Enough," answered Montrose; "farewell, Captain Dalgetty: and as they say that a lady's mind is always 10 expressed in her postscript, so I would have you think that the most important part of your commission lies in what I have last said to you."

Dalgetty once more grinned intelligence, and withdrew to victual his charger and himself for the fatigues of his 15 approaching mission.

At the door of the stable—for Gustavus always claimed his first care—he met Angus M'Aulay and Sir Miles Musgrave, who had been looking at his horse; and, after praising his points and carriage, both united in strongly 20 dissuading the captain from taking an animal of such value with him upon his present very fatiguing journey.

Angus painted in the most alarming colours the roads, or rather wild tracks, by which it would be necessary for him to travel into Argyleshire, and the wretched huts or 25 bothies where he would be condemned to pass the night, and where no forage could be procured for his horse, unless he could eat the stumps of old heather. In short, he pronounced it absolutely impossible that, after undertaking such a pilgrimage, the animal could be in any case for 30 military service. Captain Dalgetty for an instant looked steadily, first at one of the gentlemen and next at the other, and then asked them, as if in a state of indecision, what they would advise him to do with Gustavus under such circumstances.

"By the hand of my father, my dear friend," answered M'Aulay, "if you leave the beast in my keeping, you may rely on his being fed and sorted according to his worth and quality, and that upon your happy return you will find him as sleek as an onion boiled in butter." 5

"Or," said Sir Miles Musgrave, "if this worthy cavalier chooses to part with his charger for a reasonable sum, I have some part of the silver candlesticks still dancing the heels in my purse, which I shall be very willing to transfer to his." 10

"In brief, mine honourable friends," said Captain Dalgetty, again eyeing them both with an air of comic penetration, "I find it would not be altogether unacceptable to either of you to have some token to remember the old soldier by, in case it shall please M'Callum More to 15 hang him up at the gate of his own castle. And doubtless it would be no small satisfaction to me, in such an event, that a noble and loyal cavalier like Sir Miles Musgrave, or a worthy and hospitable chieftain like our excellent landlord, should act as my executor." 20

Both hastened to protest that they had no such object, and insisted again upon the impassable character of the Highland paths.

"My worthy friends," said he, "Gustavus is not new to the dangers of travelling and the mountains of Bohemia; 25 and—no disparagement to the beals and corries Mr. Angus is pleased to mention, and of which Sir Miles, who never saw them, confirms the horrors—these mountains may compete with the vilest roads in Europe. In fact, my horse hath a most excellent and social quality; for although he 30 cannot pledge in my cup, yet we share our loaf between us, and it will be hard if he suffers famine where cakes or bannocks are to be found. And, to cut this matter short, I beseech you, my good friends, to observe the state of Sir

Duncan Campbell's palfrey, which stands in that stall before us, fat and fair; and, in return for your anxiety on my account, I give you my honest asseveration, that while we travel the same road, both that palfrey and his rider shall lack for food before either Gustavus or I."

Having said this, he filled a large measure with corn and walked up with it to his charger, who, by his low whinnying neigh, his pricked ears, and his pawing, showed how close the alliance was betwixt him and his rider. Nor did he taste his corn until he had returned his master's caresses by licking his hands and face. After this interchange of greeting, the steed began to his provender with an eager despatch which showed old military habits; and the master, after looking on the animal with great complacency for about five minutes, said—

"Much good may it do your honest heart, Gustavus; now must I go and lay in provant myself for the campaign."

He then departed, having first saluted the Englishman and Angus M'Aulay, who remained looking at each other for some time in silence, and then burst out into a fit of laughter.

"That fellow," said Sir Miles Musgrave, "is formed to go through the world."

"I shall think so too," said M'Aulay, "if he can slip through M'Callum More's fingers as easily as he has done through ours."

"Do you think," said the Englishman, "that the Marquis will not respect, in Captain Dalgetty's person, the laws of civilized war?"

"No more than I would respect a Lowland proclamation," said Angus M'Aulay. "But come along, it is time I were returning to my guests."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN a small apartment remote from the rest of the guests assembled at the castle, Sir Duncan Campbell was presented with every species of refreshment, and respectfully attended by Lord Menteith, and by Allan M'Aulay. His discourse with the latter turned upon a sort of hunting 5 campaign, in which they had been engaged together against the Children of the Mist, with whom the Knight of Ardenvohr, as well as the M'Aulays, had a deadly and irreconcilable feud. Sir Duncan, however, speedily endeavoured to lead back the conversation to the subject of his present 10 errand to the castle of Darnlinvarach.

"It grieved him to the very heart," he said, "to see that friends and neighbours, who should stand shoulder to shoulder, were likely to be engaged hand to hand in a cause which so little concerned them. What signifies it," he 15 said, "to the Highland Chiefs, whether King or Parliament got uppermost? Were it not better to let them settle their own differences without interference, while the chiefs, in the mean time, took the opportunity of establishing their own authority in a manner not to be called in question 20 hereafter by either King or Parliament? And yet," he continued, addressing Allan, "it is for the purpose of giving despotic authority to the monarch, that so many Highland Chiefs are upon the point of quarrelling with, and drawing the sword against, their neighbours, allies, 25 and ancient confederates."

"It is to my brother," said Allan, "it is to the eldest son of my father's house that the Knight of Ardenvohr must address these remonstrances. I am, indeed, the brother of Angus; but in being so, I am only the first of 30

his clansmen, and bound to show an example to the others by my cheerful and ready obedience to his commands."

"The cause, also," said Lord Menteith, interposing, "is far more general than Sir Duncan Campbell seems to suppose it. It is neither limited to Saxon nor to Gael, to mountain nor to strath, to Highlands nor to Lowlands. The question is, if we will continue to be governed by the unlimited authority assumed by a set of persons in no respect superior to ourselves, instead of returning to the natural government of the prince against whom they have rebelled. And respecting the interest of the Highlands in particular," he added, "I crave Sir Duncan Campbell's pardon for my plainness; but it seems very clear to me, that the only effect produced by the present usurpation will be the aggrandisement of one overgrown clan at the expense of every independent chief in the Highlands."

"I will not reply to you, my lord," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "because I know your prejudices, and from whom they are borrowed; yet you will pardon my saying that, being at the head of the rival branch of the house of Graham, I have both read of and known an Earl of Menteith who would have disdained to have been tutored in politics or to have been commanded in war by an Earl of Montrose."

"You will find it in vain, Sir Duncan," said Lord Menteith, haughtily, "to set my vanity in arms against my principles. The King gave my ancestors their title and rank; and these shall never prevent my acting, in the royal cause, under any one who is better qualified than myself to be a commander-in-chief. Least of all shall any miserable jealousy prevent me from placing my hand and sword under the guidance of the bravest, the most loyal, the most heroic spirit among our Scottish nobility."

"Pity," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that you cannot

add to his panegyric the further epithets of the most steady and the most consistent. But I have no purpose of debating these points with you, my lord," waving his hand, as if to avoid further discussion; "the die is cast with you; allow me only to express my sorrow for the disastrous fate to which Angus M'Aulay's natural rashness, and your lordship's influence, are dragging my gallant friend Allan here, with his father's clan and many a brave man besides."

"The die is cast for us all, Sir Duncan," replied Allan, looking gloomy, and arguing on his own hypochondriac feelings; "the iron hand of destiny branded our fate upon our forehead long ere we could form a wish or raise a finger in our own behalf. Were this otherwise, by what means does the seer ascertain the future from those shadowy presages which haunt his waking and his sleeping eye? Nought can be foreseen but that which is certain to happen."

Sir Duncan Campbell was about to reply, and the darkest and most contested point of metaphysics might have been brought into discussion betwixt two Highland disputants, when the door opened, and Annot Lyle, with her clairshach in her hand, entered the apartment. The freedom of a Highland maiden was in her step and in her eye; for, bred up in the closest intimacy with the Laird of M'Aulay and his brother, with Lord Menteith, and other young men who frequented Darnlinvarach, she possessed none of that timidity which a female educated chiefly among her own sex would either have felt or thought necessary to assume, on an occasion like the present.

"Can this," he said to him in a whisper, "a creature so beautiful and so elegant, be a domestic musician of your brother's establishment?"

"By no means," answered Allan, hastily, yet with

some hesitation ; “ she is a—a—near relation of our family, and treated,” he added, more firmly, “ as an adopted daughter of our father’s house.”

As he spoke thus, he arose from his seat, and, with
5 that air of courtesy which every Highlander can assume when it suits him to practise it, he resigned it to Annot, and offered to her, at the same time, whatever refreshments the table afforded, with an assiduity which was probably designed to give Sir Duncan an impression of
10 her rank and consequence. If such was Allan’s purpose, however, it was unnecessary. Sir Duncan kept his eyes fixed upon Annot with an expression of much deeper interest than could have arisen from any impression that she was a person of consequence. Annot even felt embar-
15 rassed under the old knight’s steady gaze ; and it was not without considerable hesitation, that, tuning her instrument, and receiving an assenting look from Lord Menteith and Allan, she executed a Gaelic ballad.

While the song proceeded, Lord Menteith observed,
20 with some surprise, that it appeared to produce a much deeper effect upon the mind of Sir Duncan Campbell than he could possibly have anticipated from his age and character. He well knew that the Highlanders of that period possessed a much greater sensibility both for
25 tale and song than was found among their Lowland neighbours ; but even this, he thought, hardly accounted for the embarrassment with which the old man withdrew his eyes from the songstress, as if unwilling to suffer them to rest on an object so interesting. Still less was it to be
30 expected that features which expressed pride, stern common sense, and the austere habit of authority, should have been so much agitated by so trivial a circumstance. As the chief’s brow became clouded, he drooped his large shaggy grey eyebrows until they almost concealed his eyes, on

the lids of which something like a tear might be seen to glisten. He remained silent and fixed in the same posture for a minute or two after the last note had ceased to vibrate. He then raised his head, and, having looked at Annot Lyle as if purposing to speak to her, he as suddenly 5 changed that purpose, and was about to address Allan, when the door opened, and the lord of the castle made his appearance.

CHAPTER IX.

ANGUS M'AULAY was charged with a message which he seemed to find some difficulty in communicating; for it 10 was not till after he had framed his speech several different ways, and blundered them all, that he succeeded in letting Sir Duncan Campbell know that the cavalier who was to accompany him was waiting in readiness, and that all was prepared for his return to Inverary. 15 Sir Duncan Campbell rose up very indignantly; the affront which this message implied immediately driving out of his recollection the sensibility which had been awakened by the music.

"I little expected this," he said, looking indignantly at 20 Angus M'Aulay. "I little thought that there was a Chief in the West Highlands who, at the pleasure of a Saxon, would have bid the Knight of Ardenvoehr leave his castle when the sun was declining from the meridian, and ere the second cup had been filled. But farewell, sir, the 25 food of a churl does not satisfy the appetite; when I next revisit Darnlinvarach, it shall be with a naked sword in one hand and a firebrand in the other."

"And if you do come," said Angus, "I pledge myself to meet you fairly, though you brought five hundred Campbells at your back, and to afford you and them such entertainment that you shall not again complain
5 of the hospitality of Darnlinvarach."

"Threatened men," said Sir Duncan, "live long. Your turn for gasconading, Laird of M'Aulay, is too well known, that men of honour should regard your vaunts. To you, my lord, and to Allan, who have supplied the place of my
10 churlish host, I leave my thanks. And to you, pretty mistress," he said, addressing Annot Lyle, "this little token, for having opened a fountain which hath been dry for many a year."

So saying, he left the apartment, and commanded his
15 attendants to be summoned. Angus M'Aulay, equally embarrassed and incensed at the charge of inhospitality, which was the greatest possible affront to a Highlander, did not follow Sir Duncan to the courtyard, where, mounting his palfrey, which was in readiness, followed by six
20 mounted attendants, and accompanied by the noble Captain Dalgetty, who had also awaited him, holding Gustavus ready for action, though he did not draw his girths and mount till Sir Duncan appeared, the whole cavalcade left the castle.

25 Sir Duncan Campbell rather shunned the Highlands, and, falling into the Low Country, made for the nearest seaport in the vicinity, where he had several half-decked galleys or birlings, as they were called, at his command. In one of these they embarked, with Gustavus in company,
30 who was so seasoned to adventure that land and sea seemed as indifferent to him as to his master.

The wind being favourable, they pursued their way rapidly with sails and oars; and early the next morning it was announced to Captain Dalgetty, then in a small

Cabin beneath the half-deck, that the galley was under the walls of Sir Duncan Campbell's castle.

Ardenvohr accordingly rose high above him, when he came upon the deck of the galley. It was a gloomy square tower, of considerable size and great height, situated upon 5 a headland projecting into the salt-water lake, or arm of the sea, which they had entered on the preceding evening. A wall with flanking towers at each angle surrounded the castle to landward; but towards the lake it was built so near the brink of the precipice as only to leave room for a 10 battery of seven guns, designed to protect the fortress from any insult from that side, although situated too high to be of any effectual use according to the modern system of warfare.

In a short time a boat with a piper in the bow, bearing 15 the Knight of Ardenvohr's crest in silver upon his left arm, and playing with all his might the family march, entitled "The Campbells are coming," approached to conduct the envoy of Montrose to the castle of Ardenvohr. The distance between the galley and the beach was so short 20 as scarce to require the assistance of the eight sturdy rowers, in bonnets, short coats, and trews, whose efforts sent the boat to the little creek in which they usually landed, before one could have conceived that it had left the side of the birling. Two of the boatmen, in spite of 25 Dalgetty's resistance, horsed the captain on the back of a third Highlander, and, wading through the surf with him, landed him high and dry upon the beach beneath the castle rock. In the face of this rock there appeared something like the entrance of a low-browed cavern, towards which 30 the assistants were preparing to hurry our friend Dalgetty, when, shaking himself loose from them with some difficulty, he insisted upon seeing Gustavus safely landed before he proceeded one step farther. The Highlanders could not

comprehend what he meant, until one who had picked up a little English, or rather Lowland Scotch, exclaimed, "Houts! it's a' about her horse, ta useless baste!" Further remonstrance on the part of Captain Dalgetty
5 was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Duncan Campbell himself from the mouth of the cavern which we have described, for the purpose of inviting Captain Dalgetty to accept of the hospitality of Ardenvohr, pledging his honour at the same time that Gustavus should be treated as became
10 the hero from whom he derived his name, not to mention the important person to whom he now belonged. Notwithstanding this satisfactory guarantee, Captain Dalgetty would still have hesitated, such was his anxiety to witness the fate of his companion Gustavus, had not two High-
15 landers seized him by the arms, two more pushed him on behind, while a fifth exclaimed, "Hout awa wi' the daft Sassenach! does she no hear the Laird bidding her up to her ain castle, wi' her special voice, and isna that very mickle honour for the like o' her."

20 Thus impelled, Captain Dalgetty could only for a short space keep a reverted eye towards the galley in which he had left the partner of his military toils. In a few minutes afterwards he found himself involved in the total darkness of a staircase, which, entering from the low-browed cavern
25 we have mentioned, winded upwards through the entrails of the living rock.

"The cursed Highland salvages!" muttered the captain, half aloud; "what is to become of me, if Gustavus, the namesake of the invincible Lion of the
30 Protestant League, should be lamed among their untenty hands?"

"Have no fear of that," said the voice of Sir Duncan, who was nearer to him than he imagined; "my men are accustomed to handle horses, both in embarking and

“dressing them, and you will soon see Gustavus as safe as when you last dismounted from his back.”

Captain Dalgetty knew the world too well to offer any further remonstrance, whatever uneasiness he might suppress within his own bosom. A step or two higher up the stair showed light and a door, and an iron-grated wicket led him out upon a gallery cut in the open face of the rock, extending a space of about six or eight yards, until he reached a second door, where the path re-entered the rock, and which was also defended by an iron portcullis.

“An admirable traverse,” observed the captain; “and if commanded by a field-piece, or even a few muskets, quite sufficient to ensure the place against a storming-party.”

Sir Duncan Campbell made no answer at this time; but, the moment afterwards, when they had entered the second cavern, he struck with the stick which he had in his hand, first on the one side, and then on the other of the wicket, and the sullen, ringing sound which replied to the blows, made Captain Dalgetty sensible that there was a gun placed on each side, for the purpose of raking the gallery through which they had passed, although the embrasures, through which they might be fired on occasion, were marked on the outside with sods and loose stones.

Captain Dalgetty, had no sooner arrived in the courtyard, than he protested that the defences of Sir Duncan’s castle reminded him more of the notable fortress of Spandau, situated in the March of Brandenburg, than of any place whilk it had been his fortune to defend in the course of his travels. Nevertheless, he criticised considerably the mode of placing the guns on the battery we have noticed, observing, that “where cannon were perched, like to skarts or sea-gulls, on the top of a rock, he had ever observed that they astonished more by their noise than

they dismayed by the skaith or damage which they occasioned."

Sir Duncan, without replying, conducted the soldier into the tower, the defences of which were a portcullis and iron-clenched oaken door, the thickness of the wall being the space between them. He had no sooner arrived in a hall hung with tapestry, than the captain prosecuted his military criticism.

"This house of yours, now, Sir Duncan, is a very defensible sort of a tenement, and yet it is hardly such as a cavaliero of honour would expect to maintain his credit by holding out for many days. For, Sir Duncan, if it pleases you to notice, your house is overcrowded and slighted, or commanded, as we military men say, by yonder round hillock to the landward, whereon an enemy might stell such a battery of cannon as would make ye glad to beat a chamade within forty-eight hours, unless it pleased the Lord extraordinarily to show mercy."

"There is no road," replied Sir Duncan, somewhat shortly, "by which cannon can be brought against Arden-vohr. The swamps and morasses around my house would scarce carry your horse and yourself, excepting by such paths as could be rendered impassable within a few hours."

"Sir Duncan," said the captain, "it is your pleasure to suppose so; and yet we martial men say, that where there is a sea-coast there is always a naked side, seeing that cannon and munition, where they cannot be transported by land, may be right easily brought by sea near to the place where they are to be put in action."

"To cut this matter short," said Sir Duncan, with an expression of voice and countenance somewhat agitated, "it is unnecessary for you to tell me, Captain Dalgetty, that a castle may be stormed if it is not valorously

defended, or surprised if it is not heedfully watched. I trust this poor house of mine will not be found in any of these predicaments, should even Captain Dalgetty himself choose to beleaguer it."

"For all that, Sir Duncan," answered the persevering 5 commander, "I would premonish you, as a friend, to trace out a sconce upon that round hill, with a good graffe, or ditch, whilk may be easily accomplished by compelling the labour of the boors in the vicinity; it being the custom of the valorous Gustavus Adolphus to fight as much by 10 the spade and shovel, as by sword, pike, and musket. Also, I would advise you to fortify the said sconce, not only by a foussee, or graffe, but also by certain stackets, or palisades." Here Sir Duncan, becoming impatient, left the apartment, the captain following him to the door, 15 and raising his voice as he retreated, until he was fairly out of hearing. "The whilk stackets, or palisades, should be artificially framed with re-entering angles and loop-holes, or crenelles, for musketry, whereof it shall arise that the foemen—— The Highland brute! the old 20 Highland brute! They are as proud as peacocks, and as obstinate as tups; and here he has missed an opportunity of making his house as pretty an irregular fortification as an invading army ever broke their teeth upon. But I see," he continued, looking down from the window upon 25 the bottom of the precipice, "they have got Gustavus safe ashore. Proper fellow! I would know that toss of his head among a whole squadron. I must go to see what they are to make of him."

He had no sooner reached, however, the court to the 30 seaward, and put himself in the act of descending the staircase, than two Highland sentinels, advancing their Lochaber axes, gave him to understand that this was a service of danger.

“Diavolo!” said the soldier, “and I have got no pass-word. I could not speak a syllable of their salvage gibberish, an it were to save me from the provost-marshal.”

“I will be your surety, Captain Dalgetty,” said Sir Duncan, who had again approached him without his observing from whence; “and we will go together, and see how your favourite charger is accommodated.”

He conducted him accordingly down the staircase to the breach, and from thence by a short turn behind a large rock, which concealed the stables and other offices belonging to the castle. Captain Dalgetty became sensible, at the same time, that the side of the castle to the land was rendered totally inaccessible by a ravine, partly natural, and partly scarped with great care and labour, so as to be only passed by a drawbridge. Still, however, the captain insisted, notwithstanding the triumphant air with which Sir Duncan pointed out his defences, that a sconce should be erected on Drumsnab.

Sir Duncan Campbell diverted this conversation by carrying the soldier into his stables, and suffering him to arrange Gustavus according to his own will and pleasure. After this duty had been carefully performed, Captain Dalgetty proposed to return to the castle, observing, it was his intention to spend the time betwixt this and dinner, which, he presumed, would come upon the parade about noon, in burnishing his armour, which, having sustained some injury from the sea-air, might, he was afraid, seem discreditable in the eyes of M'Callum More.

CHAPTER X.

THE gallant Rittmaster would willingly have employed his leisure in studying the exterior of Sir Duncan's castle, and verifying his own military ideas upon the nature of its defences. But a stout sentinel, who mounted guard with a Lochaber axe at the door of his apartment, gave 5 him to understand, by very significant signs, that he was in a sort of honourable captivity.

It is strange, thought the Rittmaster to himself, how well these salvages understand the rules and practice of war. Who would have presupposed their acquaintance 10 with the maxim of the great and godlike Gustavus Adolphus, that a flag of truce should be half a messenger, half a spy?

From his musings he was aroused by the joyful sound of the dinner-bell, on which the Highlander, lately his guard, 15 became his gentleman-usher, and marshalled him to the hall, where a table with four covers bore ample proofs of Highland hospitality. Sir Duncan entered, conducting his lady, a tall, faded, melancholy female, dressed in deep mourning. They were followed by a Presbyterian clergy- 20 man, in his Geneva cloak, and wearing a black skull-cap, covering his short hair so closely that it could scarce be seen at all, so that the unrestricted ears had an undue predominance in the general aspect. This ungraceful fashion was universal at the time, and partly led to the 25 nicknames of roundheads, prick-eared curs, and so forth, which the insolence of the cavaliers liberally bestowed on their political enemies.

Sir Duncan presented his military guest to his lady, who received his technical salutation with a stiff and 30

silent reverence, in which it could scarce be judged whether pride or melancholy had the greater share. The churchman, to whom he was next presented, eyed him with a glance of mingled dislike and curiosity.

5 The Captain, well accustomed to worse looks from more dangerous persons, cared very little either for those of the lady or of the divine, but bent his whole soul upon assaulting a huge piece of beef, which smoked at the nether end of the table. But the onslaught, as he would
10 have termed it, was delayed until the conclusion of a very long grace, betwixt every section of which Dalgetty handled his knife and fork as he might have done his musket or pike when going upon action, and as often resigned them unwillingly when the prolix chaplain com-
15 menced another clause of his benediction. Sir Duncan listened with decency, though he was supposed rather to have joined the Covenanters out of devotion to his chief, than real respect for the cause either of liberty or of Presbytery. His lady alone attended to the blessing with
20 symptoms of deep acquiescence.

The meal was performed almost in Carthusian silence ; for it was none of Captain Dalgetty's habits to employ his mouth in talking, while it could be more profitably occupied. Sir Duncan was absolutely silent, and the lady
25 and churchman only occasionally exchanged a few words, spoken low and indistinctly.

But when the dishes were removed and their place supplied by liquors of various sorts, Captain Dalgetty no longer had himself the same weighty reasons for silence,
30 and began to tire of that of the rest of the company. He commenced a new attack upon his landlord, upon the former ground.

"Touching that round monticle, or hill, or eminence, termed Drumsnab, I would be proud to hold some dialogué

with you, Sir Duncan, on the nature of the sconce to be there constructed."

"Captain Dalgetty," answered Sir Duncan, very dryly, "it is not our Highland usage to debate military points with strangers. This castle is like to hold out against a stronger enemy than any force which the unfortunate gentlemen we left at Darnlinvarach are able to bring against it."

A deep sigh from the lady accompanied the conclusion of her husband's speech, which seemed to remind her of some painful circumstance.

"He who gave," said the clergyman, addressing her in a solemn tone, "hath taken away. May you, honourable lady, be long enabled to say, Blessed be His name!"

"Captain Dalgetty," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "I must acquaint you that I have some business to despatch to-night, in order to enable me to ride with you to-morrow towards Inverary; and therefore——"

"To ride with this person to-morrow!" exclaimed his lady; "such cannot be your purpose, Sir Duncan, unless you have forgotten that the morrow is a sad anniversary, and dedicated to as sad a solemnity."

"I had not forgotten," answered Sir Duncan; "how is it possible I can ever forget? but the necessity of the times requires I should send this officer onward to Inverary without loss of time."

"Yet surely, not that you should accompany him in person?" inquired the lady.

"It were better I did," said Sir Duncan; "yet I can write to the Marquis, and follow on the subsequent day. Captain Dalgetty, I will despatch a letter for you, explaining to the Marquis of Argyle your character and commission, with which you will please to prepare to travel to Inverary early to-morrow morning."

"Sir Duncan Campbell," said Dalgetty, "I am doubtless at your discretionary disposal in this matter; not the less, I pray you to remember the blot which will fall upon your own escutcheon, if you do in any way suffer me, being a commissionate flag of truce, to be circumvented in this matter, whether *clam, vi, vel precario*; I do not say by your assent to any wrong done to me, but even through absence of any due care on your part to prevent the same."

"You are under the safeguard of my honour, sir," answered Sir Duncan Campbell, "and that is more than a sufficient security. And now," continued he, rising, "I must set the example of retiring."

Dalgetty saw himself under the necessity of following the hint, though the hour was early; but, like a skilful general, he availed himself of every instant of delay which circumstances permitted.

"Trusting to your honourable parole," said he, filling his cup, "I drink to you, Sir Duncan, and to the continuance of your honourable house." A sigh from Sir Duncan was the only reply. "Also, madam," said the soldier, replenishing the quaigh with all possible despatch, "I drink to your honourable health, and fulfilment of all your virtuous desires; and, reverend sir, (not forgetting to fit the action to the words), "I fill this cup, to the drowning of all unkindness betwixt you and Captain Dalgetty—I should say Major; and, in respect the flagon contains but one cup more, I drink to the health of all honourable cavaliers and brave soldados; and, the flask being empty, I am ready, Sir Duncan, to attend your functionary, or sentinel, to my place of private repose."

He received a formal permission to retire, and an assurance that, as the wine seemed to be to his taste, another measure of the same vintage should attend him presently, in order to soothe the hours of his solitude.

No sooner had the captain reached the apartment than this promise was fulfilled; and, in a short time afterwards, the added comforts of a pasty of red-deer venison rendered him very tolerant both of confinement and want of society. The same domestic, a sort of chamberlain, who placed this 5 good cheer in his apartment, delivered to Dalgetty a packet, sealed and tied up with a silken thread, according to the custom of the time, addressed with many forms of respect to the High and Mighty Prince, Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, Lord of Lorne, and so forth. The chamberlain 10 at the same time apprised the Rittmaster that he must take horse at an early hour for Inverary, where the packet of Sir Duncan would be at once his introduction and his passport. Not forgetting that it was his object to collect information as well as to act as an envoy, and desirous, 15 for his own sake, to ascertain Sir Duncan's reasons for sending him onward without his personal attendance, the Rittmaster inquired of the domestic, with all the precaution that his experience suggested, what were the reasons which detained Sir Duncan at home on the suc- 20 ceeding day. The man, who was from the Lowlands, replied, "that it was the habit of Sir Duncan and his lady to observe as a day of solemn fast and humiliation the anniversary on which their castle had been taken by surprise, and their children, to the number of four, destroyed 25 cruelly by a band of Highland freebooters, during Sir Duncan's absence upon an expedition which the Marquis of Argyle had undertaken against the Macleans of the Isle of Mull."

"Truly," said the soldier, "your lord and lady have 30 some cause for fast and humiliation. Nevertheless, I will venture to pronounce, that if he had taken the advice of any experienced soldier, having skill in the practiques of defending places of advantage, he would have built a

sconce upon the small hill which is to the left of the drawbrig. And this I can easily prove to you, mine honest friend; for, holding that pasty to be the castle—
What's your name, friend?"

5 "Lorimer, sir," replied the man.

"Here is your health, honest Lorimer. I say, Lorimer——"

"I am sorry, sir," said Lorimer, interrupting him, "that I cannot stay to hear the rest of your demonstra-
10 tion; but the bell will presently ring. As worthy Mr. Graneangowl, the Marquis's own chaplain, does family worship, and only seven of our household out of sixty persons understand the Scottish tongue, it would mis-
become any one of them to be absent, and greatly pre-
15 judice me in the opinion of my lady."

No sooner was he gone than the heavy toll of the castle-bell summoned its inhabitants together; and was answered by the shrill clamour of the females, mixed with the deeper tones of the men, as, talking Earse at the top
20 of their throats, they hurried from different quarters by a long but narrow gallery, which served as a communication to many rooms, and, among others, to that in which Captain Dalgetty was stationed. "There they go as if they were beating to the roll-call," thought the soldier to him-
25 self; "if they all attend the parade, I will look out, take a mouthful of fresh air, and make mine own observations on the practicabilities of this place."

Accordingly, when all was quiet, he opened his chamber-door and prepared to leave it, when he saw his
30 friend with the axe advancing towards him from the distant end of the gallery, half whistling, half humming a Gaelic tune. To have shown any want of confidence would have been at once impolitic and unbecoming his military character; so the Captain, putting the best face

upon his situation he could, whistled a Swedish retreat, in a tone still louder than the notes of his sentinel; and retreating pace by pace with an air of indifference, as if his only purpose had been to breathe a little fresh air, he shut the door in the face of his guard, when the fellow 5 had approached within a few paces of him.

It is very well, thought the Rittmaster to himself; he annuls my parole by putting guards upon me, for, as we used to say at Marischal College, *fides et fiducia sunt relativa*, and if he does not trust my word, I do not see 10 how I am bound to keep it if any motive should occur for my desiring to depart from it. Surely the moral obligation of the parole is relaxed, in as far as physical force is substituted instead thereof.

He was summoned by Lorimer at break of day, who 15 gave him to understand that, when he had broken his fast, for which he produced ample materials, his guide and horse were in attendance for his journey to Inverary. After complying with the hospitable hint of the chamberlain, the soldier proceeded to take horse. In passing 20 through the apartments, he observed that domestics were busily employed in hanging the great hall with black cloth, a ceremony which, he said, he had seen practised when the immortal Gustavus Adolphus lay in state in the castle of Wolgast, and which, therefore, 25 he opined, was a testimonial of the strictest and deepest mourning.

When Dalgetty mounted his steed, he found himself attended, or perhaps guarded, by five or six Campbells, well armed, commanded by one who, from the target at 30 his shoulder and the short cock's feather in his bonnet, as well as from the state which he took upon himself, claimed the rank of a duinhéwassel, or clansman of superior rank; and indeed, from his dignity of deportment, could not

stand in a more distant degree of relationship to Sir Duncan than that of tenth or twelfth cousin at farthest. But it was impossible to extract positive information on this or any other subject, inasmuch as neither this commander nor any of his party spoke English. The Captain rode, and his military attendants walked; but such was their activity, and so numerous the impediments which the nature of the road presented to the equestrian mode of travelling, that, far from being retarded by the slowness of
10 their pace, his difficulty was rather in keeping up with his guides. He observed that they occasionally watched him with a sharp eye, as if they were jealous of some effort to escape; and once, as he lingered behind at crossing a brook, one of the gillies began to blow the match of his
15 piece, giving him to understand that he would run some risk in case of an attempt to part company.

At length they arrived on the southern verge of that noble lake upon which Inverary is situated; and a bugle, which the duinhéwassel winded till rock and greenwood
20 rang, served as a signal to a well-manned galley, which, starting from a creek where it lay concealed, received the party on board, including Gustavus; which sagacious quadruped, an experienced traveller both by water and land, walked in and out of the boat with the discretion of
25 a Christian.

The boat soon approached the rugged pier, which abutted into the loch from the little town of Inverary, then a rude assemblage of huts with a very few stone mansions interspersed, stretching upwards from the banks
30 of Loch Fyre to the principal gate of the castle, before which a scene presented itself that might easily have quelled a less stout heart and turned a more delicate stomach than those of Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty, titular of Drumthwacket.

CHAPTER XI.

THE village of Inverary, now a neat country town, then partook of the rudeness of the seventeenth century, in the miserable appearance of the houses and the irregularity of the unpaved street. But a stronger and more terrible characteristic of the period appeared in the market-place, 5 which was a space of irregular width, halfway betwixt the harbour, or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated, with its gloomy archway, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, 10 two of which from their dress seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids. Two or three women sat under the gallows, who seemed to be mourning, and singing the coronach of the deceased in a low voice. But the spectacle 15 was apparently of too ordinary occurrence to have much interest for the inhabitants at large, who, while they thronged to look at the military figure, the horse of an unusual size, and the burnished panoply of Captain Dalgetty, seemed to bestow no attention whatever on the 20 piteous spectacle which their own market-place afforded.

The envoy of Montrose was not quite so indifferent; and, hearing a word or two of English escape from a Highlander of decent appearance, he immediately halted Gustavus and addressed him. 25

"The provost-marshal has been busy here, my friend. May I crave of you what these delinquents have been justified for?"

He looked towards the gibbet as he spoke; and the

Gael, comprehending his meaning rather by his actions than his words, immediately replied—

“Three gentlemen caterans,—God sain them” (crossing himself)—“twa Sassenach bits o’ bodies that wadna do
5 something that M’Callum More bade them;” and, turning from Dalgetty with an air of indifference, away he walked, staying no further question.

Dalgetty shrugged his shoulders and proceeded, for Sir Duncan Campbell’s tenth or twelfth cousin had already
10 shown some signs of impatience.

At the gate of the castle another terrible spectacle of feudal power awaited him. Within a stockade or palisado, which seemed lately to have been added to the defences of the gate, and which was protected by two pieces of light
15 artillery, was a small enclosure, where stood a huge block on which lay an axe. Both were smeared with recent blood, and a quantity of sawdust strewed around, partly retained and partly obliterated the marks of a very late execution.

20 As Dalgetty looked on this new object of terror, his principal guide suddenly twitched him by the skirt of his jerkin, and, having thus attracted his attention, winked and pointed with his finger to a pole fixed on the stockade, which supported a human head, being that, doubtless, of
25 the late sufferer. There was a leer on the Highlander’s face as he pointed to this ghastly spectacle, which seemed to his fellow-traveller ominous of nothing good.

Dalgetty dismounted from his horse at the gateway, and Gustavus was taken from him without his being per-
30 mitted to attend him to the stable, according to his custom.

This gave the soldier a pang which the apparatus of death had not conveyed. “Poor Gustavus!” said he to himself; “if anything but good happens to me, I had

better have left him at Darnlinvarach than brought him here, among these Highland salvages, who scarce know the head of a horse from his tail. But duty must part a man from his nearest and dearest—

“When the cannons are roaring, lads, and the colours are flying, 5
The lads that seek honour must never fear dying;
Then, stout cavaliers, let us toil our brave trade in,
And fight for the Gospel and the bold King of Sweden.”

Thus silencing his apprehensions with the butt-end of a military ballad, he followed his guide into a sort of guard- 10
room filled with armed Highlanders. It was intimated to him that he must remain here until his arrival was communicated to the marquis. To make this communication the more intelligible, the doughty captain gave to the duinhéwassel Sir Duncan Campbell's packet, desiring, as 15
well as he could, by signs, that it should be delivered into the Marquis's own hands. His guide nodded and withdrew.

The Captain was left about half an hour in this place, to endure with indifference or return with scorn the in- 20
quisitive, and, at the same time, the inimical glances of the armed Gael, to whom his exterior and equipage were as much subject of curiosity as his person and country seemed matter of dislike. All this he bore with military nonchalance, until, at the expiration of the above period, 25
a person dressed in black velvet, and wearing a gold chain like a modern magistrate of Edinburgh, but who was, in fact, steward of the household to the Marquis of Argyle, entered the apartment, and invited, with solemn gravity, the Captain to follow him to his master's presence. 30

The suite of apartments through which he passed were filled with attendants or visitors of various descriptions, disposed, perhaps, with some ostentation, in order to impress the envoy of Montrose with an idea of the superior

power and magnificence belonging to the rival house of Argyle. One ante-room was filled with lacqueys, arrayed in brown and yellow, the colours of the family, who, ranged in double file, gazed in silence upon Captain Dalgetty as he passed betwixt their ranks. Another was occupied by Highland gentlemen and chiefs of small branches, who were amusing themselves with chess, backgammon, and other games, which they scarce intermitted to gaze with curiosity upon the stranger. A third was filled with Lowland gentlemen and officers, who seemed also in attendance; and, lastly, the presence-chamber of the Marquis himself showed him attended by a levee which marked his high importance.

We have already noticed that, in displaying himself amidst his councillors, his officers of the household, and his train of vassals, allies, and dependants, the Marquis of Argyle probably wished to make an impression on the nervous system of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. But that doughty person had fought his way, in one department or another, through the greater part of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, a period when a brave and successful soldier was a companion for princes. The King of Sweden, and, after his example, even the haughty princes of the Empire, had found themselves fain, frequently, to compound with their dignity, and silence, when they could not satisfy, the pecuniary claims of their soldiers by admitting them to unusual privileges and familiarity. Captain Dugald Dalgetty had it to boast, that he had sat with princes at feasts made for monarchs, and therefore was not a person to be brow-beat even by the dignity which surrounded M'Callum More. Indeed, he was naturally by no means the most modest man in the world, but, on the contrary, had so good an opinion of himself, that into whatever company he chanced to be thrown, he was

always proportionally elevated in his own conceit; so that he felt as much at ease in the most exalted society as among his own ordinary companions.

When introduced, therefore, into the Marquis's presence-chamber, he advanced to the upper end with an air of more confidence than grace, and would have gone close up to Argyle's person before speaking, had not the latter waved his hand as a signal to him to stop short. Captain Dalgetty did so accordingly, and, having made his military congee with easy confidence, he thus accosted the marquis—

"Give you good-morrow, my lord; or rather I should say, good-even. *Beso a usted los manos*, as the Spaniard says."

"Who are you, sir, and what is your business?" demanded the Marquis, in a tone which was intended to interrupt the offensive familiarity of the soldier.

"That is a fair interrogative, my lord," answered Dalgetty, "which I shall forthwith answer as becomes a cavalier, and that *peremptorie*, as we used to say at Marischal College."

"See who or what he is, Neal," said the Marquis sternly, to a gentleman who stood near him.

"I will save the honourable gentleman the labour of investigation," continued the Captain. "I am Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket that should be, late Ritt-master in various services, and now major of I know not what or whose regiment of Irishes; and I am come with a flag of truce from a high and powerful lord, James Earl of Montrose, and other noble persons now in arms for his Majesty. And so, God save King Charles!"

"Do you know where you are, and the danger of dallying with us, sir," again demanded the Marquis, "that you reply to me as if I were a child or a fool? The Earl of Montrose is with the English malignants; and I suspect

you are one of those Irish runagates who are come into this country to burn and slay, as they did unde; Sir Phelim O'Neale."

"My lord," replied Captain Dalgetty, "I am no renegade, though a major of Irishes, for which I might refer your lordship to the invincible Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, Tilly, Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and other great captains, both dead and living; and touching the noble Earl of Montrose, I pray your lordship to peruse
10 these my full powers for treating with you in the name of that right honourable commander."

The marquis looked slightly at the signed and sealed paper which Captain Dalgetty handed to him, and, throwing it with contempt upon a table, asked
15 those around him what he deserved who came as the avowed envoy and agent of malignant traitors, in arms against the state?

"A high gallows and a short shrift," was the ready answer of one of the bystanders.

20 "I will crave of that honourable cavalier who hath last spoken," said Dalgetty, "to be less hasty in forming his conclusions, and also of your lordship to be cautelous in adopting the same, in respect such threats are to be held out only to base bisognos, and not to men of spirit and
25 action, who are bound to peril themselves as freely in services of this nature as upon sieges, battles, or onslaughts of any sort. And albeit I have not with me a trumpet, or a white flag, in respect our army is not yet equipped with its full appointments, yet the honourable cavaliers and
30 your lordship must concede unto me, that the sanctity of an envoy who cometh on matter of truce or parley consisteth not in the fanfare of a trumpet, whilk is but a sound, or in the flap of a white flag, whilk is but an old rag in itself, but in the confidence reposed by the party

sending and the party sent in the honour of those to whom the message is to be carried, and their full reliance that they will respect the *jus gentium*, as well as the law of arms, in the person of the commissioner."

"You are not come hither to lecture us upon the law 5 of arms, sir," said the Marquis, "which neither does nor can apply to rebels and insurgents; but to suffer the penalty of your insolence and folly for bringing a traitorous message to the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, whose duty calls upon him to punish such an offence with 10 death."

"Gentlemen," said the captain, who began much to dislike the turn which his mission seemed about to take, "I pray you to remember that the Earl of Montrose will hold you and your possessions liable for whatever injury 15 my person or my horse shall sustain by these unseemly proceedings, and that he will be justified in executing retributive vengeance on your persons and possessions."

This menace was received with a scornful laugh, while one of the Campbells replied, "It is a far cry to Lochow;" 20 a proverbial expression of the tribe, meaning that their ancient hereditary domains lay beyond the reach of an invading enemy.

"But, gentlemen," further urged the unfortunate Captain, who was unwilling to be condemned without 25 at least the benefit of a full hearing, "although it is not for me to say how far it may be to Lochow, in respect I am a stranger to these parts, yet, what is more to the purpose, I trust you will admit that I have the guarantee of an honourable gentleman of your own name, 30 Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvochr, for my safety on this mission; and I pray you to observe that, in breaking the truce towards me, you will highly prejudicate his honour and fair fame."

"Does Sir Duncan of Ardenvoehr pledge his honour for this person's safety, my lord?" said one of the company, addressing the Marquis.

"I do not believe it," answered the Marquis; "but I have not yet had time to read his letter."

"We will pray your lordship to do so," said another of the Campbells; "our name must not suffer discredit through the means of such a fellow as this."

"If Sir Duncan be soon expected, my lord," said one of the intercessors, "it would be a pity to anticipate matters with this poor man."

"Besides that," said another, "your lordship—I speak with reverence—should at least consult the Knight of Ardenvoehr's letter, and learn the terms on which this Major Dalgetty, as he calls himself, has been sent hither by him."

They closed around the Marquis, and conversed together in a low tone, both in Gaelic and English. The patriarchal power of the chiefs was very great, and that of the Marquis of Argyle, armed with all his grants of hereditary jurisdiction, was particularly absolute. But there interferes some check of one kind or other even in the most despotic government. That which mitigated the power of the Celtic chiefs, was the necessity which they lay under of conciliating the kinsmen, who, under them, led out the lower orders to battle, and who formed a sort of council of the tribe in time of peace. The Marquis on this occasion thought himself under the necessity of attending to the remonstrances of this senate of the name of Campbell, and, slipping out of the circle, gave orders for the prisoner to be removed to a place of security.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Dalgetty, exerting himself with such force as well-nigh to shake off two Highlanders, who for some minutes past had waited the signal to seize

him, and kept for that purpose close at his back. Indeed, the soldier had so nearly attained his liberty, that the Marquis of Argyle changed colour and stepped back two paces, laying however, his hand on his sword, while several of his clan, with ready devotion, threw themselves 5 betwixt him and the apprehended vengeance of the prisoner. But the Highland guards were too strong to be shaken off, and the unlucky Captain, after having had his offensive weapons taken from him, was dragged off and conducted through several gloomy passages to a small 10 side-door grated with iron, within which was another of wood. These were opened by a grim old Highlander with a long white beard, and displayed a very steep and narrow flight of steps leading downward. The captain's guards 15 pushed him down two or three steps, then, unloosing his arms, left him to grope his way to the bottom as he could; a task which became difficult and even dangerous, when the two doors being successively locked left the prisoner in total darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Captain, finding himself deprived of light in the 20 manner we have described, and placed in a very uncertain situation, proceeded to descend the narrow and broken stair with all the caution in his power, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself. But with all his care he could not finally avoid making 25 a false step, which brought him down the four or five last steps too hastily to preserve his equilibrium. At the

bottom he stumbled over a bundle of something soft which stirred and uttered a groan, so deranging the Captain's descent that he floundered forward, and finally fell upon his hands and knees on the floor of a damp and
5 stone-paved dungeon.

When Dalgetty had recovered, his first demand was to know over whom he had stumbled.

"He was a man a month since," answered a hollow and broken voice.

10 "And what is he now, then," said Dalgetty, "that he thinks it fitting to lie upon the lowest step of the stairs, and clew'd up like a hurchin, that honourable cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him?"

15 "What is he now?" replied the same voice; "he is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have one by one been lopped away, and which cares little how soon it is torn up and hewed into billets for the furnace."

"Friend," said Dalgetty, "I am sorry for you; but
20 *patienza*, as the Spaniard says. If you had but been as quiet as a log, as you call yourself, I should have saved some excoriations on my hands and knees."

"You are a soldier," replied his fellow-prisoner; "do you complain on account of a fall for which a boy would
25 not bemoan himself?"

"A soldier?" said the Captain; "and how do you know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a soldier?"

"I heard your armour clash as you fell," replied the prisoner, "and now I see it glimmer. When you have
30 remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest eft that crawls on the floor."

"I had rather the devil picked them out!" said Dalgetty; "if this be the case I shall wish for a short turn of the rope, a soldier's prayer, and a leap from a

ladder. But what sort of provant have you got here—
what food, I mean, brother in affliction?"

"Bread and water once a day," replied the voice.

"Prithee, friend, let me taste your loaf," said Dalgetty;
"I hope we shall play good comrades while we dwell 5
together in this abominable pit."

"The loaf and jar of water," answered the other
prisoner, "stand in the corner, two steps to your right
hand. Take them, and welcome. With earthly food I
have well-nigh done." 10

Dalgetty did not wait for a second invitation, but
groping out the provisions, began to munch at the stale
black oaten loaf with as much heartiness as we have seen
him play his part at better viands.

"This bread," he said, muttering, with his mouth full 15
at the same time, "is not very savoury; and anent this
water, which is none of the most sweet, I drink in the
same to your speedy deliverance, comrade, not forgetting
mine own, and devoutly wishing it were Rhenish wine, or
humming Lubeck beer, at the least, were it but in honour 20
of the pledge."

While Dalgetty ran on in this way, his teeth kept
time with his tongue, and he speedily finished the pro-
visions which the benevolence or indifference of his com-
panion in misfortune had abandoned to his voracity. 25
When this task was accomplished, he wrapped himself in
his cloak, and, seating himself in a corner of the dungeon
in which he could obtain a support on each side—for he
had always been an admirer of elbow-chairs, he remarked,
even from his youth upward—he began to question his 30
fellow-captive.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "you and I, being
comrades at bed and board, should be better acquainted.
I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth,

major in a regiment of loyal Irishes, and Envoy Extraordinary of a high and mighty lord, James Earl of Montrose. Pray, what may your name be?"

"It will avail you little to know," replied his more taciturn companion.

"Let me judge of that matter," answered the soldier.

"Well, then--Ranald MacEagh is my name—that is, Ranald, Son of the Mist."

"Son of the Mist!" ejaculated Dalgetty. "Son of utter darkness, say I. But, Ranald, since that is your name, how came you in possession of the provost's court of guard? what brought you here, that is to say?"

"My misfortunes and my crimes," answered Ranald. "Know ye the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

"I do know that honourable person," replied Dalgetty.

"But know ye where he now is?" replied Ranald.

"Fasting this day at Ardenvohr," answered the Envoy, "that he may feast to-morrow at Inverary; in which last purpose if he chance to fail, my lease of human service will be something precarious."

"Then let him know, one claims his intercession who is his worst foe and his best friend," answered Ranald.

"Truly, I shall desire to carry a less questionable message," answered Dalgetty. "Sir Duncan is not a person to play at reading riddles with."

"Craven Saxon," said the prisoner, "tell him I am the raven that, fifteen years since, stooped on his tower of strength and the pledges he had left there; I am the hunter that found out the wolf's den on the rock, and destroyed his offspring; I am the leader of the band which surprised Ardenvohr yesterday was fifteen years, and gave his four children to the sword."

"Truly, my honest friend," said Dalgetty, "if that is your best recommendation to Sir Duncan's favour, I would

premit my pleading thereupon, in respect I have observed that even the animal creation are incensed against those who intromit with their offspring forcibly, much more any rational and Christian creatures who have had violence done upon their small family. But I pray you 5 in courtesy to tell me whether you assailed the castle from the hillock called Drumsnab, whilk I uphold to be the true point of attack, unless it were to be protected by a sconce."

"We ascended the cliff by ladders of withies or sap- 10 lings," said the prisoner, "drawn up by an accomplice and clansman, who had served six months in the castle to enjoy that one night of unlimited vengeance. The owl whooped around us as we hung betwixt heaven and earth; the tide roared against the foot of the rock and dashed 15 asunder our skiff, yet no man's heart failed him. In the morning there was blood and ashes where there had been peace and joy at the sunset."

"It was a pretty camisade, I doubt not, Ranald MacEagh, a very sufficient onslaught, and not unworthily 20 discharged. Nevertheless I would have pressed the house from that little hillock called Drumsnab. But yours is a pretty irregular Scythian fashion of warfare, Ranald, much resembling that of Turks, Tartars, and other Asiatic people.—But the reason, my friend, the cause of this war 25 —the *teterrima causa*, as I may say? Deliver me that, Ranald."

"We had been pushed at by the M'Aulays and other western tribes," said Ranald, "till our possessions became unsafe for us."

"Ah ha!" said Dalgetty; "I have faint remembrance of having heard of that matter. Did you not put bread and cheese into a man's mouth, when he had never a stomach whereunto to transmit the same?" 30

"You have heard, then," said Ranald, "the tale of our revenge on the haughty forester?"

"I bethink me that I have," said Dalgetty, "and that not of an old date. It was a merry jest that, of cramming
5 the bread into the dead man's mouth, but somewhat too wild and salvage for civilised acceptance, besides wasting the good victuals. I have seen, when at a siege or a leaguer, Ranald, a living soldier would have been the better, Ranald, for that crust of bread whilk you threw
10 away on a dead pow."

"We were attacked by Sir Duncan," continued MacEagh, "and my brother was slain—his head was withering on the battlements which we scaled; I vowed revenge, and it is a vow I have never broken."

15 "It may be so," said Dalgetty, "and every thoroughbred soldier will confess that revenge is a sweet morsel; but in what manner the story will interest Sir Duncan in your justification, unless it should move him to intercede with the Marquis to change the manner thereof from
20 hanging, or simple suspension, to breaking your limbs on the roue or wheel with the coulter of a plough, or otherwise putting you to death by torture, surpasses my comprehension. Were I you, Ranald, I would be for miskenning Sir Duncan, keeping my own secret, and
25 departing quietly by suffocation, like your ancestors before you."

"Yet hearken, stranger," said the Highlander. "Sir Duncan of Ardenvoehr had four children. Three died
30 under our dirks, but the fourth survives; and more would he give to dandle on his knee the fourth child which remains, than to rack these old bones, which care little for the utmost indulgence of his wrath. One word, if I list to speak it, could turn his day of humiliation and fasting into a day of thankfulness and rejoicing, and

breaking of bread. Oh, I know it by my own heart! Dearest to me is the child Kenneth, who chaseth the butterfly on the banks of the Aven, than ten sons who are mouldering in earth, or are preyed on by the fowls of the air."

5

"I presume, Ranald," continued Dalgetty, "that the three pretty fellows whom I saw yonder in the market-place, strung up by the head like rizzured haddocks, claimed some interest in you?"

There was a brief pause ere the Highlander replied, in so a tone of strong emotion—

"They were my sons, stranger—they were my sons! blood of my blood, bone of my bone! fleet of foot, unerring in aim, unvanquished by foemen till the sons of Diarmid overcame them by numbers! Why do I wish to survive them? The old trunk will less feel the rending up of its roots, than it has felt the lopping off of its graceful boughs. But Kenneth must be trained to revenge: the young eagle must learn from the old how to stoop on his foes. I will purchase for his sake my life and my freedom, by discovering my secret to the Knight of Ardenvohr."

20

"You may attain your end more easily," said a third voice, mingling in the conference, "by entrusting it to me."

25

All Highlanders are superstitious. "The Enemy of Mankind is among us!" said Ranald MacEagh, springing to his feet. His chains clattered as he rose, while he drew himself as far as they permitted from the quarter whence the voice appeared to proceed. His fear in some degree communicated itself to Captain Dalgetty, who began to repeat, in a sort of polyglot gibberish, all the exorcisms he had ever heard of, without being able to remember more than a word or two of each.

"*In nomine Domini*, as we said at Marischal College; *Santissima madre di Dios*, as the Spaniard has it; ~~Alle~~ *guten Geister loben den Herrn*, saith the blessed Psalmist, in Dr. Luther's translation——"

5 "A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice they had heard before; "though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present strait, if you are not too proud to be counselled."

10 While the stranger thus spoke, he withdrew the shade of a dark lantern, by whose feeble light Dalgetty could only discern that the speaker who had thus mysteriously united himself to their company and mixed in their conversation, was a tall man, dressed in a livery cloak of the
15 Marquis. His first glance was to his feet, but he saw neither the cloven foot which Scottish legends assign to the foul fiend, nor the horse's hoof by which he is distinguished in Germany. His first inquiry was, how the stranger had come among them.

20 "For," said he, "the creak of these rusty bars would have been heard had the door been made patent; and if you passed through the keyhole, truly, sir, put what face you will on it, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men."

25 "I reserve my secret," answered the stranger, "until you shall merit the discovery by communicating to me some of yours. It may be that I shall be moved to let you out where I myself came in."

"It cannot be through the keyhole, then," said Captain
30 Dalgetty, "for my corslet would stick in the passage, were it possible that my headpiece could get through. As for secrets, I have none of my own, and but few appertaining to others. But impart to us what secrets you desire to know; or, as Professor Snufflegreeek used to say

at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, speak that I may know thee."

"It is not with you I have first to do," replied the stranger, turning his light full on the wild and wasted features and the limbs of the Highlander, Ranald Mac- 5 Eagh, who, close drawn up against the walls of the dungeon, seemed yet uncertain whether his guest was a living being.

"I have brought you something, my friend," said the stranger, in a more soothing tone, "to mend your fare; if 10 you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason wherefore you should not live to-night."

"None at all—no reason in the creation," replied the ready Captain Dalgetty, who forthwith began to unpack the contents of a small basket which the stranger had 15 brought under his cloak, while the Highlander, either in suspicion or disdain, paid no attention to the good cheer.

"Here's to thee, my friend," said the Captain, who, having already despatched a huge piece of roasted kid, was now taking a pull at the wine-flask. "What is thy 20 name, my good friend?"

"Murdoch Campbell, sir," answered the servant, "a lackey of the Marquis of Argyle, and occasionally acting as under-warden."

"Then here is to thee once more, Murdoch," said 25 Dalgetty, "drinking to you by your proper name for the better luck sake. This wine I take to be Calcavella. Well, honest Murdoch, I take it on me to say, thou deservest to be upper-warden, since thou showest thyself twenty times better acquainted with the way of victualling 30 honest gentlemen that are under misfortune than thy principal. Bread and water! out upon him! It was enough, Murdoch, to destroy the credit of the Marquis's dungeon. But I see you would converse with my friend

Ranald MacEagh here. Never mind my presence; I'll get into this corner with the basket, and I will warrant my jaws make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you."

5 Notwithstanding this promise, however, the veteran listened with all the attention he could to gather their discourse, or, as he described it himself, "laid his ears back in his neck, like Gustavus when he heard the key turn in the girmel-kist." He could, therefore, owing to
10 the narrowness of the dungeon, easily overhear the following dialogue.

"Are you aware, Son of the Mist," said the Campbell, "that you will never leave this place, excepting for the gibbet?"

15 "Those who are dearest to me," answered MacEagh, "have trod that path before me."

"Then you would do nothing," asked the visitor, "to shun following them?"

The prisoner writhed himself in his chains before
20 returning an answer.

"I would do much," at length he said, "not for my own life, but for the sake of the pledge in the glen of Strath-Aven."

"And what would you do to turn away the bitterness
25 of the hour?" again demanded Murdoch; "I care not for what cause ye mean to shun it."

"I would do what a man might do, and still call himself a man."

"Do you call yourself a man," said the interrogator,
30 "who have done the deeds of a wolf?"

"I do," answered the outlaw; "I am a man like my forefathers; while wrapped in the mantle of peace, we were lambs; it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned, our children

whom ye have murdered, our widows whom ye have starved; collect from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcasses and whitened skulls of our kinsmen; bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers; till then, let death, and blood, and mutual wrong, draw 5 a dark veil of division between us."

"You will then do nothing for your liberty?" said the Campbell.

"Anything—but call myself the friend of your tribe," answered MacEagh. 10

"We scorn the friendship of banditti and caterans," retorted Murdoch, "and would not stoop to accept it. What I demand to know from you, in exchange for your liberty, is, where the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Ardenvohr is now to be found?" 15

"That you may wed her to some beggarly kinsman of your great master," said Ranald, "after the fashion of the children of Diarmid! Does not the valley of Glenorquhy, to this very hour, cry shame on the violence offered to a helpless infant, whom her kinsmen were conveying to the 20 court of the sovereign? Were not her escort compelled to hide her beneath a cauldron, round which they fought till not one remained to tell the tale? and was not the girl brought to this fatal castle, and afterwards wedded to the brother of M'Callum More, and all for the sake of her 25 broad lands?"

"And if the tale be true," said Murdoch, "she had a preferment beyond what the King of Scots would have conferred on her. But this is far from the purpose. The daughter of Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr is of our own blood, 30 not a stranger; and who has so good a right to know her fate as M'Callum More, the chief of her clan?"

"It is on his part, then, that you demand it?" said the outlaw.

The domestic of the Marquis assented.

"And you will practise no evil against the maideff?
I have done her wrong enough already."

"No evil, upon the word of a Christian man," replied
5 Murdoch.

"And my guerdon is to be life and liberty?" said the
Child of the Mist.

"Such is our paction," replied the Campbell.

"Then know, that the child whom I saved out of com-
10 passion at the spoiling of her father's tower of strength,
was bred as an adopted daughter of our tribe, until we
were worsted at the pass of Ballenduthil by the fiend
incarnate and mortal enemy of our tribe, Allan M'Aulay
of the Bloody Hand, and by the horsemen of Lennox, under
15 the heir of Menteith."

"Fell she into the power of Allan of the Bloody Hand,"
said Murdoch, "and she a reputed daughter of thy tribe?
Then her blood has gilded the dirk, and thou hast said
nothing to rescue thine own forfeited life."

20 "If my life rests on hers," answered the outlaw, "it is
secure, for she still survives; but it has a more insecure
reliance—the frail promise of a son of Diarmid."

"That promise shall not fail you," said the Campbell,
"if you can assure me that she survives, and where she is
25 to be found."

"In the castle of Darnlinvarach," said Ranald Mac-
Eagh, "under the name of Annot Lyle. I have often
heard of her from my kinsmen, who have again approached
their native woods, and it is not long since mine old eyes
30 beheld her."

"You!" said Murdoch, in astonishment, "you, a chief
among the Children of the Mist, and ventured so near
your mortal foe?"

"Son of Diarmid, I did more," replied the outlaw; "I

was in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper from the wild shores of Skianach. My purpose was to have plunged my dirk in the body of the M'Aulay with the Bloody Hand, before whom our race trembles, and to have taken there-
after what fate God should send me. But I saw Annot 5
Lyle, even when my hand was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched her clairsach to a song of the Children of the Mist, which she had learned when her dwelling was amongst us. The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams 10
were there with the sound of all their waters. My hand forsook the dagger; the fountains of mine eyes were opened, and the hour of revenge passed away. And now, son of Diarmid, have I not paid the ransom of my head?" 15

"Ay," replied Murdoch, "if your tale be true; but what proof can you assign for it?"

"Bear witness, heaven and earth," exclaimed the outlaw, "he already looks how he may step over his word!"

"Not so," replied Murdoch; "every promise shall be 20
kept to you when I am assured you have told me the truth. But I must speak a few words with your companion in captivity."

"Fair and false—ever fair and false," muttered the prisoner, as he threw himself once more on the floor of 25
his dungeon.

Meanwhile, Captain Dalgetty, who had attended to every word of this dialogue, was making his own remarks on it in private.

"What the *henker* can this sly fellow have to say to 30
me? I have no child, either of my own, or of any other person, to tell him a tale about. But let him come on; he will have some manœuvring ere he turn the flank of the old soldier."

Accordingly, as if he had stood pike in hand to defend a breach, he waited with caution, but without fear, the commencement of the attack.

"You are a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty,"
5 said Murdoch Campbell, "and cannot be ignorant of our old Scottish proverb, "giff-gaff," which goes through all nations and all services."

"Then I should know something of it," said Dalgetty;
"for, except the Turks, there are few powers in Europe
10 whom I have not served; and I have sometimes thought of taking a turn either with Bethlem Gabor, or with the Janizaries."

"A man of your experience and unprejudiced ideas, then, will understand me at once," said Murdoch, "when
15 I say, I mean that your freedom shall depend on your true and upright answer to a few trifling questions respecting the gentlemen you have left—their state of preparation; the number of their men, and nature of their appointments; and as much as you chance to know about their
20 plan of operations."

"Just to satisfy your curiosity," said Dalgetty, "and without any further purpose?"

"None in the world," replied Murdoch; "what interest should a poor devil like me take in their operations?"

25 "Make your interrogations, then," said the Captain, "and I will answer them *peremptorie*."

"How many Irish may be on their march to join James Graham, the delinquent?"

"Probably ten thousand," said Captain Dalgetty.

30 "Ten thousand!" replied Murdoch, angrily; "we know that scarce two thousand landed at Ardnamurchan."

"Then you know more about them than I do," answered Captain Dalgetty, with great composure. "I never saw them mustered yet, or even under arms."

"And how many men of the clans may be expected?" demanded Murdoch.

"As many as they can make," replied the Captain.

"You are answering from the purpose, sir," said Murdoch; "speak plainly, will there be five thousand 5 men!"

"There and thereabouts," answered Dalgetty.

"You are playing with your life, sir, if you trifle with me," replied the catechist; "one whistle of mine, and in less than ten minutes your head hangs on the drawbridge." 10

"But to speak candidly, Mr. Murdoch," replied the Captain, "do you think it is a reasonable thing to ask me after the secrets of our army, and I engaged to serve for the whole campaign? If I taught you how to defeat Montrose, what becomes of my pay, arrears, and chance of 15 booty?"

"I tell you," said Campbell, "that if you be stubborn, your campaign shall begin and end in a march to the block at the castle-gate, which stands ready for such land-laufers; but if you answer my questions faithfully, 20 I will receive you into my—into the service of M'Callum More."

"Does the service afford good pay?" said Captain Dalgetty.

"He will double yours, if you will return to Montrose 25 and act under his direction."

"I wish I had seen you, sir, before taking on with him," said Dalgetty, appearing to meditate.

"On the contrary, I can afford you more advantageous terms now," said the Campbell; "always supposing you 30 are faithful."

"Faithful, that is, to you, and a traitor to Montrose?" answered the Captain.

"Faithful to the cause of religion and good order,"

answered Murdoch, "which sanctifies any deception you may employ to serve it."

"And the Marquis of Argyle—should I incline to enter his service—is he a kind master?" demanded
5 Dalgetty.

"Never man kinder," quoth Campbell.

"And bountiful to his officers?" pursued the Captain.

"The most open hand in Scotland," replied Murdoch.

"True and faithful to his engagements?" continued
10 Dalgetty.

"As honourable a nobleman as breathes," said the clansman.

"I never heard so much good of him before," said Dalgetty; "you must know the marquis well, or rather
15 you must be the Marquis himself! Lord of Argyle," he added, throwing himself suddenly on the disguised nobleman, "I arrest you in the name of King Charles, as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will wrench round your neck."

20 The attack which Dalgetty made upon Argyle's person was so sudden and unexpected that he easily prostrated him on the floor of the dungeon, and held him down with one hand, while his right, grasping the Marquis's throat, was ready to strangle him on the slightest attempt to call
25 for assistance.

"Lord of Argyle," he said, "it is now my turn to lay down the terms of capitulation. If you list to show me the private way by which you entered the dungeon, you shall escape, on condition of being my *locum tenens*, as we
30 said at the Marischal College, until your warder visits his prisoners. But if not, I will first strangle you—I learned the art from a Polonian heyduck who had been a slave in the Ottoman seraglio—and then seek out a mode of retreat."

"Villain! you would not murder me for my kindness?" murmured Argyle.

"Not for your kindness, my lord," replied Dalgetty; "but first, to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* towards cavaliers who come to you under safe-conduct; and 5 secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonourable terms to any worthy soldado, in order to tempt him to become false to a standard during the term of his service."

"Spare my life," said Argyle, "and I will do as you 10 require."

Dalgetty maintained his gripe upon the Marquis's throat, compressing it a little while he asked questions, and relaxing it so far as to give him the power of answering them.

"Where is the secret door into the dungeon?" he demanded. 15

"Hold up the lantern to the corner on your right hand, you will discern the iron which covers the spring," replied the marquis. 20

"So far so good. Where does the passage lead to?"

"To my private apartment behind the tapestry," answered the prostrate nobleman.

"From thence, how shall I reach the gateway?"

"Through the grand gallery, the anteroom, the lackeys' 25 waiting hall, the grand guard-room——"

"All crowded with soldiers, factionaries, and attendants? That will never do for me, my lord;—have you no secret passage to the gate as you have to yon dungeons? I have seen such in Germany." 30

"There is a passage through the chapel," said the marquis, "opening from my apartment."

"And what is the password at the gate?"

"The sword of Levi," replied the marquis; "but if you

will receive my pledge of honour, I will go with you, escort you through every guard, and set you at full liberty with a passport."

"I might trust you, my lord, were your throat not
5 already black with the grasp of my fingers; as it is, *Beso los manos a usted*, as the Spaniard says. Yet you may grant me a passport; are there writing materials in your apartment?"

"Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I
10 will attend you there," said the Marquis, "instantly."

"It were too much honour for the like of me," said Dalgetty; your lordship shall remain under charge of mine honest friend Ranald MacEagh; therefore, prithee, let me drag you within reach of his chain. Honest Ranald,
15 you see how matters stand with us. I shall find the means, I doubt not, of setting you at freedom. Meantime, do as you see me do; clap your hand thus on the weasand of this high and mighty prince, under his ruff, and if he offer to struggle or cry out, fail not, my worthy Ranald, to
20 squeeze doughtily; and if it be *ad deliquium*, Ranald, that is, till he swoon, there is no great matter seeing he designed your gullet and mine to still harder usage."

"If he offer at speech or struggle," said Ranald, "he dies by my hand."

25 "This is right, Ranald, very spirited. A thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million!"

Thus resigning the charge of the Marquis to his new confederate, Dalgetty pressed the spring, by which the secret door flew open, though so well were its hinges
30 polished and oiled, that it made not the slightest noise in revolving. The opposite side of the door was secured by very strong bolts and bars, beside which hung one or two keys, designed apparently to undo fetter-locks. A narrow staircase, ascending up through the thickness of the castle

wall, landed, as the Marquis had truly informed him, behind the tapestry of his private apartment. Such communications were frequent in old feudal castles, as they gave the lord of the fortress, like a second Dionysius, the means of hearing the conversation of his prisoners, or, if he pleased, of visiting them in disguise, an experiment which had terminated so unpleasantly on the present occasion for Gillespie Grumach. Having examined previously whether there was any one in the apartment, and finding the coast clear, the Captain entered, and, hastily 10 possessing himself of a blank passport, several of which lay on the table, and of writing materials, securing, at the same time, the Marquis's dagger and a silk cord from the hangings, he again descended into the cavern, where, listening a moment at the door, he could hear the half-stifled 15 voice of the Marquis making great proffers to MacEagh, on condition he would suffer him to give an alarm.

"Not for a forest of deer—not for a thousand head of cattle," answered the freebooter; "not for all the lands that ever called a son of Diarmid master, will I break the 20 troth I have plighted to him of the iron garment."

"He of the iron garment," said Dalgetty, entering, "is bounden unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also; but first he must fill up this passport with the names of Major Dugald Dalgetty and his guide, or he 25 is like to have a passport to another world."

The Marquis subscribed and wrote, by the light of the dark lantern, as the soldier prescribed to him.

"And now, Ranald," said Dalgetty, "strip thy upper garment, thy plaid I mean, Ranald, and in it will I muffle 30 the M'Callum More, and make of him for the time a Child of the Mist. Nay, I must bring it over your head, my lord, so as to secure us against your mistimed clamour. So, now he is sufficiently muffled; hold down your hands,

or, by Heaven, I will stab you to the heart with your own dagger! Nay, you shall be bound with nothing less than silk, as your quality deserves. So, now he is secure till some one comes to relieve him. If he ordered us a late
5 dinner, Ranald, he is like to be the sufferer; at what hour, my good Ranald, did the jailor usually appear?"

"Never till the sun was beneath the western wave," said MacEagh.

"Then, my friend, we shall have three hours good,"
10 said the cautious Captain. "In the mean time, let us labour for your liberation."

To examine Ranald's chain was the next occupation. It was undone by means of one of the keys which hung behind the private door, probably deposited there that the
15 Marquis might, if he pleased, dismiss a prisoner, or remove him elsewhere, without the necessity of summoning the warden. The outlaw stretched his benumbed arms, and bounded from the floor of the dungeon in all the ecstasy of recovered freedom.

20 "Take the livery coat of that noble prisoner," said Captain Dalgetty; "put it on, and follow close at my heels."

The outlaw obeyed. They ascended the private stair, having first secured the door behind them, and thus safely
25 reached the apartment of the Marquis.

CHAPTER XIII.

"LOOK out for the private way through the chapel, Ranald," said the Captain, "while I give a hasty regard to these matters."

Thus speaking, he seized with one hand a bundle of

Argyle's most private papers, and with the other a purse of gold, both of which lay in a drawer of a rich cabinet, which stood invitingly open. Neither did he neglect to possess himself of a sword and pistols, with powder-flask and balls, which hung in the apartment.

"Intelligence and booty," said the veteran, as he pouched the spoils, "each honourable cavalier should look to, the one on his general's behalf, and the other on his own. This sword is an Andrea Ferrara, and the pistols better than mine own. But a fair exchange is no robbery. Soldados are not to be endangered, and endangered gratuitously, my lord of Argyle. But soft, soft, Ranald; wise Man of the Mist, whither art thou bound?"

It was indeed full time to stop MacEagh's proceedings; for, not finding the private passage readily, and impatient, it would seem, of further delay, he had caught down a sword and target, and was about to enter the great gallery, with the purpose, doubtless, of fighting his way through all opposition.

"Hold, while you live," whispered Dalgetty, laying hold on him. "We must lie perdue, if possible. So bar we this door, that it may be thought M'Callum More would be private; and now let me make a reconnoissance for the private passage."

By looking behind the tapestry in various places, the Captain at length discovered a private door, and behind that a winding passage, terminated by another door, which doubtless entered the chapel. But what was his disagreeable surprise to hear, on the other side of this second door, the sonorous voice of a divine in the act of preaching.

"This made the villain," he said, "recommend this to us as a private passage. I am strongly tempted to return and cut his throat."

He then opened very gently the door, which led into a

l latticed gallery used by the marquis himself, the curtains of which were drawn, perhaps with the purpose of having it supposed that he was engaged in attendance upon divine worship, when, in fact, he was absent upon his secular
5 affairs. There was no other person in the seat; for the family of the Marquis—such was the high state maintained in those days—sat during service in another gallery, placed somewhat lower than that of the great man himself.

This being the case, Captain Dalgetty ventured to ensconce
10 himself in the gallery, of which he carefully secured the door.

Never (although the expression be a bold one) was a sermon listened to with more impatience, and less edification, on the part of one, at least, of the audience. The
15 Captain heard *sixteenthly—seventeenthly—eighteenthly*—and *to conclude*, with a sort of feeling like distracted despair. But no man can lecture (for the service was called a lecture) for ever; and the discourse was at length closed, the clergyman not failing to make a profound bow towards
20 the latticed gallery, little suspecting whom he honoured by that reverence. To judge from the haste with which they dispersed, the domestics of the Marquis were scarce more pleased with their late occupation than the anxious Captain Dalgetty.

25 But although the congregation dispersed thus rapidly, the divine remained behind in the chapel, and, walking up and down its Gothic precincts, seemed either to be meditating on what he had just been delivering, or preparing a fresh discourse for the next opportunity. Bold
30 as he was, Dalgetty hesitated what he ought to do. Time, however, pressed, and every moment increased the chance of their escape being discovered by the jailor visiting the dungeon perhaps before his wonted time, and discovering the exchange which had been made there. At length,

whispering Ranald, who watched all his motions, to follow him and preserve his countenance, Captain Dalgetty, with a very composed air, descended a flight of steps which led from the gallery into the body of the chapel. A less experienced adventurer would have endeavoured to pass the worthy clergyman rapidly, in hopes to escape unnoticed. But the Captain, who foresaw the manifest danger of failing in such an attempt, walked gravely to meet the divine upon his walk in the midst of the chancel, and, pulling off his cap, was about to pass him after a formal reverence. But what was his surprise to view in the preacher the very same person with whom he had dined in the castle of Ardenvoehr! Yet he speedily recovered his composure; and, ere the clergyman could speak, was the first to address him.

“I could not,” he said, “leave this mansion without bequeathing to you, my very reverend sir, my humble thanks for the homily with which you have this evening favoured us.”

“I did not observe, sir,” said the clergyman, “that you were in the chapel.”

“It pleased the honourable Marquis,” said Dalgetty, modestly, “to grace me with a seat in his own gallery.” The divine bowed low at this intimation, knowing that such an honour was only vouchsafed to persons of very high rank. “It has been my fate, sir,” said the Captain, “in the sort of wandering life which I have led, to have heard different preachers of different religions—as, for example, Lutheran, Evangelical, Reformed, Calvinistical, and so forth, but never have I listened to such a homily as yours.”

“Call it a lecture, worthy sir,” said the divine; “such is the phrase of our church.”

“Lecture or homily,” said Dalgetty, “it was, as the

High Germans say, *ganz fortreflich*; and I could not leave this place without testifying unto you what inward emotions I have undergone during your edifying prelection; and how I am touched to the quick that I should yesterday, during the refection, have seemed to infringe on the respect due to such a person as yourself."

"Alas! my worthy sir," said the clergyman, "we meet in this world as in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, not knowing against whom we may chance to encounter. In
10 truth, it is no matter of marvel if we sometimes jostle those to whom, if known, we would yield all respect. Surely, sir, I would rather have taken you for a profane malignant than for such a devout person as you prove, who reverences the great Master even in the meanest of
15 His servants."

"It is always my custom to do so, learned sir," answered Dalgetty; "for in the service of the immortal Gustavus—but I detain you from your meditations?"—his desire to speak of the King of Sweden being for once overpowered
20 by the necessity of his circumstances.

"By no means, my worthy sir," said the clergyman. "What was, I pray you, the order of that great prince whose memory is so dear to every Protestant bosom?"

"Sir, the drums beat to prayers morning and evening,
25 as regularly as for parade; and if a soldier passed without saluting the chaplain, he had an hour's ride on the wooden mare for his pains. Sir, I wish you a very good evening. I am obliged to depart the castle under M'Callum More's passport."

30 "Stay one instant, sir," said the preacher; "is there nothing I can do to testify my respect for the pupil of the great Gustavus, and so admirable a judge of preaching?"

"Nothing, sir," said the Captain, "but to show me the nearest way to the gate; and if you would have the

kindness," he added, with great effrontery, "to let a servant bring my horse with him, the dark grey gelding—call him Gustavus, and he will prick up his ears—for I know not where the castle stables are situated, and my guide," he added, looking at Ranald, "speaks no English." 5

"I hasten to accommodate you," said the clergyman; "your way lies through that cloistered passage."

"Now, Heaven's blessing upon your vanity?" said the Captain to himself. "I was afraid I would have had to march off without Gustavus." 10

In fact, so effectually did the chaplain exert himself in behalf of so excellent a judge of composition, that while Dalgetty was parleying with the sentinels at the draw-bridge, showing his passport, and giving the watchword, a servant brought him his horse, ready saddled for the 15 journey. In another place, the Captain's sudden appearance at large after having been publicly sent to prison, might have excited suspicion and inquiry; but the officers and domestics of the Marquis were accustomed to the mysterious policy of their master, and never supposed 20 aught else than that he had been liberated and entrusted with some private commission by their master. In this belief, and having received the parole, they gave him free passage.

Dalgetty rode slowly through the town of Inverary, 25 the outlaw attending upon him like a foot-page at his horse's shoulder. As they passed the gibbet, the old man looked on the bodies and wrung his hands. The look and gesture were momentary, but expressive of indescribable anguish. Instantly recovering himself, Ranald, in pass- 30 ing, whispered somewhat to one of the females, who, like Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, seemed engaged in watching and mourning the victims of feudal injustice and cruelty. The woman started at his voice, but

immediately collected herself, and returned for answer a slight inclination of the head.

Dalgetty continued his way out of the town, uncertain whether he should try to seize or hire a boat and cross the lake, or plunge into the woods, and there conceal himself from pursuit. While he pondered these distressing reflections, and looked around with a countenance which plainly expressed indecision, Ranald MacEagh suddenly asked him, "which way he intended to journey?"

10 "And that, honest comrade," answered Dalgetty, "is precisely the question which I cannot answer you. Truly I begin to hold the opinion, Ranald, that we had better have stuck by the brown loaf and water pitcher until Sir Duncan arrived, who, for his own honour, must have made
15 some fight for me."

"Saxon," answered MacEagh, "do not regret having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven. Above all, repent not that you have served a Son of the Mist. Put yourself under my guidance, and
20 I will warrant your safety with my head."

"Can you guide me safe through these mountains, and back to the army of Montrose?" said Dalgetty.

"I can," answered MacEagh; "there lives not a man to whom the mountain passes, the caverns, the glens, the
25 thickets, and the corries are known, as they are to the Children of the Mist. Not all the bloodhounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can guide you."

"Say'st thou so, honest Ranald?" replied Dalgetty; "then have on with thee; for of a surety I shall never
30 save the ship by my own pilotage."

The outlaw accordingly led the way into the wood, by which the castle is surrounded for several miles, walking with so much despatch as kept Gustavus at a round trot, and taking such a number of cross cuts and turns, that

Captain Dalgetty speedily lost all idea where he might be, and all knowledge of the points of the compass. At length, the path, which had gradually become more difficult, altogether ended among thickets and underwood. The roaring of a torrent was heard in the neighbourhood, the ground became in some places broken, in others boggy, and everywhere unfit for riding.

"What the foul fiend," said Dalgetty, "is to be done here? I must part with Gustavus, I fear."

"Take no care for your horse," said the outlaw; "he shall soon be restored to you."

As he spoke, he whistled in a low tone, and a lad half-dressed in tartan, half-naked, having only his own shaggy hair, tied with a thong of leather, to protect his head and face from sun and weather, lean and half-starved in aspect, his wild grey eyes appearing to fill up ten times the proportion usually allotted to them in the human face, crept out, as a wild beast might have done, from a thicket of brambles and briars.

"Give your horse to the gillie," said Ranald MacEagh; "your life depends upon it."

"Och! och!" exclaimed the despairing veteran; "Eheu! as we used to say at Marischal College, must I leave Gustavus in such grooming!"

"Are you frantic, to lose time thus?" said his guide; "do we stand on friend's ground, that you should part with your horse as if he were your brother? I tell you, you shall have him again; but if you never saw the animal, is not life better than the best colt ever mare foaled?"

"And that is true, too, mine honest friend," sighed Dalgetty; "yet if you knew but the value of Gustavus, and the things we two have done and suffered together. See, he turns back to look at me! Be kind to him, my

good breechless friend, and I will requite you well." So saying, and withal sniffing a little to swallow his grief, he turned from the heartrending spectacle in order to follow his guide.

5 To follow his guide was no easy matter, and soon required more agility than Captain Dalgetty could master. The very first plunge after he had parted from his charger, carried him, with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, eight feet sheer down
10 into the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones, over which they scrambled; thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag themselves; rocks which were to be climbed on the one side with much labour and pain, for the purpose
15 of an equally precarious descent upon the other; all these and many such interruptions were surmounted by the light-footed and half-naked mountaineer with an ease and velocity which excited the surprise and envy of Captain Dalgetty, who, encumbered by his headpiece, corslet, and
20 other armour, not to mention his ponderous jack-boots, found himself at length so much exhausted by fatigue and the difficulties of the road, that he sat down upon a stone in order to recover his breath, while he explained to Ranald MacEagh the difference betwixt travelling *expeditus*
25 and *impeditus*, as these two military phrases were understood at Marischal College, Aberdeen. The sole answer of the mountaineer was to lay his hand on the soldier's arm and point backward in the direction of the wind. Dalgetty could spy nothing, for evening was closing fast, and they
30 were at the bottom of a dark ravine. But at length he could distinctly hear at a distance the sullen toll of a large bell.

"That," said he, "must be the alarm—the storm-clock, as the Germans call it."

"It strikes the hour of your death," answered Ranald, "unless you can accompany me a little farther. For every toll of that bell a brave man has yielded up his soul."

"Truly, Ranald, my trusty friend," said Dalgetty, "I 5 will not deny that the case may be soon my own; for I am so forfoughten—being, as I explained to you, *impeditus*, for had I been *expeditus*, I mind not pedestrian exercise the flourish of a fife—that I think I had better ensconce myself in one of these bushes, and even lie quiet there to 10 abide what fortune God shall send me. Neither despair altogether of my safety, Ranald, seeing I have been in as great pinches as this in Germany—more especially, I remember me, that at the fatal battle of Nerlingen—after which I changed service——" 15

"If you would save your father's son's breath to help his child out of trouble, instead of wasting it upon the tales of seannachies," said Ranald, who now grew impatient of the Captain's loquacity, "or if your feet could travel as fast as your tongue, you might yet lay your head on an 20 unbloody pillow to-night."

"Something there is like military skill in that," replied the Captain, "although wantonly and irreverently spoken to an officer of rank. But I hold it good to pardon such freedoms on a march, in respect of the Saturnalian license 25 indulged in such cases to the troops of all nations. And now, resume thine office, friend Ranald, in respect I am well-breathed; or, to be more plain, *I præ, sequar*, as we used to say at Marischal College."

Comprehending his meaning rather from his motions 30 than his language, the Son of the Mist again led the way, with an unerring precision that looked like instinct, through a variety of ground the most difficult and broken that could well be imagined. Dragging along his ponderous

boots, encumbered with thigh-pieces, gauntlets, corslet, and back-piece, not to mention the buff jerkin which he wore under all these arms, talking of his former exploits the whole way, though Ranald paid not the slightest attention to him, Captain Dalgetty contrived to follow his guide a considerable space farther, when the deep-mouthed baying of a hound was heard coming down the wind, as if opening on the scent of its prey.

“Black hound,” said Ranald, “whose throat never boded good to a Child of the Mist, ill fortune to her who littered thee! hast thou already found our trace? But thou art too late, swart hound of darkness, and the deer has gained the herd.”

So saying, he whistled very softly, and was answered in a tone equally low from the top of a pass, up which they had for some time been ascending. Mending their pace, they reached the top, where the moon, which had now risen bright and clear, showed to Dalgetty a party of ten or twelve Highlanders, and about as many women and children, by whom Ranald MacEagh was received with such transports of joy, as made his companion easily sensible that those by whom he was surrounded must of course be Children of the Mist. The place which they occupied well suited their name and habits. It was a beetling crag, round which winded a very narrow and broken footpath, commanded in various places by the position which they held.

Ranald spoke anxiously and hastily to the children of his tribe, and the men came one by one to shake hands with Dalgetty, while the women, clamorous in their gratitude, pressed round to kiss even the hem of his garment.

“They plight their faith to you,” said Ranald MacEagh, “for requital of the good deed you have done to the tribe this day.”

"Enough said, Ranald," answered the soldier,—"enough said. Tell them I love not this shaking of hands—it confuses ranks and degrees in military service. And so here, I suppose, you intend to make a stand against your followers, Ranald?—*voto a Dios*, as the Spaniard says? 5 A very pretty position, as pretty a position for a small peloton of men as I have seen in my service; no enemy can come towards it by the road without being at the mercy of cannon and musket. But then, Ranald, my trusty comrade, you have no cannon, I dare to aver, and I 10 do not see that any of these fellows have muskets either. So with what artillery you propose making good the pass before you come to hand-blows, truly, Ranald, it passeth my apprehension."

"With the weapons and with the courage of our 15 fathers," said MacEagh; and made the Captain observe that the men of his party were armed with bows and arrows.

"Bows and arrows!" exclaimed Dalgetty; "ha! ha! ha! have we Robin Hood and Little John back again? 20 Bows and arrows! why, the sight has not been seen in civilised war for a hundred years. Bows and arrows! and why not weavers' beams, as in the days of Goliath? Ah! that Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, should live to see men fight with bows and arrows! The immortal 25 Gustavus would never have believed it, nor Wallenstein, nor Butler, nor old Tilly. Well, Ranald, a cat can have but its claws; since bows and arrows are the word, e'en let us make the best of it. Only, as I do not understand the scope and range of such old-fashioned artillery, 30 you must make the best disposition you can out of your own head; for *my* taking the command, whilk I would have gladly done had you been to fight with any Christian weapons, is out of the question when you are to combat

like quivered Numidians. I will, however, play my part with my pistols in the approaching melley, in respect my carabine unhappily remains at Gustavus' saddle. My service, and thanks to you," he continued, addressing a mountaineer who offered him a bow; "Dugald Dalgetty may say of himself, as he learned at Marischal College,—

Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra ;

10 whilk is to say—— ”

Ranald MacEagh a second time imposed silence on the talkative commander as before, by pulling his sleeve and pointing down the pass. The bay of the bloodhound was now approaching nearer and nearer, and they could hear
15 the voices of several persons who accompanied the animal, and hallooed to each other as they dispersed occasionally, either in the hurry of their advance, or in order to search more accurately the thickets as they came along. They were obviously drawing nearer and nearer every moment.
20 MacEagh, in the mean time, proposed to Captain Dalgetty to disencumber himself of his armour, and gave him to understand that the women should transport it to a place of safety.

To rid the captain of his cumbrous greaves, and case
25 his feet in a pair of brogues made out of deerskin, which a Highlander stripped off for his accommodation, was the work of a minute, and Dalgetty found himself much lightened by the exchange. He was in the act of recommending to Ranald MacEagh to send two or three of his
30 followers a little lower to reconnoitre the pass, and, at the same time, somewhat to extend his front, placing two detached archers at each flank by way of posts of observation, when the near cry of the hound apprised them that the pursuers were at the bottom of the pass. All was then

dead silence ; for, loquacious as he was on other occasions, Captain Dalgetty knew well the necessity of an ambush keeping itself under covert.

The moon gleamed on the broken pathway, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded, its light 5 intercepted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf-trees, which, finding nourishment in the crevices of the rocks, in some places overshadowed the brow and ledge of the precipice. Below, a thick copsewood lay in deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a 10 half-seen ocean. From the bosom of that darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard at intervals baying fearfully, sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals, these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only 15 by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water, which partly fell from the rock, partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below ; it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which 20 led to the top of the rock, or that, having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light, and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised 25 itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and, emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of a Highlander, but the long gun which he 30 carried in his hand, and the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet.

"*Tausend teufel!* that I should say so, and so like to be near my latter end!" ejaculated the Captain, but

under his breath. "What will become of us, now they have brought musketry to encounter our archers?"

But just as the pursuer had attained a projecting piece of rock about halfway up the ascent, and pausing, made a
5 signal for those who were still at the bottom to follow him, an arrow whistled from the bow of one of the Children of the Mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that, without a single effort to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell headlong from the cliff on which he
10 stood, into the darkness below. The crash of the boughs which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from thence to the ground, was followed by a cry of horror and surprise which burst from his followers. The Children of the Mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm this first
15 success had caused among the pursuers, echoed back the clamour with a loud and shrill yell of exultation, and, showing themselves on the brow of the precipice, with wild cries and vindictive gestures, endeavoured to impress on their enemies a sense at once of their courage, their
20 numbers, and their state of defence. Even Captain Dalgetty's military prudence did not prevent his rising up, and, calling out to Ranald, more loud than prudence warranted—

"*Carocco*, comrade, as the Spaniard says! The long-
25 bow for ever! In my poor apprehension, now, were you to order a file to advance and take position——"

"The Sassenach!" cried a voice from beneath, "mark the Sassenach sidier! I see the glitter of his breastplate."

At the same time three muskets were discharged; and
30 while one ball rattled against the corslet of proof, to the strength of which our valiant Captain had been more than once indebted for his life, another penetrated the armour which covered the front of his left thigh, and stretched him on the ground. Ranald instantly seized him in his

arms, and bore him back from the edge of the precipice, while he dolefully ejaculated—

“I always told the immortal Gustavus, Wallenstein, Tilly, and other men of the sword, that, in my poor mind, taslets ought to be made musket-proof.” 5

With two or three earnest words in Gaelic, MacEagh commended the wounded man to the charge of the females, who were in the rear of his little party, and was then about to return to the contest. But Dalgetty detained him, grasping a firm hold of his plaid. 10

“I know not how this matter may end, but I request you will inform Montrose that I died like a follower of the immortal Gustavus; and I pray you, take heed how you quit your present strength, even for the purpose of pursuing the enemy, if you gain any advantage—and— 15 and——”

Here Dalgetty's breath and eyesight began to fail him through loss of blood, and MacEagh, availing himself of this circumstance, extricated from his grasp the end of his own mantle and substituted that of a female, by which 20 the captain held stoutly, thereby securing, as he conceived, the outlaw's attention to the military instructions which he continued to pour forth while he had any breath to utter them, though they became gradually more and more incoherent.

“And, comrade, you will be sure to keep your musketeers in advance of your stand of pikes, Lochaber-axes, and two-handed swords. Stand fast, dragoons, on the left flank! Where was I? Ay, and, Ranald, if ye be minded to retreat, leave some lighted matches burning on 30 the branches of the trees; it shows as if they were lined with shot. But I forget, ye have no matchlocks nor habergeons, only bows and arrows—bows and arrows! ha! ha! ha!” 25

Here the Captain sunk back in an exhausted condition, altogether unable to resist the sense of the ludicrous, which, as a modern man-at-arms, he connected with the idea of these ancient weapons of war. It was a long time ere he recovered his senses; and, in the mean time, we leave him in the care of the Daughters of the Mist; nurses as kind and attentive, in reality, as they were wild and uncouth in outward appearance.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONTROSE had retired to the cabin which served him for a tent, and stretched himself upon a bed of dry fern, the only place of repose which it afforded.

While he lay busied with contradictory thoughts and feelings, the soldier who stood sentinel upon his quarters announced to the Marquis that two persons desired to speak with his Excellency.

"Their names?" answered Montrose; "and the cause of their urgency at such a late hour?"

On these points, the sentinel, who was one of Colkitto's Irishmen, could afford his general little information; so that Montrose, who at such a period durst refuse access to no one, lest he might have been neglecting some important intelligence, gave directions, as a necessary precaution, to put the guard under arms, and then prepared to receive his untimely visitors. His groom of the chambers had scarce lighted a pair of torches, and Montrose himself had scarce risen from his couch, when two men entered, one wearing a Lowland dress of chamois leather worn almost to tatters; the other a tall, upright old Highlander, of a

complexion which might be termed iron-grey, wasted and worn by frost and tempest.

"What may be your commands with me, my friends?" said the Marquis, his hand almost unconsciously seeking the butt of one of his pistols; for the period, as well as the time of night, warranted suspicions which the good mien of his visitors was not by any means calculated to remove. 5

"I pray leave to congratulate you," said the Lowlander, "my most noble General, and right honourable lord, upon the great battles which you have achieved since I had the fortune to be detached from you. It was a pretty affair that tuilzie at Tippermuir; nevertheless, if I might be permitted to counsel——"

"Before doing so," said the Marquis, "will you be pleased to let me know who is so kind as to favour me with his opinion?" 15

"Truly, my lord," replied the man, "I should have hoped that was unnecessary, seeing it is not so long since I took on in your service, under promise of a commission as Major, with half a dollar of daily pay and half a dollar of arrears; and I am to trust your lordship has not forgotten my pay as well as my person?" 20

"My good friend, Major Dalgetty," said Montrose, who by this time perfectly recollected his man, "you must consider what important things have happened to put my friends' faces out of my memory, besides this imperfect light; but all conditions shall be kept. And what news from Argyleshire, my good Major? We have long given you up for lost, and I was now preparing to take the most signal vengeance upon the old fox who infringed the law of arms in your person." 25

"Truly, my noble lord," said Dalgetty, "I have no desire that my return should put any stop to so proper and

becoming an intention ; verily it is in no shape in the Earl of Argyle's favour or mercy that I now stand before you, and I shall be no intercessor for him. But my escape is, under heaven, and the excellent dexterity which, as an
5 old and accomplished cavalier, I displayed in effecting the same ; I say, under these, it is owing to the assistance of this old Highlander, whom I venture to recommend to your lordship's special favour, as the instrument of saving your lordship's to command, Dugald Dalgetty of Drumth-
10 wacket."

"A thankworthy service," said the marquis, gravely, "which shall certainly be requited in the manner it deserves."

"Kneel down, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty (as we
15 must now call him), "kneel down, and kiss his Excellency's hand."

The prescribed form of acknowledgment not being according to the custom of Ranald's country, he contented himself with folding his arms on his bosom, and making a
20 low inclination of his head.

"This poor man, my lord," said Major Dalgetty, continuing his speech with a dignified air of protection towards Ranald MacEagh, "has strained all his slender means to defend my person from mine enemies, although having no
25 better weapons of a missile sort than bows and arrows, whilk your lordship will hardly believe."

"You will see a great many such weapons in my camp," said Montrose, "and we find them serviceable."

"Serviceable, my lord !" said Dalgetty ; "I trust your
30 lordship will permit me to be surprised. Bows and arrows ! I trust you will forgive my recommending the substitution of muskets, the first convenient opportunity. But besides defending me, this honest Highlander also was at the pains of curing me, in respect that I had got a touch of the wars

in my retreat, which merits my best requital in this special introduction of him to your lordship's notice and protection."

"What is your name, my friend?" said Montrose, turning to the Highlander.

"It may not be spoken," answered the mountaineer.

"That is to say," interpreted Major Dalgetty, "he desires to have his name concealed, in respect he hath in former days taken a castle, slain certain children, and done other things whilk, as your good lordship knows, are often practised in war-time, but excite no benevolence towards the perpetrator in the friends of those who sustain injury. I have known, in my military experience, many brave cavaliers put to death by the boors, simply for having used military licence upon the country."

"I understand," said Montrose. "This person is at feud with some of our followers. Let him retire to the court of guard, and we will think of the best mode of protecting him."

"You hear, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, with an air of superiority, "his Excellency wishes to hold privy council with me, you must go to the court of guard. He does not know where that is, poor fellow! he is a young soldier for so old a man; I will put him under the charge of a sentinel, and return to your lordship incontinent." He did so, and returned accordingly.

Montrose's first inquiry respected the embassy to Inverary; and he listened with attention to Dalgetty's reply, notwithstanding the prolixity of the Major's narrative. It required an effort from the marquis to maintain his attention; but no one better knew, that where information is to be derived from the report of such agents as Dalgetty, it can only be obtained by suffering them to tell their story in their own way. Accordingly the

Marquis's patience was at length rewarded. Among other spoils which the Captain thought himself at liberty to take, was a packet of Argyle's private papers. These he consigned to the hands of his general; a humour of accounting, however, which went no further, for I do not understand that he made any mention of the purse of gold which he had appropriated at the same time that he made seizure of the papers aforesaid. Snatching a torch from the wall, Montrose was in an instant deeply engaged in the perusal of these documents, in which it is probable he found something to animate his personal resentment against his rival Argyle.

"Does he not fear me?" said he; "then he shall feel me. Will he fire my castle of Mugdock? Inverary shall raise the first smoke. O for a guide through the skirts of Strath Fillan!"

Whatever might be Dalgetty's personal conceit, he understood his business sufficiently to guess at Montrose's meaning. He instantly interrupted his own prolix narration of the skirmish which had taken place, and the wound he had received in his retreat, and began to speak to the point which he saw interested his general.

"If," said he, "your Excellency wishes to make an infall into Argyleshire, this poor man, Ranald, of whom I told you, together with his children and companions, know every pass into that land, both leading from the east and from the north."

"Indeed!" said Montrose; "what reason have you to believe their knowledge so extensive?"

"So please your Excellency," answered Dalgetty, "during the weeks that I remained with them for cure of my wound, they were repeatedly obligated to shift their quarters, in respect of Argyle's repeated attempts to repossess himself of the person of an

officer who was honoured with your Excellency's confidence; so that I had occasion to admire the singular dexterity and knowledge of the face of the country with which they alternately achieved their retreat and their advance; and when, at length, I was able to repair to 5 your Excellency's standard, this honest simple creature, Ranald MacEagh, guided me by paths which my steed Gustavus (which your lordship may remember) trod with perfect safety, so that I said to myself, that where guides, 10 spies, or intelligencers were required in a Highland campaign in that western country, more expert persons than he and his attendants could not possibly be desired."

"And can you answer for this man's fidelity?" said Montrose; "what is his name and condition?"

"He is an outlaw and robber by profession, something 15 also of a homicide or murderer," answered Dalgetty; "and by name called Ranald MacEagh; whilk signifies, Ranald, the Son of the Mist."

"I should remember something of that name," said Montrose, pausing. "Did not these Children of the Mist 20 perpetrate some act of cruelty upon the M'Aulays?"

Major Dalgetty mentioned the circumstance of the murder of the Forester, and Montrose's active memory at once recalled all the circumstances of the feud.

"It is most unlucky," said Montrose, "this inexpressible 25 quarrel between these men and the M'Aulays. Allan has borne himself bravely in these wars, and possesses, by the wild mystery of his behaviour and language, so much influence over the minds of his countrymen that the consequences of disobliging him might be serious. At 30 the same time, these men being so capable of rendering useful service, and being, as you say, Major Dalgetty, perfectly trustworthy——"

"I will pledge my pay and arrears, my horse and

arms, my head and neck, upon their fidelity," said the Major; "and your Excellency knows that a soldado could say no more for his own father."

"True," said Montrose; "but as this is a matter of particular moment, I would willingly know the grounds of so positive an assurance."

"Concisely, then, my lord," said the Major, "not only did they disdain to profit by a handsome reward which Argyle did me the honour to place upon this poor head of mine, and not only did they abstain from pillaging my personal property, whilk was to an amount that would have tempted regular soldiers in any service of Europe; and not only did they restore me my horse, whilk your Excellency knows to be of value, but I could not prevail on them to accept one stiver, doit, or maravedi for the trouble and expenses of my sick-bed. They actually refused my coined money when freely offered,—a tale seldom to be told in a Christian land."

"I admit," said Montrose, after a moment's reflection, "that their conduct towards you is good evidence of their fidelity; but how to secure against the breaking out of this feud?" He paused, and then suddenly added, "I had forgot I have supped, while you, Major, have been travelling by moonlight."

He called to his attendants to fetch a stoup of wine and some refreshments. Major Dalgetty, who had the appetite of a convalescent returned from Highland quarters, needed not any pressing to partake of what was set before him, but proceeded to despatch his food with such alacrity, that the Marquis, filling a cup of wine and drinking to his health, could not help remarking, that coarse as the provisions of his camp were, he was afraid Major Dalgetty had fared much worse during his excursion into Argyleshire.

"Your Excellency may take your corporal oath upon that," said the worthy Major, speaking with his mouth full; "for Argyle's bread and water are yet stale and mouldy in my recollection, and though they did their best, yet the viands that the Children of the Mist procured for me, poor helpless creatures as they were, were so unrefreshful to my body, that when enclosed in my armour, whilk I was fain to leave behind me for expedition's sake, I rattled therein like the shrivelled kernel in a nut that hath been kept on to a second Hallowe'en." 5 10

"You must take the due means to repair these losses, Major Dalgetty."

"In troth," answered the soldier, "I shall hardly be able to compass that, unless my arrears are to be exchanged for present pay; for I protest to your Excellency, that the 15 three stone weight which I have lost were simply raised upon the regular accountings of the States of Holland."

"In that case," said the Marquis, "you are only reduced to good marching order. As for the pay, let us once have victory—victory, Major, and your wishes, and all our 20 wishes, shall be amply fulfilled. Meantime, help yourself to another cup of wine."

"To your Excellency's health," said the Major, filling a cup to the brim, to show the zeal with which he drank the toast, "and victory over all our enemies, and particu- 25 larly over Argyle! I hope to twitch another handful from his beard myself. I have had one pluck at it already."

"Very true," answered Montrose; "but to return to these men of the Mist. You understand, Dalgetty, that their presence here, and the purpose for which we employ 30 them, is a secret between you and me?"

Delighted, as Montrose had anticipated, with this mark of his general's confidence, the Major laid his hand upon his nose and nodded intelligence.

"How many may there be of Ranald's followers?" continued the Marquis.

"They are reduced, so far as I know, to some eight or ten men," answered Major Dalgetty, "and a few women and children."

"Where are they now?" demanded Montrose.

"In a valley at three miles' distance," answered the soldier, "awaiting your Excellency's command; I judged it not fit to bring them to your leaguer without your Excellency's orders."

"You judged very well," said Montrose; "it would be proper that they remain where they are, or seek some distant place of refuge. I will send them money, though it is a scarce article with me at present."

"It is quite unnecessary," said Major Dalgetty: "your Excellency has only to hint that the M'Aulays are going in that direction, and my friends of the Mist will instantly make volteface, and go to the right about."

"That were scarce courteous," said the Marquis. "Better send them a few dollars to purchase them some cattle for the support of the women and children."

"They know how to come by their cattle at a far cheaper rate," said the Major; "but let it be as your Excellency wills."

"Let Ranald MacEagh," said Montrose, "select one or two of his followers, men whom he can trust, and who are capable of keeping their own secret and ours: these, with their chief for scout-master general, shall serve for our guides. Let them be at my tent to-morrow at daybreak, and see, if possible, that they neither guess my purpose, nor hold any communication with each other in private. This old man, has he any children?"

"They have been killed or hanged," answered the Major, "to the number of a round dozen as I believe;

but he hath left one grandchild, a smart and hopeful youth, whom I have noted to be never without a pebble in his plaid-nook, to fling at whatsoever might come in his way; being a symbol that, like David, who was accustomed to sling smooth stones taken from the brook, 5 he may afterwards prove an adventurous warrior."

"That boy, Major Dalgetty," said the Marquis, "I will have to attend upon my own person. I presume he will have sense enough to keep his name secret?"

"Your Excellency need not fear that," answered 10 Dalgetty; "these Highland imps, from the moment they chip the shell——"

"Well," interrupted Montrose, "that boy shall be pledge for the fidelity of his parent, and if he prove faithful, the child's preferment shall be his reward. And 15 now, Major Dalgetty, I will license your departure for the night; to-morrow you will introduce this MacEagh, under any name or character he may please to assume. I presume his profession has rendered him sufficiently expert in all sort of disguises; or we may admit John of Moidart 20 into our schemes, who has sense, practicability, and intelligence, and will probably allow this man for a time to be disguised as one of his followers. For you, Major, my groom of the chambers will be your quartermaster for this evening."

25

CHAPTER XV.

By break of day Montrose received in his cabin old MacEagh, and questioned him long and particularly as to the means of approaching the country of Argyle. He made a

note of his answers, which he compared with those of two of his followers, whom he introduced as the most prudent and experienced. He found them to correspond in all respects; but, still unsatisfied where precaution was so necessary, the Marquis compared the information he had received with that he was able to collect from the chiefs who lay most near to the destined scene of invasion, and, being in all respects satisfied of its accuracy, he resolved to proceed in full reliance upon it.

10 In one point Montrose changed his mind. Having judged it unfit to take the boy Kenneth into his own service, lest, in case of his birth being discovered, it should be resented as an offence by the numerous clans who entertained a feudal enmity to this devoted family, 15 he requested the Major to take him in attendance upon himself; and as he accompanied this request with a handsome *douceur*, under pretence of clothing and equipping the lad, this change was agreeable to all parties.

It was about breakfast-time, when Major Dalgetty, 20 being dismissed by Montrose, went in quest of his old acquaintances, Lord Menteith and the M'Aulays, to whom he longed to communicate his own adventures, as well as to learn from them the particulars of the campaign. It may be imagined he was received with great glee by men 25 to whom the late uniformity of their military life had rendered any change of society an interesting novelty. Allan M'Aulay alone seemed to recoil from his former acquaintance, although, when challenged by his brother, he could render no other reason than a reluctance to be 30 familiar with one who had been so lately in the company of Argyle and other enemies. Major Dalgetty was a little alarmed by this sort of instinctive consciousness which Allan seemed to entertain respecting the society he had been lately keeping; he was soon satisfied, however, that

the perceptions of the seer in this particular were not infallible.

As Ranald MacEagh was to be placed under Major Dalgetty's protection and superintendence, it was necessary he should present him to those persons with whom he was 5 mostly likely to associate. The dress of the old man had, in the mean time, been changed from the tartan of his clan to a sort of clothing peculiar to the men of the distant Isles, resembling a waistcoat with sleeves, and a petticoat, all made in one piece. This dress was laced from top to 10 bottom in front, and bore some resemblance to that called polonaise, still worn by children in Scotland of the lower rank.

Major Dalgetty, keeping his eye on Allan as he spoke, introduced Ranald MacEagh under his fictitious name of 15 Ranald MacGillihuron in Benbecula, who had escaped with him out of Argyle's prison. He recommended him as a person skilful in the arts of the harper and the seannachie, and by no means contemptible in the quality of a second-sighted person, or seer. While making this exposition, 20 Major Dalgetty stammered and hesitated in a way so unlike the usual glib forwardness of his manner, that he could not have failed to have given suspicion to Allan M'Aulay, had not that person's whole attention been engaged in steadily perusing the features of the person 25 thus introduced to him. This steady gaze so much embarrassed Ranald MacEagh, that his hand was beginning to sink down towards his dagger, in expectation of a hostile assault, when Allan, suddenly crossing the floor of the hut, extended his hand to him in the way of friendly 30 greeting. They sat down side by side, and conversed in a low, mysterious tone of voice. Menteith and Angus M'Aulay were not surprised at this, for there prevailed among the Highlanders who pretended to the second-sight

a sort of freemasonry, which generally induced them, upon meeting to hold communication with each other on the nature and extent of their visionary experiences.

“Does the sight come gloomy upon your spirits?” said
5 Allan to his new acquaintance.

“As dark as the shadow upon the moon,” replied Ranald, “when she is darkened in her mid-course in heaven, and prophets foretell of evil times.”

“Come hither,” said Allan, “come more this way, I
10 would converse with you apart; for men say that in your distant islands the sight is poured forth with more clearness and power than upon us, who dwell near the Sassenach.”

While they were plunged into their mystic conference, the two English cavaliers entered the cabin in the highest
15 possible spirits, and announced to Angus M'Aulay that orders had been issued that all should hold themselves in readiness for an immediate march to the westward. Having delivered themselves of their news with much glee, they paid their compliments to their old acquaintance, Major
20 Dalgetty, whom they instantly recognized, and inquired after the health of his charger, Gustavus.

“I humbly thank you, gentlemen,” answered the soldier; “Gustavus is well, though, like his master, somewhat barer on the ribs than when you offered to relieve
25 me of him at Darnlinvarach; and let me assure you that, before you have made one or two of those marches which you seem to contemplate with so much satisfaction in prospect, you will leave, my good knights, some of your English beef, and probably an English horse or two,
30 behind you.”

Both exclaimed that they cared very little what they found or what they left, provided the scene changed from dogging up and down Angus and Aberdeenshire in pursuit of an enemy who would neither fight nor run away.

"If such be the case," said Angus M'Aulay, "I must give orders to my followers, and make provision too for the safe conveyance of Annot Lyle; for an advance into M'Callum More's country will be a farther and fouler road than these pinks of Cumbrian knighthood are aware of." 5
So saying, he left the cabin.

"Annot Lyle!" repeated Dalgetty; "is she following the campaign?"

"Surely," replied Sir Miles Musgrave, his eye glancing slightly from Lord Menteith to Allan M'Aulay; "we could 10 neither march nor fight, advance nor retreat, without the influence of the Princess of Harps."

"The Princess of Broadswords and Targets, I say," answered his companion; "for the Lady of Montrose herself could not be more courteously waited upon; she 15 has four Highland maidens, and as many bare-legged gillies, to wait upon her orders."

"And what would you have, gentlemen?" said Allan, turning suddenly from the Highlander with whom he was in conversation; "would you yourselves have left an 20 innocent female, the companion of your infancy, to die by violence or perish by famine? There is not, by this time, a roof upon the habitation of my fathers; our crops have been destroyed and our cattle have been driven; and you, gentlemen, have to bless God, that, coming from a milder 25 and more civilised country, you expose only your own lives in this remorseless war, without apprehension that your enemies will visit with their vengeance the defenceless pledges you may have left behind you."

Allan lingered a moment behind, still questioning the 30 reluctant Ranald MacEagh upon a point in his supposed visions, by which he was greatly perplexed. "Repeatedly," he said, "have I had the sight of a Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith,—of that

young nobleman in the scarlet laced cloak, who has just now left the bothy. But by no effort, though I have gazed until my eyes were almost fixed in their sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander, or even conjecture
5 who he may be, although his person and air seemed familiar to me."

"Have you reversed your own plaid," said Ranald, according to the rule of the experienced seers in such case?"

10 "I have," answered Allan, speaking low, and shuddering as if with internal agony.

"And in what guise did the phantom then appear to you?" said Ranald.

"With his plaid also reversed," answered Allan, in the
15 same low and convulsed tone.

"Then be assured," said Ranald, "that your own hand, and none other, will do the deed of which you have witnessed the shadow."

"So has my anxious soul a hundred times surmised,"
20 replied Allan. "But it is impossible! Were I to read the record in the eternal book of fate, I would declare it impossible; we are bound by the ties of blood, and by a hundred ties more intimate; we have stood side by side in battle, and our swords have reeked with the blood of
25 the same enemies; it is IMPOSSIBLE I should harm him."

"That you WILL do so," answered Ranald, "is certain, though the cause be hid in the darkness of futurity. You say," he continued, suppressing his own emotions with
30 difficulty, "that side by side you have pursued your prey like bloodhounds; have you never seen bloodhounds turn their fangs against each other and fight over the body of a throttled deer?"

"It is false!" said M'Aulay, starting up; "these are

not the forebodings of fate, but the temptation of some evil spirit from the bottomless pit ! ” So saying, he strode out of the cabin.

“ Thou hast it,” said the Son of the Mist, looking after him with an air of exultation ; “ the barbed arrow is in thy side ! Spirits of the slaughtered, rejoice ! soon shall your murderers’ swords be dyed in each other’s blood.”

On the succeeding morning all was prepared, and Montrose advanced by rapid marches up the river Tay, and poured his desultory forces into the romantic vale round the lake of the same name, which lies at the head of that river. The inhabitants were Campbells, not indeed the vassals of Argyle, but of the allied and kindred house of Glenorchy, which now bears the name of Breadalbane. Being taken by surprise, they were totally unprepared for resistance, and were compelled to be passive witnesses of the ravages which took place among their flocks and herds. Advancing in this manner to the vale of Loch Dochart, and laying waste the country around him, Montrose reached the most difficult point of his enterprise.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE military road connecting the chain of forts, as it is called, and running in the general line of the present Caledonian Canal, has now completely opened the great glen or chasm, extending almost across the whole island, once doubtless filled by the sea, and still affording basins for that long line of lakes, by means of which modern art has united the German and Atlantic Oceans. The paths

or tracks by which the natives traversed this extensive valley, were, in 1645-46, in the same situation as when they awaked the strain of an Irish engineer officer, who had been employed in converting them into practicable
5 military roads, and whose eulogium begins, and, for aught I know, ends as follows:—

Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
You would have held up your hands and bless'd General Wade.

But, bad as the ordinary paths were, Montrose avoided
10 them, and led his army, like a herd of wild deer, from mountain to mountain, and from forest to forest, where his enemies could learn nothing of his motions, while he acquired the most perfect knowledge respecting theirs from the friendly clans of Cameron and M'Donnell, whose
15 mountainous districts he now traversed. Strict orders had been given that Argyle's advance should be watched, and that all intelligence respecting his motions should be communicated instantly to the general himself.

It was a moonlight night, and Montrose, worn out by
20 the fatigues of the day, was laid down to sleep in a miserable shieling. He had only slumbered two hours, when some one touched his shoulder. He looked up, and, by the stately form and deep voice, easily recognized the Chief of the Camerons.

25 "I have news for you," said that leader, "which is worth while to arise and listen to."

"M'Ilduy can bring no other," said Montrose, addressing the chief by his patronymic title; "are they good or bad?"

30 "As you may take them," said the chieftain.

"Are they certain?" demanded Montrose.

"Yes," answered M'Ilduy, "or another messenger should have brought them. Know that, tired with the

task imposed upon me of accompanying that unhappy Dalgetty and his handful of horse, who detained me for hours on the march at the pace of a crippled badger, I made a stretch of four miles with six of my people in the direction of Inverlochy, and there met with Ian of Glenroy, who had been out for intelligence. Argyle is moving upon Inverlochy with three thousand chosen men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid. These are my news; they are certain; it is for you to construe their purport."

"Their purport must be good," answered Montrose, readily and cheerfully; "the voice of M'Ilduy is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when it speaks of some brave enterprise at hand. What are our musters?"

He then called for light, and easily ascertained that a great part of his followers having, as usual, dispersed to secure their booty, he had not with him above twelve or fourteen hundred men.

"Not much above a third," said Montrose, pausing, "of Argyle's force, and Highlanders opposed to Highlanders. With the blessing of God upon the royal cause, I would not hesitate were the odds but one to two."

"Then do not hesitate," said Cameron; "for when your trumpets shall sound to attack M'Callum More, not a man of these glens will remain deaf to the summons. Glengarry, Keppoch, I myself, would destroy with fire and sword the wretch who should remain behind under any pretence whatsoever. To-morrow, or the next day, shall be a day of battle to all who bear the name of M'Donnell or Cameron, whatever be the event."

"It is gallantly said, my noble friend," said Montrose, grasping his hand, "and I were worse than a coward did

I not do justice to such followers, by entertaining the most indubitable hopes of success. We will turn back on this M'Callum More, who follows us like a raven to devour the relics of our army, should we meet braver men who
5 may be able to break its strength! Let the chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible; and you, who have brought us the first news of this joyful event,—for such it shall be,—you, M'Ilduy, shall bring it to a joyful issue by guiding us the best and nearest road against
10 our enemy."

"That will I willingly do," said M'Ilduy; "if I have shown you paths by which to retreat through these dusky wilds, with far more readiness will I teach you how to advance against your foe."

15 A general bustle now prevailed, and the leaders were everywhere startled from the rude couches on which they had sought temporary repose.

"I never thought," said Major Dalgetty, when summoned up from a handful of rugged heather roots, "to
20 have parted from a bed as hard as a stable-broom with such bad will; but, indubitably, having but one man of military experience in his army, his Excellency the Marquis may be vindicated in putting him upon hard duty."

So saying, he repaired to the council, where, notwithstanding his pedantry, Montrose seemed always to listen
25 to him with considerable attention; partly because the Major really possessed military knowledge and experience, and often made suggestions which were found of advantage, and partly because it relieved the general from the
30 necessity of deferring entirely to the opinion of the Highland chiefs, and gave him additional ground for disputing it when it was not agreeable to his own.

The chiefs of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochiel, whose clans, equal in courage and military fame to any in the

Highlands, lay within the neighbourhood of the scene of action, despatched the fiery cross through their vassals, to summon every one who could bear arms to meet the King's Lieutenant, and to join the standards of their respective chiefs as they marched towards Inverlochy. As the order 5 was emphatically given, it was speedily and willingly obeyed. During the next day's march, which, being directed straight through the mountains of Lochaber was unsuspected by the enemy, his forces were augmented by handfuls of men issuing from each glen, and ranging 10 themselves under the banners of their respective chiefs. This was a circumstance highly inspiring to the rest of the army, who, by the time they approached the enemy, found their strength increased considerably more than one-fourth, as had been prophesied by the valiant leader of the 15 Camerons.

While Montrose executed this counter-march, Argyle had, at the head of his gallant army, advanced up the southern side of Loch Eil, and reached the river Lochy, which combines that lake with Loch Lochy. The ancient 20 castle of Inverlochy, once, as it is said, a royal fortress, and still, although dismantled, a place of some strength and consideration, offered convenient headquarters, and there was ample room for Argyle's army to encamp around him in the valley where the Lochy joins Loch Eil. Several 25 barges had attended, loaded with provisions, so that they were in every respect as well accommodated as such an army wished or expected to be. Argyle, in council with Auchenbreck and Ardenvohr, expressed his full confidence that Montrose was now on the brink of destruction; that 30 his troops must gradually diminish as he moved eastward through such uncouth paths; that if he went westward, he must encounter Urrie and Baillie; if northward, fall into the hands of Seaforth; or should he choose any

halting-place, he would expose himself to be attacked by three armies at once.

“I cannot rejoice in the prospect, my lord,” said Auchenbreck, “that James Graham will be crushed with
5 little assistance of ours. He has left a heavy account in Argyleshire against him, and I long to reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood. I love not the payments of such debts by third hands.”

“You are too scrupulous,” said Argyle; “what signifies
10 it by whose hands the blood of the Grahams is spilt. It is time that of the sons of Diarmid should cease to flow. What say you, Ardenvohr?”

“I say, my lord,” replied Sir Duncan, “that I think Auchenbreck will be gratified, and will himself have a
15 personal opportunity of settling accounts with Montrose for his depredations. Reports have reached our outposts that the Camerons are assembling their full strength on the skirts of Ben Nevis; this must be to join the advance of Montrose, and not to cover his retreat.”

20 “It must be some scheme of harassing and depredation,” said Argyle, “devised by the inveterate malignity of M’Ilduy, which he terms loyalty. They can intend no more than an attack on our outposts, or some annoyance on to-morrow’s march.”

25 “I have sent out scouts,” said Sir Duncan, “in every direction to procure intelligence; and we must soon hear whether they really do assemble any force, upon what point, or with what purpose.”

It was late ere any tidings were received; but when
30 the moon had arisen, a considerable bustle in the camp, and a noise immediately after heard in the castle, announced the arrival of important intelligence. Of the scouts first dispersed by Ardenvohr, some had returned without being able to collect anything, save uncertain rumours concerning

movements in the country of the Camerons. It seemed as if the skirts of Ben Nevis were sending forth those unaccountable and portentous sounds with which they sometimes announce the near approach of a storm. Others, whose zeal carried them farther upon their mission, were entrapped and slain, or made prisoners, by the inhabitants of the fastnesses into which they endeavoured to penetrate. At length, on the rapid advance of Montrose's army, his advanced guard and the outposts of Argyle became aware of each other's presence, and, after exchanging a few musket-shots and arrows, fell back to their respective main bodies, to convey intelligence and receive orders.

Sir Duncan Campbell and Auchenbreck instantly threw themselves on horseback, in order to visit the state of the outposts; and Argyle maintained his character of commander-in-chief with reputation, by making a respectable arrangement of his forces in the plain, as it was evident that they might now expect a night alarm, or an attack in the morning at farthest. Montrose had kept his forces so cautiously within the defiles of the mountain, that no effort which Auchenbreck or Ardenvohr thought it prudent to attempt, could ascertain his probable strength. They were aware, however, that, at the utmost computation, it must be inferior to their own, and they returned to Argyle to inform him of the amount of their observations; but that nobleman refused to believe that Montrose could be in presence himself. He said—

“It was a madness, of which even James Graham, in his height of presumptuous frenzy, was incapable; and he doubted not that their march was only impeded by their ancient enemies, Glencoe, Keppoch, and Glengarry; and perhaps M'Vourigh, with his M'Phersons, might have assembled a force, which he knew must be greatly inferior in numbers to his own, and whom, therefore,

he doubted not to disperse by force or by terms of capitulation."

A pale dawn had scarce begun to tinge the tops of these immense mountains, when the leaders of both
5 armies prepared for the business of the day. It was the second of February, 1645-46. The clansmen of Argyle were arranged in two lines, not far from the angle between the river and the lake, and made an appearance equally resolute and formidable. Auchencbrek would
10 willingly have commenced the battle by an attack on the outposts of the enemy, but Argyle, with more cautious policy, preferred receiving to making the onset. Signals were soon heard that they would not long wait for it in vain. The Campbells could distinguish, in the gorge of
15 the mountains, the war-tunes of various clans as they advanced to the onset. That of the Camerons, which bears the ominous words, addressed to the wolves and ravens, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was loudly re-echoed from their native glens. In the lan-
20 guage of the Highland bards, the war-voice of Glengarry was not silent; and the gathering tunes of other tribes could be plainly distinguished as they successively came up to the extremity of the passes from which they were to descend into the plain.

25 "You see," said Argyle to his kinsman, "it is as I said, we have only to deal with our neighbours; James Graham has not ventured to show us his banner."

At this moment there resounded from the gorge of the pass a lively flourish of trumpets, in that note with which
30 it was the ancient Scottish fashion to salute the royal standard.

"You may hear, my lord, from yonder signal, said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that he who pretends to be the King's Lieutenant must be in person among these men."

"And has probably horse with him," said Auchenbreck, "which I could not have anticipated. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight and wrongs to revenge?"

Argyle was silent, and looked upon his arm, which 5 hung in a sash, owing to a fall which he had sustained in the preceding march.

"It is true," interrupted Ardenvoehr, eagerly, "my lord of Argyle, you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys. Your life 10 is precious to us as a head; your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier."

"No," said Argyle, pride contending with irresolution, "it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose; if I cannot fight, I will at least die in the midst of my 15 children."

Several other principal Chiefs of the Campbells, with one voice, conjured and obtested their Chieftain to leave them for that day to the leading of Ardenvoehr and Auchenbreck, and to behold the conflict from a distance and in 20 safety. We dare not stigmatise Argyle with poltroonery; for, though his life was marked by no action of bravery, yet he behaved with so much composure and dignity in the final and closing scene, that his conduct upon the present and similar occasions should be rather imputed to 25 indecision than to want of courage.

"See him on board if you will, Sir Duncan," said Auchenbreck to his kinsman; "it must be my duty to prevent this spirit from spreading further among us."

So saying, he threw himself among the ranks, entreat- 30 ing, commanding, and conjuring the soldiers to remember their ancient fame and their present superiority; the wrongs they had to revenge if successful, and the fate they had to dread, if vanquished; and imparting to every

bosom a portion of the fire which glowed in his own. Slowly, meanwhile, and apparently with reluctance, Argyle suffered himself to be forced by his officious kinsman to the verge of the lake, and was transported
5 on board of a galley, from the deck of which he surveyed with more safety than credit the scene which ensued.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoehr, notwithstanding the urgency of the occasion, stood with his eyes riveted
10 on the boat which bore his chieftain from the field of battle.

"It is better it should be so," said he to himself, devouring his own emotion; "but—of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired
15 while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind, in the face of its most inveterate foes!"

A loud shout now compelled him to turn, and to hasten with all despatch to his post, which was on the right flank of Argyle's little army.

20 The retreat of Argyle had not passed unobserved by his watchful enemy, who, occupying the superior ground, could mark every circumstance which passed below. The movement of three or four horsemen to the rear showed that those who retreated were men of rank.

25 "They are going," said Dalgetty, to put their horses out of danger, like prudent cavaliers. Yonder goes Sir Duncan Campbell, riding a brown bay gelding, which I had marked for my own second charger."

"You are wrong, major," said Montrose, with a bitter
30 smile, "they are saving their precious chief. Give the signal for assault instantly; send the word through the ranks. Gentlemen, noble chiefs, Glengarry, Keppoch, M'Vourigh, upon them instantly! Ride to M'Ilduy, Major Dalgetty, and tell them to charge as he loves

Lochaber; return and bring our handful of horse to my standard. They shall be placed with the Irish as a reserve."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE trumpets and bagpipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, 5 which was replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed 10 with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Montrose himself; and on the 15 flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of Royalists was led by Glengarry, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Men- 20 teith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns, and discharging their arrows, at a little distance from the enemy, who received 25 the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musketry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire

of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The Royal clans, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and succeeded on two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this
5 must have achieved a victory ; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders, and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate ; and the clash
10 of the swords and axes, as they encountered each other, or rung upon the targets, was mingled with the short, wild, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany the battle, the dance, or indeed violent exertion of any kind. Many of the foes opposed were personally acquainted, and
15 sought to match themselves with each other from motives of hatred, or a more generous emulation of valour. Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the front of danger. A steam,
20 like that which arises from a seething cauldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

So stood the fight on the right and the centre, with no immediate consequence, except mutual wounds and death.

On the right of the Campbells, the Knight of Arden-
25 vohr obtained some advantage, through his military skill and by strength of numbers. He had moved forward obliquely the extreme flank of his line at the instant the Royalists were about to close, so that they sustained a fire at once on front and in flank, and, despite the utmost
30 efforts of their leader, were thrown into some confusion. At this instant, Sir Duncan Campbell gave the word to charge, and thus unexpectedly made the attack at the very moment he seemed about to receive it. Such a change of circumstances is always discouraging, and often fatal.

But the disorder was remedied by the advance of the Irish reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire compelled the Knight of Ardenvoehr to forego his advantage, and content himself with repulsing the enemy. The Marquis of Montrose, in the meanwhile, availing himself of some 5 scattered birch-trees as well as of the smoke produced by the close fire of the Irish musketry, which concealed the operation, called upon Dalgetty to follow him with the horse, and, wheeling round so as to gain the right flank and even the rear of the enemy, he commanded his six 10 trumpets to sound the charge. The clang of the cavalry trumpets, and the noise of the galloping of the horse, produced an affect upon Argyle's right wing which no other sounds could have impressed them with. The mountaineers of that period had a superstitious dread of 15 the warhorse, like that entertained by the Peruvians, and had many strange ideas respecting the manner in which that animal was trained to combat. When, therefore, they found their ranks unexpectedly broken, and that the objects of their greatest terror were suddenly in the midst 20 of them, the panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts to stop it, became universal. Indeed, the figure of Major Dalgetty alone, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and making his horse caracole and bound so as to give weight to every blow which he struck, would have been a novelty 25 in itself sufficient to terrify those who had never seen anything more nearly resembling such a cavalier, than a shelly waddling under a Highlander far bigger than itself. The repulsed Royalists returned to the charge; the Irish, keeping their ranks, maintained a fire equally close and 30 destructive. There was no sustaining the fight longer. Argyle's followers began to break and fly, most towards the lake, the remainder in different directions. The defeat of the right wing, of itself decisive, was rendered

irreparable by the death of Auchenbreck, who fell while endeavouring to restore order.

The Knight of Ardenvoehr, with two or three hundred men, all gentlemen of descent and distinguished gallantry, 5 endeavoured with unavailing heroism to cover the tumultuary retreat of the common file. Their resolution only proved fatal to themselves, as they were charged again and again by fresh adversaries, and forced to separate from each other, until at length their aim seemed only 10 to be to purchase an honourable death by resisting to the very last.

"Good quarter, Sir Duncan," called out Major Dalgetty, when he discovered his late host, with one or two others, defending himself against several Highlanders; and, 15 to enforce his offer, he rode up to him with his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply was the discharge of a reserved pistol, which took effect not on the person of the rider, but on that of his gallant horse, which, shot through the heart, fell dead under him. Ranald MacEagh, who was 20 one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broadsword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were 25 engaged on that part of the field. "Villains!" he said, "which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvoehr should be taken alive?"

"Half a dozen of busy hands, which were emulously 30 employed in plundering the fallen knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forbore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves, by laying the blame on the Skye man, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

"Dog of an Islander!" said Allan, forgetting in his wrath their prophetic brotherhood, "follow the chase, and harm him no further, unless you mean to die by my hand."

They were at this moment left almost alone; for 5 Allan's threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onwards towards the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying. The moment was tempting to MacEagh's vengeful spirit. 10

"That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred," said he, answering the threat of Allan in a tone as menacing as his own, "is not more likely than that you should fall by mine." With that, he struck at M'Aulay with such unexpected readiness, 15 that he had scarce time to intercept the blow with his target.

"Villain!" said Allan, in astonishment, "what means this?"

"I am Ranald of the Mist!" answered the Islesman, 20 repeating the blow; and with that word they engaged in close and furious conflict. It seemed to be decreed, that in Allan M'Aulay had arisen the avenger of his mother's wrongs upon this wild tribe, as was proved by the issue of the present, as well as of former, combats. 25 After exchanging a few blows, Ranald MacEagh was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull; and M'Aulay, setting his foot on him, was about to pass the broadsword through his body, when the point of the weapon was struck up by a third party, who suddenly interposed. This was 30 no other than Major Dalgetty, who, stunned by the fall, and encumbered by the dead body of his horse, had now recovered his legs and his understanding.

"Hold up your sword," said he to M'Aulay, "and

prejudice this person no further, in respect that he is here in my safe-conduct, and in his Excellency's service; and in regard that no honourable cavalier is at liberty, by the law martial, to avenge his own private injuries, *flagrante bello, multo magis flagrante praelio*.

"Fool!" said Allan, "stand aside, and dare not to come between the tiger and his prey!"

But, far from quitting his point, Dalgetty stepped across the fallen body of MacEagh, and gave Allan to understand that, if he called himself a tiger, he was likely, at present, to find a lion in his path. There required no more than the gesture and tone of defiance to turn the whole rage of the military seer against the person who was opposing the course of his vengeance, and blows were instantly exchanged without further ceremony.

The strife betwixt Allan and MacEagh had been unnoticed by the stragglers around, for the person of the latter was known to few of Montrose's followers; but the scuffle betwixt Dalgetty and him, both so well known, attracted instant attention; and fortunately, among others, that of Montrose himself, who had come for the purpose of gathering together his small body of horse, and following the pursuit down Loch Eil. Aware of the fatal consequences of dissension in his little army, he pushed his horse up to the spot, and, seeing MacEagh on the ground, and Dalgetty in the attitude of protecting him against M'Aulay, his quick apprehension instantly caught the cause of quarrel, and as instantly devised means to stop it.

"For shame," he said, "gentleman cavaliers, brawling together in so glorious a field of victory! Are you mad? Or are you intoxicated with the glory which you have both this day gained?"

"It is not my fault, so please your Excellency," said

Dalgetty. "I have been known a *bonus socius*, a *bon camarado*, in all the services of Europe; but he that touches a man under my safeguard——"

"And he," said Allan, speaking at the same time, "who dares to bar the course of my just vengeance——" 5

"For shame, gentlemen!" again repeated Montrose; "I have other business for you both,—business of deeper importance than any private quarrel, which you may easily find a more fitting time to settle. For you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down." 10

"Kneel!" said Dalgetty; "I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front rank do indeed kneel, but only, when the regiment is drawn up six file deep." 15

"Nevertheless," repeated Montrose, "kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative."

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him lightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying— 20

"In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are 25 flying down the side of the lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount, then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty."

"But what shall I mount?" said the new-made 30 chevalier. "Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider, as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon."

"That shall not be said," answered Montrose, dismounting; I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only, I pray you, resume the duty you discharge so well."

- 5 With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his safe-conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him, with great zeal and alacrity.
- 10 "And you Allan M'Aulay," said Montrose, addressing the Highlander, who, leaning his sword-point on the ground, had regarded the ceremony of his antagonist's knighthood with a sneer of sullen scorn,—“you, who are superior to the ordinary men led by the paltry motives of
- 15 plunder, and pay, and personal distinction,—you, whose deep knowledge renders you so valuable a counsellor,—is it *you* whom I find striving with a man like Dalgetty, for the privilege of trampling the remains of life out of so contemptible an enemy as lies there? Come, my friend, I
- 20 have other work for you. This victory, skilfully improved, shall win Seaforth to our party. It is not disloyalty, but despair of the good cause, that has induced him to take arms against us. These arms, in this moment of better augury, he may be brought to unite with ours. I shall send my
- 25 gallant friend, Colonel Hay, to him from this very field of battle; but he must be united in commission with a Highland gentleman of rank, befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression upon him. You are not only in every respect the fittest
- 30 for this most important mission, but, having no immediate command, your presence may be more easily spared than that of a chief whose following is in the field. You know every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. Go therefore to

Hay, on the right wing; he has instructions, and expects you. You will find him with Glenmorrison's men; be his guide, his interpreter, and his colleague."

Allan M'Aulay bent on the Marquis a dark and penetrating glance, as if to ascertain whether this sudden mission was not conferred for some latent and unexplained purpose. But Montrose, skilful in searching the motives of others, was an equal adept in concealing his own. He considered it as of the last consequence, in this moment of enthusiasm and exalted passion, to remove Allan from the camp for a few days, that he might provide, as his honour required, for the safety of those who had acted as his guides, when he trusted the seer's quarrel with Dalgetty might be easily made up. Allan, at parting, only recommended to the Marquis the care of Sir Duncan Campbell, whom Montrose instantly directed to be conveyed to a place of safety. He took the same precaution for MacEagh, committing the latter, however, to a party of the Irish with directions that he should be taken care of, but that no Highlander of any clan, should have access to him.

The Marquis then mounted a led horse, which was held by one of his attendants, and rode on to view the scene of his victory, which was more decisive than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Of Argyle's gallant army of three thousand men, fully one-half fell in the battle or in the flight. They had been chiefly driven back upon that part of the plain where the river forms an angle with the lake, so that there was no free opening either for retreat or escape. Several hundreds were forced into the lake and drowned. Of the survivors, about one-half escaped by swimming the river, or by an early flight along the left bank of the lake. The remainder threw themselves into the old castle of Inverlochy; but, being without either

provisions or hopes of relief, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being suffered to return to their homes in peace. Arms, ammunition, standards, and baggage, all became the prey of the conquerors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

5 MONTROSE'S splendid success over his powerful rival was not attained without some loss, though not amounting to the tenth of what he inflicted. The obstinate valour of the Campbells cost the lives of many brave men of the opposite party; and more were wounded, the chief of whom was
10 the brave young Earl of Menteith, who had commanded the centre. He was but slightly touched, however, and made rather a graceful than a terrible appearance when he presented to his General the standard of Argyle, which he had taken from the standard-bearer with his own hand,
15 and slain him in single combat. Montrose, whose native spirit was congenial, although experience had taught him how to avail himself of the motives of others, used to Menteith neither the language of praise nor of promise, but clasped him to his bosom, as he exclaimed, "My
20 gallant kinsman!" And by this burst of heartfelt applause was Menteith thrilled with a warmer glow of delight, than if his praises had been recorded in a report of the action sent directly to the throne of his sovereign.

"Nothing," he said, "my lord, now seems to remain in
25 which I can render any assistance; permit me to look after a duty of humanity; the Knight of Ardenvoehr, as I am told, is our prisoner, and severely wounded."

"And well he deserves to be so," said Sir Dugald

Dalgetty, who came up to them at that moment, with a prodigious addition of acquired importance, "since he shot my good horse at the time that I was offering him honourable quarter, which, I must needs say, was done more like an ignorant Highland cateran, who has not sense enough to erect a sconce for the protection of his old hurley-house of a castle, than like a soldier of worth and quality."

"Are we to condole with you, then," said Lord Menteith, "upon the loss of the famed Gustavus?"

"Even so, my lord," answered the soldier, with a deep sigh, "*Diem clausit supremum*, as we said at the Marischal College of Aberdeen. Better so than be smothered like a cadger's pony in some flow-moss, or snow-wreath, which was like to be his fate if this winter campaign lasted longer. But it has pleased his Excellency" (making an inclination to Montrose) "to supply his place by the gift of a noble steed, whom I have taken the freedom to name '*Loyalty's Reward*,' in memory of this celebrated occasion."

"I hope," said the marquis, "you'll find Loyalty's Reward, since you call him so, practised in all the duties of the field; but I must just hint to you, that at this time, in Scotland, loyalty is more frequently rewarded with a halter than with a horse."

"Ahem! your Excellency is pleased to be facetious. Loyalty's Reward is as perfect as Gustavus in all his exercises, and of a far finer figure. Marry! his social qualities are less cultivated, in respect he has kept till now inferior company."

"Not meaning his Excellency the General, I hope?" said Lord Menteith. "For shame, Sir Dugald!"

"My lord," answered the knight, gravely, "I am incapable to mean anything so utterly misbecoming. What I asseverate is, that his Excellency, having the same intercourse with his horse during his exercise that he hath with

his soldiers when training them, may form and break either to every feat of war which he chooses to practise, and accordingly that this noble charger is admirably managed. But as it is the intercourse of private life that formeth the social character, so I do not apprehend that of the single soldier to be much polished by the conversation of the corporal or the sergeant, or that of Loyalty's Reward to have been much dulcified, or ameliorated, by the society of his Excellency's grooms, who bestow more oaths, and kicks, and thumps, than kindness or caresses, upon the animals entrusted to their charge; whereby many a generous quadruped, rendered as it were misanthropic, manifests during the rest of his life a greater desire to kick and bite his master, than to love and to honour him."

15 "Spoken like an oracle," said Montrose. "Were there an academy for the education of horses to be annexed to the Marischal College of Aberdeen, Sir Dugald Dalgetty alone should fill the chair."

20 "Because, being an ass," said Menteith, aside to the general, "there would be some distant relation between the professor and the students."

"And now, with your Excellency's permission," said the new-made knight, "I am going to pay my last visit to the remains of my old companion-in-arms."

25 "Not with the purpose of going through the ceremonial of interment?" said the Marquis, who did not know how far Sir Dugald's enthusiasm might lead him; "consider, our brave fellows themselves will have but a hasty burial."

"Your Excellency will pardon me," said Dalgetty; 30 "my purpose is less romantic. I go to divide poor Gustavus's legacy with the fowls of heaven, leaving the flesh to them, and reserving to myself his hide; which, in token of affectionate remembrance, I propose to form into a cassock and trousers, after the Tartar fashion, to be

worn under my armour, in respect my nether garments are at present shamefully the worse of the wear. Alas! poor Gustavus, why didst thou not live at least one hour more, to have borne the honoured weight of knighthood upon thy loins!"

He was now turning away, when the Marquis called after him— 5

"As you are not likely to be anticipated in this act of kindness, Sir Dugald, to your old friend and companion, I trust," said the Marquis, "you will first assist me, and 10 our principal friends, to discuss some of Argyle's good cheer, of which we have found abundance in the castle."

"Most willingly, please your Excellency," said Sir Dugald; "as meat and mass never hinder work. Nor, indeed, am I afraid that the wolves or eagles will begin an 15 onslaught on Gustavus to-night, in regard there is so much better cheer lying all around. But," added he, "as I am to meet two honourable knights of England, with others of the knightly degree in your lordship's army, I pray it may be explained to them, that now, and in future, I claim 20 precedence over them all, in respect of my rank as a banneret, dubbed in a field of stricken battle."

"The devil confound him!" said Montrose, speaking aside; "he has contrived to set the kiln on fire as fast as I put it out. This is a point, Sir Dugald," said he, gravely 25 addressing him, "which I shall reserve for his Majesty's express consideration; in my camp, all must be upon equality, like the Knights of the Round Table; and take their places as soldiers should, upon the principle of,—first come, first served." 30

"Then I shall take care," said Menteith apart to the Marquis, "that Don Dugald is not first in place to-day. Sir Dugald," added he, raising his voice, "as you say your wardrobe is out of repair, had you not better go to the

enemy's baggage yonder, over which there is a guard placed? I saw them take out an excellent buff suit, embroidered in front in silk and silver."

"*Voto a Dios!* as the Spaniard says," exclaimed the
5 Major; "and some beggarly gillie may get it while I stand prating here!"

The prospect of booty having at once driven out of his head both Gustavus and the provant, he set spurs to Loyalty's Reward, and rode off through the field of battle.

10 "There goes the hound," said Menteith, "breaking the face, and trampling on the body, of many a better man than himself; and as eager on his sordid spoil as a vulture that stoops upon carrion. Yet this man the world calls a soldier; and you, my lord, select him as worthy of the
15 honours of chivalry, if such they can at this day be termed. You have made the collar of knighthood the decoration of a mere bloodhound."

"What could I do?" said Montrose. "I had no half-picked bones to give him, and bribed in some manner he
20 must be: I cannot follow the chase alone. Besides, the dog has good qualities."

"If nature has given him such," said Menteith, "habit has converted them into feelings of intense selfishness. He may be punctilious concerning his reputation, and
25 brave in the execution of his duty, but it is only because without these qualities he cannot rise in the service; nay, his very benevolence is selfish; he may defend his companion while he can keep his feet, but the instant he is down, Sir Dugald will be as ready to ease him of his
30 purse as he is to convert the skin of Gustavus into a buff jerkin."

"And yet, if all this were true, cousin," answered Montrose, "there is something convenient in commanding a soldier upon whose motives and springs of action you can

calculate to a mathematical certainty. A fine spirit like yours, my cousin, alive to a thousand sensations, to which this man's is as impervious as his corslet—it is for such that thy friend must feel, while he gives his advice." Then, suddenly changing his tone, he asked Menteith when he 5 had seen Annot Lyle.

The young earl coloured deeply, and answered, "Not since last evening—excepting," he added, with hesitation, "for one moment, about half an hour before the battle began."

"My dear Menteith," said Montrose very kindly, "were you one of the gay cavaliers of Whitehall, who are, in their way, as great self-seekers as our friend Dalgetty, should I need to plague you with inquiring into such an amourette as this? it would be an intrigue 15 only to be laughed at. But this is the land of enchantment, where nets strong as steel are wrought out of ladies' tresses, and you are exactly the destined knight to be so fettered. This poor girl is exquisitely beautiful, and has talents formed to captivate your romantic temper. You 20 cannot think of injuring her; you *cannot* think of marrying her?"

"My lord," replied Menteith, "you have repeatedly urged this jest, for so I trust it is meant, somewhat beyond bounds. Annot Lyle is of unknown birth—a 25 captive—the daughter, probably, of some obscure outlaw; a dependent on the hospitality of the M'Aulays."

"Do not be angry, Menteith," said the Marquis, interrupting him; "you love the classics, though not educated at Marischal College; and you may remember how many 30 gallant hearts captive beauty has subdued:—

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ.

In a word, I am seriously anxious about this. I should

not have time, perhaps," he added very gravely, "to trouble you with my lectures on the subject, were your feelings, and those of Annot, alone interested; but you have a dangerous rival in Allan M'Aulay, and there is
5 no knowing to what extent he may carry his resentment. It is my duty to tell you that the King's service may be much prejudiced by dissensions betwixt you."

"My lord," said Menteith, "I know what you mean is kind and friendly; I hope you will be satisfied when I
10 assure you that Allan M'Aulay and I have discussed this circumstance; and that I have explained to him, that as it is utterly remote from my character to entertain dishonourable views concerning this unprotected female; so, on the other hand, the obscurity of her birth prevents my
15 thinking of her upon other terms. I will not disguise from your lordship what I have not disguised from M'Aulay, that if Annot Lyle were born a lady she should share my name and rank; as matters stand, it is impossible. This explanation, I trust, will satisfy your
20 lordship, as it has satisfied a less reasonable person."

Montrose shrugged his shoulders. "And, like true champions in romance," he said, "you have agreed that you are both to worship the same mistress, as idolaters do the same image, and that neither shall extend his
25 pretensions further?"

"I did not go so far, my lord," answered Menteith; "I only said in the present circumstances—and there is no prospect of their being changed—I could, in duty to myself and family, stand in no relation to Annot Lyle but as that
30 of friend or brother. But your lordship must excuse me; I have," said he, looking at his arm, round which he had tied his handkerchief, "a slight hurt to attend to."

"A wound?" said Montrose, anxiously; "let me see it. Alas!" he said, "I should have heard nothing of this

had I not ventured to tent and sound another more secret and rankling one. Menteith, I am sorry for you; I too have known; but what avails it to awake sorrows which have long slumbered?"

So saying, he shook hands with his noble kinsman, 5 and walked into the castle.

Annot Lyle, as was not unusual for females in the Highlands, was possessed of a slight degree of medical, and even surgical skill. It may readily be believed that the profession of surgery, or medicine, as a separate art, 10 was unknown; and the few rude rules which they observed were entrusted to women, or to the aged, whom constant casualties afforded too much opportunity of acquiring experience. The care and attention, accordingly, of Annot Lyle, her attendants, and others acting under her direction, 15 had made her services extremely useful during this wild campaign. And most readily had these services been rendered to friend and foe, wherever they could be most useful. She was now in an apartment of the castle, anxiously superintending the preparation of vulnerary 20 herbs, to be applied to the wounded; receiving reports from different females respecting those under their separate charge, and distributing what means she had for their relief, when Allan M'Aulay suddenly entered the apartment. She started, for she had heard that he had left the 25 camp upon a distant mission; and however accustomed she was to the gloom of his countenance, it seemed at present to have even a darker shade than usual. He stood before her perfectly silent, and she felt the necessity of being the first to speak. 30

"I thought," she said, with some effort, "you had already set out?"

"My companion awaits me," said Allan; "I go instantly."

Yet still he stood before her, and held her by the arm with a pressure which, though insufficient to give her pain, made her sensible of his great personal strength, his hand closing on her like the gripe of a manacle.

- 5 "Shall I take the harp?" she said, in a timid voice; "is—is the shadow falling upon you?"

Instead of replying, he led her to the window of the apartment, which commanded a view of the field of the slain, with all its horrors. It was thick spread with dead
10 and wounded, and the spoilers were busy tearing the clothes from the victims of war and feudal ambition, with as much indifference as if they had not been of the same species, and themselves exposed, perhaps to-morrow, to the same fate.

- 15 "Does the sight please you?" said M'Aulay.

"It is hideous!" said Annot, covering her eyes with her hands; "how can you bid me look upon it?"

- "You must be inured to it," said he, "if you remain with this destined host; you will soon have to search such
20 a field for my brother's corpse—for Menteith's—for mine. But that will be a more indifferent task: you do not love me!"

- "This is the first time you have taxed me with unkindness," said Annot, weeping. "You are my brother—
25 my preserver—my protector—and can I then *but* love you? But your hour of darkness is approaching, let me fetch my harp——"

- "Remain," said Allan, still holding her fast; "be my visions from heaven or hell, or from the middle sphere of
30 disembodied spirits, or be they, as the Saxons hold, but the delusions of an overheated fancy, they do not now influence me; I speak the language of the natural, of the visible world. You love not me, Annot; you love Menteith, by him you are beloved again; and Allan is no

more to you than one of the corpses which encumber yonder heath."

"You forget," she said, "your own worth and nobleness when you insult so very helpless a being, and one whom fate has thrown so totally into your power. You know 5 who and what I am, and how impossible it is that Menteith or you can use the language of affection to me, beyond that of friendship. You know from what unhappy race I have too probably derived my existence."

"I will not believe it," said Allan, impetuously; "never 10 flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring."

"Yet the very doubt," pleaded Annot, "should make you forbear to use this language to me."

"I know," said M'Aulay, "it places a bar between us, but I know also that it divides you not so inseparably 15 from Menteith. Hear me, my beloved Annot! leave this scene of terrors and danger; go with me to Kintail. I will place you in the house of the noble lady of Seaforth; or you shall be removed in safety to Icolmkill, where some women yet devote themselves to the worship of God, after 20 the custom of our ancestors."

"You consider not what you ask of me," replied Annot; "to undertake such a journey, under your sole guardianship, were to show me less scrupulous than 25 maiden ought. I will remain here, Allan—here under the protection of the noble Montrose; and when his motions next approach the Lowlands, I will contrive some proper means to relieve you of one who has, she knows not how, become an object of dislike to you."

Allan stood as if uncertain whether to give way to 30 sympathy with her distress, or to anger at her resistance.

"Annot," he said, "you know too well how little your words apply to my feelings towards you; but you avail yourself of your power, and you rejoice in my departure,

as removing a spy upon your intercourse with Menteith. But beware both of you," he added, in a stern tone; "for when was it ever heard that an injury was offered to Allan M'Aulay, for which he exacted not tenfold vengeance?"

5 So saying, he pressed her arm forcibly, pulled the bonnet over his brows, and strode out of the apartment.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANNOT LYLE had now to contemplate the terrible gulf which Allan M'Aulay's declaration of love and jealousy had made to open around her. It seemed as if she was
10 tottering on the very brink of destruction, and was at once deprived of every refuge and of all human assistance. She had long been conscious that she loved Menteith dearer than a brother; indeed, how could it be otherwise, considering their early intimacy, the personal merit of the
15 young nobleman, his assiduous attentions, and his infinite superiority in gentleness of disposition and grace of manners, over the race of rude warriors with whom she lived? But her affection was of that quiet, timid meditative character, which sought rather a reflected share
20 in the happiness of the beloved object, than formed more presumptuous or daring hopes.

The furious declaration of Allan had destroyed the romantic plan which she had formed of nursing in secret her pensive tenderness, without seeking any other requital.
25 Long before this, she had dreaded Allan, as much as gratitude, and a sense that he softened towards her a temper so haughty and so violent, could permit her to do; but now she regarded him with unalloyed terror, which

a perfect knowledge of his disposition, and of his preceding history, too well authorised her to entertain. Whatever was in other respects the nobleness of his disposition, he had never been known to resist the wilfulness of passion : he walked in the house and in the country of his 5 fathers like a tamed lion, whom no one dared to contradict, lest they should awaken his natural vehemence of passion. So many years had elapsed since he had experienced contradiction, or even expostulation, that probably nothing but the strong good sense, which on all 10 points, his mysticism excepted, formed the ground of his character, prevented his proving an annoyance and terror to the whole neighbourhood. But Annot had not time to dwell upon her fears, being interrupted by the entrance of Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

“Mistress Annot Lyle,” said he, upon the present 15 occasion, “I am just now like the half-pike, or, spontoon of Achilles, one end of which could wound, and the other cure—a property belonging neither to Spanish pike, brown-bill, partizan, halberd, Lochaber axe, or indeed any 20 other modern staff-weapon whatever.”

This compliment he repeated twice ; but as Annot scarce heard him the first time, and did not comprehend him the second, he was obliged to explain.

“I mean,” he said, “Mistress Annot Lyle, that having 25 been the means of an honourable knight receiving a severe wound in this day’s conflict, he having pistoled, somewhat against the law of arms, my horse, which was named after the immortal King of Sweden, I am desirous of procuring him such solacement as you, madam, 30 can supply ; you being, like the heathen god Esculapius ” (meaning possibly Apollo), “skilful not only in song and in music, but in the more noble art of chirurgery ; *opiferque per orbem dicor.*”

"If you would have the goodness to explain," said Annot, too sick at heart to be amused by Sir Dugald's airs of pedantic gallantry.

"That, madam," replied the knight, "may not be so easy, as I am out of the habit of construing; but we shall try. *Dicor*, supply *ego*—I am called. *Opifer*? *opifer*? I remember *signifer* and *furcifer*, but I believe *opifer* stands in this place for M.D., that is, Doctor of Physic."

"This is a busy day with us all," said Annot; "will you say at once what you want with me?"

"Merely," replied Sir Dugald, "that you will visit my brother knight, and let your maiden bring some medicaments for his wound, which threatens to be what the learned call a *damnum fatale*."

15 Annot Lyle never lingered in the cause of humanity. She informed herself hastily of the nature of the injury, and interesting herself for the dignified old Chief whom she had seen at Darnlinvarach, and whose presence had so much struck her, she hastened to lose the sense of her
20 own sorrow for a time in the attempt to be useful to another.

Sir Dugald with great form ushered Annot Lyle to the chamber of her patient, in which, to her surprise, she found Lord Menteith. She could not help blushing
25 deeply at the meeting, but, to hide her confusion, proceeded instantly to examine the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, and easily satisfied herself that it was beyond her skill to cure it. As for Sir Dugald, he returned to a large outhouse, on the floor of which, among other
30 wounded men, was deposited the person of Ranald of the Mist.

"Mine old friend," said the Knight, "as I told you before, I would willingly do anything to pleasure you, in return for the wound you have received while under my

safe-conduct. I have, therefore, according to your earnest request, sent Mistress Annot Lyle to attend upon the wound of the Knight of Ardenvoehr, though wherein her doing so should benefit you, I cannot imagine. I think you once spoke of some blood relationship between them; 5 but a soldado, in command and charge like me, has other things to trouble his head with than Highland genealogies."

And indeed, to do the worthy major justice, he never inquired after, listened to, or recollected, the business of 10 other people, unless it either related to the art military, or was somehow or other connected with his own interest, in either of which cases his memory was very tenacious.

"And now, my good friend of the Mist," said he, "can you tell me what has become of your hopeful grandson, as 15 I have not seen him since he assisted me to disarm after the action, a negligence which deserveth the strapado?"

"He is not far from hence," said the wounded outlaw; "lift not your hand upon him, for he is man enough to pay a yard of leathern scourge with a foot of tempered 20 steel."

"A most improper vaunt," said Sir Dugald; "but I owe you some favours, Ranald, and therefore shall let it pass."

"And if you think you owe me anything," said the outlaw, "it is in your power to requite me by granting me a 25 boon."

"Friend Ranald," answered Dalgetty, "I have read of these boons in silly story-books, whereby simple knights were drawn into engagements to their great prejudice; wherefore, Ranald, the more prudent knights of this day 30 never promise anything until they know that they may keep their word anent the promises, without any displeasure or incommodement to themselves. It may be you would have me engage the female surgeon to visit your

wound; though you ought to consider, Ranald, that the uncleanness of the place where you are deposited may somewhat soil the gaiety of her garments, concerning the preservation of which, you may have observed, women are apt to be inordinately solicitous. I lost the favour of the lady of the Grand Pensionary of Amsterdam, by touching with the sole of my boot the train of her black velvet gown, which I mistook for a foot-cloth, it being half the room distant from her person."

10 "It is not to bring Annot Lyle hither," answered MacEagh, "but to transport me into the room where she is in attendance upon the Knight of Ardenvoehr. Somewhat I have to say of the last consequence to them both."

15 "It is something out of the order of due precedence," said Dalgetty, "to carry a wounded outlaw into the presence of a knight; knighthood having been of yore, and being, in some respects, still, the highest military grade, independent always of commissioned officers, who rank
20 according to their patents; nevertheless, as your boon, as you call it, is so slight, I shall not deny compliance with the same." So saying, he ordered three files of men to transport MacEagh on their shoulders to Sir Duncan Campbell's apartment, and he himself hastened before to
25 announce the cause of his being brought thither. But such was the activity of the soldiers employed, that they followed him close at the heels, and, entering with their ghastly burden, laid MacEagh on the floor of the apartment. His features, naturally wild, were now distorted by pain; his
30 hands and scanty garments stained with his own blood and that of others, which no kind hand had wiped away, although the wound in his side had been secured by a bandage.

"Are you," he said, raising his head painfully towards

the couch where lay stretched his late antagonist, "he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvoehr?"

"The same," answered Sir Duncan; "what would you with one whose hours are now numbered?"

"My hours are reduced to minutes," said the outlaw; 5
"the more grace, if I bestow them in the service of one whose hand has ever been against me, as mine has been raised higher against him."

"Thine higher against me, crushed worm!" said the knight, looking down on his miserable adversary. 10

"Yes," answered the outlaw, in a firm voice, "my arm hath been highest. In the deadly contest betwixt us, the wounds I have dealt have been deepest, though thine have neither been idle nor unfelt. I am Ranald MacEagh—I am Ranald of the Mist; the night that I gave thy castle 15
to the winds in one huge blaze of fire, is now matched with the day in which you have fallen under the sword of my fathers. Remember the injuries thou hast done our tribe; never were such inflicted, save by *one*, beside thee. HE, they say, is fated and secure against our vengeance; a 20
short time will show."

"My Lord Menteith," said Sir Duncan, raising himself out of his bed, "this is a proclaimed villain, at once the enemy of king and Parliament, of God and man; one of the outlawed banditti of the Mist; alike the enemy of 25
your house, of the M'Aulays, and of mine. I trust you will not suffer moments, which are perhaps my last, to be embittered by his barbarous triumph."

"He shall have the treatment he merits," said Menteith; 30
"let him be instantly removed."

Sir Dugald here interposed, and spoke of Ranald's services as a guide, and his own pledge for his safety; but the high, harsh tones of the outlaw drowned his voice.

"No," said he, "be rack and gibbet the word! Let me

wither between heaven and earth, and gorge the hawks and eagles of Ben Nevis; and so shall this haughty Knight, and this triumphant Thane, never learn the secret I alone can impart; a secret which would make Ardenvohr's heart
5 leap with joy, were he in the death agony, and which the Earl of Menteith would purchase at the price of his broad earldom. Come hither, Annot Lyle," he said, raising himself with unexpected strength, "fear not the sight of him to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell these proud
10 men, who disdain thee as the issue of mine ancient race, that thou art no blood of ours,—no daughter of the race of the Mist, but born in halls as lordly, and cradled on couch as soft, as ever soothed infancy in their proudest palaces."

15 "In the name of God," said Menteith, trembling with emotion, "if you know aught of the birth of this lady, do thy conscience the justice to disburden it of the secret before departing from this world!"

"And bless my enemies with my dying breath?" said
20 MacEagh, looking at him malignantly. "Such are the maxims your priests preach; but when, or towards whom, do you practise them? Let me know first the worth of my secret ere I part with it. What would you give, Knight of Ardenvohr, to know that your superstitious fasts have
25 been vain, and that there still remains a descendant of your house? I pause for an answer; without it, I speak not one word more."

"I could," said Sir Duncan, his voice struggling between the emotions of doubt, hatred, and anxiety—"I
30 could—but that I know thy race are like the Great Enemy, liars and murderers from the beginning—but could it be true thou tellest me, I could almost forgive thee the injuries thou hast done me."

"Hear it!" said Ranald; "he hath wagered deeply

for a son of Diarmid. And you, gentle Thane—the report of the camp says that you would purchase with life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyle was no daughter of proscription, but of a race noble in your estimation as your own. Well, it is for no love I tell you. The time has 5 been that I would have exchanged this secret against liberty; I am now bartering it for what is dearer than liberty or life. Annot Lyle is the youngest, the sole surviving child of the Knight of Ardenvoehr, who alone was saved when all in his halls besides was given to 10 blood and ashes.”

“Can this man speak truth?” said Annot Lyle, scarce knowing what she said, “or is this some strange delusion?”

“Maiden,” replied Ranald, “hadst thou dwelt longer 15 with us, thou wouldst have better learnt to know how to distinguish the accents of truth. To that Saxon lord, and to the Knight of Ardenvoehr, I will yield such proofs of what I have spoken that incredulity shall stand convinced. Meantime, withdraw; I loved thine infancy, I 20 hate not thy youth: no eye hates the rose in its blossom, though it groweth upon a thorn, and for thee only do I something regret what is soon to follow. But he that would avenge him of his foe must not reck though the guiltless be engaged in the ruin.”

25 “He advises well, Annot,” said Lord Menteith; “in God’s name retire! If—if there be aught in this, your meeting with Sir Duncan must be more prepared, for both your sakes.”

“I will not part from my father, if I have found 30 one!” said Annot. “I will not part from him under circumstances so terrible.”

“And a father you shall ever find in me,” murmured Sir Duncan.

"Then," said Menteith, "I will have MacEagh removed into an adjacent apartment, and will collect the evidence of his tale myself. Sir Dugald Dalgetty will give me his attendance and assistance."

5 "With pleasure, my lord," answered Sir Dugald. "I will be your confessor or assessor, either or both. No one can be so fit, for I had heard the whole story a month ago at Inverary Castle; but onslaughts like that of Ardenvohr confuse each other in my memory, which is
10 besides occupied with matters of more importance."

Upon hearing this frank declaration, which was made as they left the apartment with the wounded man, Lord Menteith darted upon Dalgetty a look of extreme anger and disdain, to which the self-conceit of the worthy com-
15 mander rendered him totally insensible.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EARL OF MENTEITH, as he had undertaken, so he proceeded to investigate more closely the story told by Ranald of the Mist, which was corroborated by the examination of his two followers, who had assisted in the
20 capacity of guides. These declarations he carefully compared with such circumstances concerning the destruction of his castle and family as Sir Duncan Campbell was able to supply; and it may be supposed he had forgotten nothing relating to an event of such terrific importance.
25 It was of the last consequence to prove that this was no invention of the outlaw's, for the purpose of passing an impostor as the child and heiress of Ardenvohr.

Perhaps Menteith, so much interested in believing the

tale, was not altogether the fittest person to be entrusted with the investigation of its truth; but the examinations of the Children of the Mist were simple, accurate, and in all respects consistent with each other. A personal mark was referred to, which was known to have been borne by the infant child of Sir Duncan, and which appeared upon the left shoulder of Annot Lyle. It was also well remembered that when the miserable relics of the other children had been collected, those of the infant had nowhere been found. Other circumstances of evidence, which it is unnecessary to quote, brought the fullest conviction not only to Monteith, but to the unprejudiced mind of Montrose, that in Annot Lyle, a humble dependant, distinguished only by beauty and talent, they were in future to respect the heiress of Ardenvohr.

While Monteith hastened to communicate the result of these inquiries to the persons most interested, the outlaw demanded to speak with his grandchild, whom he usually called his son. "He would be found," he said, "in the outer apartment, in which he himself had been originally deposited."

Accordingly, the young savage, after a close search, was found lurking in a corner, coiled up among some rotten straw, and brought to his grandsire.

"Kenneth," said the old outlaw, "hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier and Allan of the Red Hand left this camp within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pursue them as the bloodhound pursues the hurt deer, swim the lake, climb the mountain, thread the forest, tarry not until you join them;" and then the countenance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, and he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the thong of leather that confined his

scanty plaid. "No!" said the old man; "it is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news from the camp: say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvoehr; that
5 the Thane of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it. And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor
10 hear the light sound of thy footstep—yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the
15 possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood and drew the water for ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the midst of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich
20 garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down; on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine, in the leafy summer and in the days of the iron winter, Son of the Mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord, receive no law, take no
25 hire, give no stipend, build no hut, enclose no pasture, sow no grain; let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds; if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of such Gael as are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour
30 and freedom. Well for us that they do so; it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIain shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his

hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid, the race of Darnlinvarach, the riders of Menteith, my curse on thy head, 5 Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names when the time shall offer for cutting them off! And it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone; shake the dust from 10 thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit.—Begone!—begone!—live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race!” 15

The young savage stooped and kissed the brow of his dying parent; but, accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp. 20

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion.

“I cannot think, my friend Ranald,” said he, “that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, 25 onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are indeed a soldier's daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in the course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors and cut-throats to all fortified towns. 30 Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly favoured by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all services of Europe it is the custom

of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you
5 please, I will intercede with his Excellency's chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a
10 fair way of doing."

The only answer of the dying man—for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered—was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the castle. The deep frost mist, which had
15 long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged glen and gully, where the craggy ridges showed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour.

"Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called
20 by our race our father and our preserver, receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered."

So saying, he sunk back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no further word, but turned his face to
25 the wall for a short space.

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr. Wisheart, Montrose's military chaplain; "a man,"
30 said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," said the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest; I die contented. Hadst thou ever an enemy

against whom weapons were of no avail, whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered, and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment? Heardst thou ever of such a foe?"

"Very frequently, when I served in Germany," replied 5 Sir Dugald. "There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt; he was proof both against lead and steel. The soldiers killed him with the butts of their muskets."

"This impassible foe," said Ranald, without regarding the major's interruption, "who has the blood dearest to 10 me upon his hands—to this man I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair, and sudden death, or a life more miserable than death itself. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red Hand when he learns that Annot weds Menteith; and I ask no more than the certainty that 15 it is so, to sweeten my own bloody end by his hand."

"If that be the case," said the major, "there's no more to be said; but I shall take care as few people see you as possible, for I cannot think your mode of departure can be at all creditable or exemplary to a Christian army." 20

So saying, he left the apartment, and the Son of the Mist soon after breathed his last.

Menteith, in the meanwhile, leaving the new-found relations to their mutual feelings of mingled emotion, was eagerly discussing with Montrose the consequences 25 of this discovery.

"I should now see," said the Marquis, "even had I not before observed it, that your interest in this discovery, my dear Menteith, has no small reference to your own happiness. You love this new-found lady—your affection is 30 returned. In point of birth, no exceptions can be made; in every other respect, her advantages are equal to those which you yourself possess. Think, however, a moment. Sir Duncan is a fanatic—Presbyterian at least—in arms

against the King; he is only with us in the quality of a prisoner, and we are, I fear, but at the commencement of a long civil war. Is this a time, think you, Menteith, for you to make proposals for his heiress? Or what chance
5 is there that he will now listen to it?"

Passion, an ingenious, as well as an eloquent advocate, supplied the young nobleman with a thousand answers to these objections. He reminded Montrose that the Knight of Ardenvohr was neither a bigot in politics nor religion.
10 He urged his own known and proved zeal for the royal cause, and hinted that its influence might be extended and strengthened by his wedding the heiress of Ardenvohr. He pleaded the dangerous state of Sir Duncan's wound, the risk which must be run by suffering the young lady
15 to be carried into the country of the Campbells, where, in case of her father's death, or continued indisposition, she must necessarily be placed under the guardianship of Argyle, an event fatal to his (Menteith's) hopes, unless he could stoop to purchase his favour by abandoning the
20 King's party.

Montrose allowed the force of these arguments, and owned, although the matter was attended with difficulty, yet it seemed consistent with the King's service that it should be concluded as speedily as possible.

25 "I could wish," said he, "that it were all settled in one way or another, and that this fair Briseis were removed from our camp before the return of our Highland Achilles, Allan M'Aulay. I fear some fatal feud in that quarter, Menteith; and I believe it would be best that Sir Duncan
30 be dismissed on his parole, and that you accompany him and his daughter as his escort. The journey can be made chiefly by water, so will not greatly incommode his wound; and your own, my friend, will be an honourable excuse for an absence for some time from my camp."

"Never!" said Menteith. "Were I to forfeit the very hope that has so lately dawned upon me, never will I leave your Excellency's camp while the royal standard is displayed. I should deserve that this trifling scratch should gangrene and consume my sword-arm, were I 5 capable of holding it as an excuse for absence at this crisis of the King's affairs."

"On this, then, you are determined?" said Montrose.

"As fixed as Ben Nevis," said the young nobleman.

"You must, then," said Montrose, "lose no time in 10 seeking an explanation with the Knight of Ardenvoehr. If this prove favourable, I will talk myself with the elder M'Aulay, and we will devise means to employ his brother at a distance from the army until he shall be reconciled to his present disappointment. Would to God some 15 vision would descend upon his imagination fair enough to obliterate all traces of Annot Lyle! That perhaps you think impossible, Menteith? Well, each to his service; you to that of Cupid, and I to that of Mars."

They parted, and, in pursuance of the scheme arranged, 20 Menteith, early on the ensuing morning, sought a private interview with the wounded Knight of Ardenvoehr, and communicated to him his suit for the hand of his daughter.

The result of this interview was favourable to Menteith. Sir Duncan Campbell became fully sensible that 25 the happiness of his new-found daughter depended upon a union with her lover; and unless such were now formed, he saw that Argyle would throw a thousand obstacles in the way of a match in every respect acceptable to himself. Menteith's private character was so excellent, and such 30 was the rank and consideration due to his fortune and family, that they outbalanced, in Sir Duncan's opinion, the difference in their political opinions. Nor could he have resolved, perhaps, had his own opinion of the match

been less favourable, to decline an opportunity of indulging the new-found child of his hopes. There was, besides, a feeling of pride which dictated his determination. To produce the heiress of Ardenvoehr to the world as one who
5 had been educated a poor dependant and musician in the family of Darnlinvarach, had something in it that was humiliating. To introduce her as the betrothed bride, or wedded wife, of the Earl of Menteith, upon an attachment formed during her obscurity, was a warrant to the world
10 that she had at all times been worthy of the rank to which she was elevated.

It was under the influence of these considerations that Sir Duncan Campbell announced to the lovers his consent that they should be married, in the chapel of the castle,
15 by Montrose's chaplain, and as privately as possible. But when Montrose should break up from Inverlochy, for which orders were expected in the course of a very few days, it was agreed that the young countess should depart with her father to his castle, and remain there until the
20 circumstances of the nation permitted Menteith to retire with honour from his present military employment. His resolution being once taken, Sir Duncan Campbell would not permit the maidenly scruples of his daughter to delay its execution; and it was therefore resolved that the
25 bridal should take place the next evening, being the second after the battle.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was necessary, for many reasons, that Angus M'Aulay, so long the kind protector of Annot Lyle, should be made acquainted with the change in the fortunes of his late *protégée*; and Montrose, as he had undertaken, communicated to him these remarkable events. With the careless 5 and cheerful indifference of his character, he expressed much more joy than wonder at Annot's good fortune; had no doubt whatever she would merit it, and as she had always been bred in loyal principles, would convey the whole estate of her grim fanatical father to some honest 10 fellow who loved the King.

"I should have no objection that my brother Allan should try his chance," added he, "notwithstanding that Sir Duncan Campbell was the only man who ever charged Darnlinvarach with inhospitality. Annot Lyle could 15 always charm Allan out of the sullens, and who knows whether matrimony might not make him more a man of this world."

Montrose hastened to interrupt the progress of his castle-building, by informing him that the lady was 20 already wooed and won, and, with her father's approbation, was almost immediately to be wedded to his kinsman, the Earl of Menteith; and that in testimony of the high respect due to M'Aulay, so long the lady's protector, he was now to request his presence at the cere- 25 mony. M'Aulay looked very grave at this intimation, and drew up his person with the air of one who thought that he had been neglected.

"He conceived," he said, "that his uniform kind treatment of the young lady, while so many years under his 30

roof, required something more upon such an occasion than a bare compliment of ceremony. He might," he thought, "without arrogance, have expected to have been consulted. He wished his kinsman of Menteith well, no man could
5 wish him better; but he must say he thought he had been hasty in this matter. Allan's sentiments towards the young lady had been pretty well understood, and he, for one, could not see why the superior pretensions which he had upon her gratitude should have been set aside,
10 without at least undergoing some previous discussion."

Montrose, seeing too well where all this pointed, entreated M'Aulay to be reasonable, and to consider what probability there was that the Knight of Ardenvohr could be brought to confer the hand of his sole heiress
15 upon Allan, whose undeniable excellent qualities were mingled with others, by which they were overclouded in a manner that made all tremble who approached him.

"My lord," said Angus M'Aulay, "my brother Allan has, as God made us all, faults as well as merits; but he
20 is the best and bravest man of your army, be the other who he may, and therefore ill deserved that his happiness should have been so little consulted by your Excellency—by his own near kinsman—and by a young person who owes all to him and to his family."

Montrose in vain endeavoured to place the subject in
25 a different view; this was the point in which Angus was determined to regard it, and he was a man of that calibre of understanding, who is incapable of being convinced when he has once adopted a prejudice. Montrose now assumed
30 a higher tone, and called upon Angus to take care how he nourished any sentiments which might be prejudicial to his Majesty's service. He pointed out to him, that he was peculiarly desirous that Allan's efforts should not be interrupted in the course of his present mission; "a mission,"

he said, "highly honourable for himself, and likely to prove most advantageous to the King's cause. He expected his brother would hold no communication with him upon other subjects, nor stir up any cause of dissension which might divert his mind from a matter of such importance." 5

Angus answered somewhat sulkily, that "he was no make-bate, or stirrer up of quarrels; he would rather be a peacemaker. His brother knew as well as most men how to resent his own quarrels; as for Allan's mode of receiving information, it was generally believed he had 10 other sources than those of ordinary couriers. He should not be surprised if they saw him sooner than they expected."

A promise that he would not interfere, was the furthest to which Montrose could bring this man, thoroughly good- 15 tempered as he was on all occasions, save when his pride, interest, or prejudices were interfered with. And at this point the Marquis was fain to leave the matter for the present.

A more willing guest at the bridal ceremony, certainly 20 a more willing attendant at the marriage feast, was to be expected in Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whom Montrose resolved to invite, as having been a confidant to the circumstances which preceded it. But even Sir Dugald hesitated, looked on the elbows of his doublet and the knees of his leather 25 breeches, and mumbled out a sort of reluctant acquiescence in the invitation, provided he should find it possible, after consulting with the noble bridegroom. Montrose was somewhat surprised, but, scorning to testify displeasure, he left Sir Dugald to pursue his own course. 30

This carried him instantly to the chamber of the bridegroom, who, amidst the scanty wardrobe which his camp-equipage afforded, was seeking for such articles as might appear to the best advantage upon the approaching occasion.

Sir Dugald entered, and paid his compliments, with a very grave face, upon his approaching happiness, which, he said, "he was very sorry he was prevented from witnessing."

"In plain truth," said he, "I should but disgrace the
5 ceremony, seeing that I lack a bridal garment. Rents, and open seams, and tatters at elbows, in the apparel of the assistants, might presage a similar solution of continuity in your matrimonial happiness; and to say truth, my lord, you yourself must partly have the blame of this disap-
10 pointment, in respect you sent me upon a fool's errand to get a buff coat out of the booty taken by the Camerons, whereas you might as well have sent me to fetch a pound of fresh butter out of a black dog's throat. I had no answer, my lord, but brandished dirks and broadswords,
15 and a sort of growling and jabbering in what they call their language. For my part, I believe these Highlanders to be no better than absolute pagans, and have been much scandalized by the manner in which my acquaintance, Ranald MacEagh, was pleased to beat his final march,
20 a little while since."

In Menteith's state of mind, disposed to be pleased with everything and everybody, the grave complaint of Sir Dugald furnished additional amusement. He requested his acceptance of a very handsome buff dress which was
25 lying on the floor.

"I had intended it," he said, "for my own bridal garment, as being the least formidable of my warlike equipments, and I have here no peaceful dress."

Sir Dugald made the necessary apologies—would not
30 by any means deprive—and so forth, until it happily occurred to him that it was much more according to military rule that the earl should be married in his back and breast pieces, which dress he had seen the bridegroom wear at the union of Prince Leo of Wittlesbach with the

youngest daughter of old George Frederick of Saxony, under the auspices of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and so forth. The good-natured young earl laughed and acquiesced; and thus, having secured at least one merry face at his bridal, he put on 5 a light and ornamented cuirass, concealed partly by a velvet coat, and partly by a broad blue silk scarf, which he wore over his shoulder, agreeably to his rank and the fashion of the times.

Everything was now arranged: and it had been settled 10 that, according to the custom of the country, the bride and bridegroom should not again meet until they were before the altar. The hour had already struck that summoned the bridegroom thither, and he only waited in a small anteroom adjacent to the chapel, for the Marquis, who 15 condescended to act as bridesman upon the occasion. Business relating to the army having suddenly required the Marquis's immediate attention, Menteith waited his return, it may be supposed, in some impatience; and when he heard the door of the apartment open, he said, 20 laughing, "You are late upon parade."

"You will find I am too early," said Allan M'Aulay, who burst into the apartment. "Draw, Menteith, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!"

"You are mad, Allan!" answered Menteith, astonished 25 alike at his sudden appearance, and at the unutterable fury of his demeanour. His cheeks were livid, his eyes started from their sockets, his lips were covered with foam, and his gestures were those of a demoniac.

"You lie, traitor!" was his frantic reply—"you lie in 30 that, as you lie in all you have said to me. Your life is a lie!"

"Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad," said Menteith, indignantly, "your own life were

a brief one. In what do you charge me with deceiving you?"

"You told me," answered M'Aulay, "that you would not marry Annot Lyle! False traitor! she now waits
5 you at the altar."

"It is you who speak false," retorted Menteith. "I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union—that is now removed; and whom do you think yourself, that I should yield up my pretensions in your
10 favour?"

"Draw, then," said M'Aulay; "we understand each other."

"Not now," said Menteith, "and not here. Allan, you know me well; wait till to-morrow, and you shall
15 have fighting enough."

"This hour, this instant, or never," answered M'Aulay. "Your triumph shall not go further than the hour which is stricken. Menteith, I entreat you, by our relationship, by our joint conflicts and labours, draw your sword
20 and defend your life!" As he spoke, he seized the earl's hand, and wrung it with such frantic earnestness, that his grasp forced the blood to start under the nails.

Menteith threw him off with violence, exclaiming,
25 "Begone, madman!"

"Then, be the vision accomplished!" said Allan; and, drawing his dirk, struck with his whole gigantic force at the earl's bosom. The temper of the corslet threw the point of the weapon upwards; but a deep
30 wound took place between the neck and shoulder, and the force of the blow prostrated the bridegroom on the floor. Montrose entered at one side of the ante-room. The bridal company, alarmed at the noise, were in equal apprehension and surprise; but ere Montrose

could almost see what had happened, Allan M'Aulay had rushed past him, and descended the castle stairs like lightning.

"Guards, shut the gate!" exclaimed Montrose. "Seize him; kill him, if he resists! He shall die, if he were my 5 brother!"

But Allan prostrated, with a second blow of his dagger, a sentinel who was upon duty, traversed the camp like a mountain-deer, though pursued by all who caught the alarm, threw himself into the river, and, swimming to 10 the opposite side, was soon lost among the woods. In the course of the same evening, his brother Angus and his followers left Montrose's camp, and, taking the road homeward, never again rejoined him.

Of Allan himself it is said, that in a wonderfully 15 short space after the deed was committed, he burst into a room in the castle of Inverary, where Argyle was sitting in council, and flung on the table his bloody dirk.

"Is it the blood of James Graham?" said Argyle, a ghastly expression of hope mixing with the terror which 20 the sudden apparition naturally excited.

"It is the blood of his minion," answered M'Aulay. "It is the blood which I was predestined to shed, though I would rather have spilt my own."

Having thus spoken, he turned and left the castle, and 25 from that moment nothing certain is known of his fate. As the boy Kenneth, with three of the Children of the Mist, were seen soon afterwards to cross Loch Fyne, it is supposed they dogged his course, and that he perished by their hand in some obscure wilderness. Another opinion 30 maintains, that Allan M'Aulay went abroad, and died a monk of the Carthusian order. But nothing beyond bare presumption could ever be brought in support of either opinion.

His vengeance was much less complete than he probably fancied; for Menteith, though so severely wounded as to remain long in a dangerous state, was, by having adopted Major Dalgetty's fortunate recommendation of a 5 cuirass as a bridal garment, happily secured from the worst consequences of the blow. But his services were lost to Montrose; and it was thought best that he should be conveyed with his intended countess, now truly a mourning bride, and should accompany his wounded 10 father-in-law to the castle of Sir Duncan at Ardenvoehr. Dalgetty followed them to the water's edge, reminding Menteith of the necessity of erecting a sconce on Drumsnab to cover his lady's newly acquired inheritance.

They performed their voyage in safety, and Menteith 15 was in a few weeks so well in health, as to be united to Annot in the castle of her father.

The Highlanders were somewhat puzzled to reconcile Menteith's recovery with the visions of the second-sight, and the more experienced seers were displeased with him 20 for not having died. But others thought the credit of the vision sufficiently fulfilled by the wound inflicted by the hand, and with the weapon, foretold; and all were of opinion that the incident of the ring with the death's head related to the death of the bride's father, who did 25 not survive her marriage many months. The incredulous held that all this was idle dreaming, and that Allan's supposed vision was but a consequence of the private suggestions of his own passion, which, having long seen in Menteith a rival more beloved than himself, 30 struggled with his better nature, and impressed upon him, as it were involuntarily, the idea of killing his competitor.

Menteith did not recover sufficiently to join Montrose during his brief and glorious career; and when that heroic

general disbanded his army and retired from Scotland, Menteith resolved to adopt the life of privacy which he led till the Restoration. After that happy event, he occupied a situation in the land befitting his rank, lived long, happy alike in public regard and in domestic 5 affection, and died at a good old age.

NOTES TO "A LEGEND OF MONTROSE "

CHAPTER I.

- Page 2, l. 30. **cuirass**, a steel breastplate.
Page 2, l. 32. **buff jerkin**, a leathern jacket.
Page 3, l. 9. **musketoön**, a short musket, with a wide bore.
Page 3, l. 11. **jack-boots**, high leather boots, with projecting pieces round the knees.
Page 4, l. 21. **whilk**, which.
Page 4, l. 34. **Marischal College**, founded by Geo. Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. Now, along with King's College, forming the University of Aberdeen.
Page 5, l. 1. **logicé** (Lat.), by logic.
Page 5, l. 8. **Gustavus**, King of Sweden (1594-1632), the champion of the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War.
Page 5, l. 9. **Lutheran**, a follower of Luther, the Great Protestant Reformer.
Page 5, l. 9. **Calvinist**, a follower of Calvin, who founded the Reformed Protestant, or Calvinistic, Church.
Page 5, l. 9. **Papist**, a Roman Catholic.
Page 5, l. 10. **Arminian**, a believer in the doctrines of Arminius, a Dutch divine (1560-1609).
Page 5, l. 23. **ambuscade**, the lying in wait of a body of troops to take an enemy by surprise.
Page 5, l. 32. **bon camarado**, a faithful comrade.
Page 6, l. 20. **Rittmaster** (Ger., *rittmeister*), a cavalry captain.
Page 6, l. 33. **Leipsic**, the battle in which Gustavus Adolphus defeated Tilly (1631).
Page 6, l. 33. **Lützen**, the battle in which the Swedes defeated the great Catholic captain, Wallenstein, but with the loss of their king, Gustavus (1632).
Page 7, l. 3. **leaguers**, sieges.
Page 7, l. 6. **dooms**, confoundedly.
Page 7, l. 13. **lance-spessade**, an inferior officer.
Page 7, l. 13. **halberd**, a combination of spear and battle-axe, used for either cutting or thrusting.
Page 7, l. 15. **fahn-dragger** (Ger., *fahnenträger*), a standard-bearer.
Page 7, l. 15. **High Dutch** (Ger., *Hoch Deutsch*), modern German.

Page 7, l. 16. **leif-regiment**, probably *leib-regiment* (Ger.), the king's own regiment, of which he is colonel. The king's bodyguard.

Page 8, l. 3. **loan** (probably Ger. *Lohn*), reward, pay—a play upon words.

Page 8, l. 6. **Holsteiner**, a native of the province Holstein, now part of Prussia.

Page 8, l. 7. **scullion**, a servant who cleans the kitchen utensils.

Page 8, l. 8. **gelt**, German for "money."

Page 8, l. 18. **doorp**, Dutch for town. English, *thorpe*.

Page 8, l. 32. **stift**, bishopric. Some of the German bishops were ruling princes, ruling considerable territories.

Page 8, l. 33. **Palsgrave**, Frederick V. (son-in-law of James I. of England), Count of the Palatine, a province between Lorraine and the Rhine.

Page 9, l. 1. **caduacs**, confiscations; property forfeited.

Page 9, l. 30. **Wallenstein, Tilly, Pappenheim**, Generals on the Catholic side, in the Thirty Years' War.

Page 9, l. 33. **soldado**, a hired soldier.

Page 10, l. 2. **grice** (Low Scot.), a young pig.

Page 10, l. 18. **batoon**, a bâton, a symbol of the rank of commander.

Page 10, l. 23. **rencontre** (Fr.), a meeting; duel.

Page 10, l. 24. **oberst**, (Ger.), a Colonel.

Page 11, l. 23. **casus improvisus** (Lat.), an unforeseen case.

Page 11, l. 27. **tertia** (Lat.), regiment.

Page 11, l. 33. **homolgate**, sanction.

Page 12, l. 7. **mutchkins** (Low Scot.), a Scottish liquid measure, equal to four gills.

Page 12, l. 7. **kirschenwasser** (Ger.), cherry brandy.

Page 12, l. 16. **Naaman**, see II. Kings, chap. v.

Page 12, l. 23. **ingan** (Low Scot.), an onion.

Page 12, l. 32. **High Mightinesses**, a title assumed by the United States of Holland in 1639.

Page 12, l. 33. **jump**, agree with.

Page 13, l. 7. **peccadilloes**, small offences.

CHAPTER II

Page 13, l. 19. **cæteris paribus** (Lat.), other things being equal.

Page 13, l. 24. **peculiar**, exclusive, or special property.

Page 13, l. 26. **strath**, a river valley.

Page 13, l. 28. **Leven**, Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, commander of the Army of the Covenanters.

Page 14, l. 1. **Saunders**, a common name in the Lowlands of Scotland.

Page 14, l. 3. **rochet**, a kind of short surplice worn by Catholic bishops.

Page 14, l. 4. **Geneva cap and band**, worn by ministers in Calvinistic Churches. Calvin lived and taught in Geneva.

- Page 14, l. 32. **Scythians**, warlike tribes inhabiting the district north and east of the Black and Caspian Seas, in ancient times.
 Page 14, l. 33. **salvage**, savage.
 Page 15, l. 21. **cullion**, a low fellow.
 Page 15, l. 22. **Lanzknechts** (Ger., *Landsknechts*), German mercenary soldiers.
 Page 15, l. 25. **ex contrario** (Lat.), on the contrary.
 Page 17, l. 10. **farl**, a fourth part (comp. farthing).
 Page 17, l. 13. **gird**, belt.

CHAPTER III.

- Page 17, l. 16. **scathed**, injured, withered.
 Page 17, l. 23. **corps de logis** (Fr.), the main body of a building.
 Page 17, l. 23. **bartizan**, a small overhanging turret, pierced with openings for archers.
 Page 18, l. 12. **Bitias and Pandarus**, two giant brothers, companions of Æneas, who were killed by Turnus, while defending the gate of the Trojan camp in Latium, Italy.
 Page 18, l. 12. **Æneid**, the epic poem of Virgil, which relates the adventures of Æneas after the siege of Troy.
 Page 19, l. 1. **queichs and bickers**, wooden drinking vessels.
 Page 19, l. 16. **Fat the waur is't?** What the worse is it?
 Page 19, l. 26. **targets**, round Highland shields, covered with oxhide.
 Page 19, l. 26. **claymores**, basket-hilted, double-edged, Highland swords.
 Page 19, l. 27. **dirks**, daggers.
 Page 19, l. 27. **matchlock**, a gun fired by means of a slow match, i.e. a roll of tow dipped in saltpetre.
 Page 19, l. 27. **firelock**, a gun fired by means of a flint striking on a steel pan.
 Page 19, l. 28. **Lochaber axes**, a pole with an axe at the end, used formerly by Highlanders in war (from Lochaber in Inverness).
 Page 19, l. 30. **habergeon**, a short coat of mail, without sleeves.
 Page 20, l. 6. **usquebaugh** (Gael.), whisky.
 Page 20, l. 18. **If all be good that is upcome**, if all he says is reliable.
 Page 20, l. 20. **Teagues**, undisciplined Irishmen.
 Page 21, l. 10. **Sons of Zeruiah**. These were Abishai, Joab, and Asahel—the three leading heroes of King David's army.
 Page 21, l. 26. **mauna** (Low Scot.), must not.
 Page 22, l. 21. **yett** (Low Scot.), a gate.
 Page 22, l. 22. **partan** (Gael.), a crab.
 Page 22, l. 30. **tiernach** (Gael.), the chief of the clan.
 Page 23, l. 14. **ken** (Low Scot.), know.
 Page 24, l. 7. **Non compos mentis** (Lat.), not in his right mind.
 Page 24, l. 12. **provant**, food, army rations.
 Page 24, l. 16. **morgenstern** (Ger.), a mace or club with projecting spikes.

- Page 24, l. 29. **calabaleros** (Sp.), cavaliers, gentlemen.
 Page 24, l. 31. **Cumraik**, Cumberland.
 Page 25, l. 6. **mains**, the home farms.
 Page 25, l. 7. **teil** (Gael. pronunciation of Deil), devil.
 Page 25, l. 8. **wheen**, little.
 Page 25, l. 8. **trewsman**, Highlander.
 Page 25, l. 26. **graith** (Low Scot.), furniture.
 Page 26, l. 4. **shelty**, Highland pony.
 Page 26, l. 5. **merks**, a coin then worth about 1s. 1d.
 Page 26, l. 8. **swear** (Low Scot.), reluctant.
 Page 26, l. 30. **gar'd** (Low Scot.), caused.
 Page 26, l. 32. **forby** (Low Scot.), except.
 Page 26, l. 33. **posset-dish**, one to hold curdled milk.
 Page 26, l. 33. **lug** (Low Scot.), the ear; the handle.
 Page 27, l. 23. **prick-ear'd Covenanters**. A term of contempt used by Cavaliers of the Roundheads or Puritans. As the latter cut their hair closely, their ears appeared more prominent.
 Page 28, l. 11. **pock-puddings**, term of contempt applied to Englishmen.
 Page 28, l. 15. **scaith**, injury; damage; loss.
 Page 28, l. 26. **Andrea Ferrara**, a basket-hilted broadsword made of the finest steel.
 Page 30, l. 21. **scomfishing** (Low Scot.), suffocating.

CHAPTER IV.

- Page 31, l. 1. **epicurism**, indulgence in pleasure; here the pleasure of eating.
 Page 31, l. 17. **castanets**, small concave shells of wood, held in the fingers, to beat time to the dance.
 Page 31, l. 22. **vivers**, provisions.
 Page 32, l. 1. **tass** (Fr., *tasse*), a cup.
 Page 32, l. 18. **kyle** (Low Scot.), a strait.
 Page 32, l. 20. **Ardnamurchan**, a cape in the north of Argyle.
 Page 33, l. 11. **weird** (Low Scot.), fate; destiny; spell.
 Page 33, l. 21. **tappit hen**, pewter measure holding three quarts, so called from the knob on the lid, making it resemble a crested hen.
 Page 33, l. 21. **scaugh** (Low Scot.), shriek, screech.
 Page 33, l. 24. **Grassmarket**. An old market in Edinburgh, where public executions took place.
 Page 33, l. 30. **primo** (Lat.), firstly.
 Page 33, l. 31. **secundo** (Lat.), secondly.
 Page 33, l. 32. **inter pocula** (Lat.), over one's cups.
 Page 35, l. 3. **landlouper** (Ger., *landläufer*), a vagabond, a wanderer.
 Page 36, l. 22. **ebrius** (Lat.), intoxicated.
 Page 36, l. 22. **Vino ciboque gravatus** (Lat.), overcome by feasting; having had too much to eat and drink.
 Page 36, l. 23. **unshelled**, disencumbered of his armour.
 Page 36, l. 28. **Rories**, Highlanders.

- Page 36, l. 29. **tour-de-passe** (Fr.), conjuring trick.
 Page 37, l. 22. **Alle guten Geister loben den Herrn** (Ger.), All good souls, praise the Lord.
 Page 38, l. 4. **caterans**, Highland robbers.
 Page 44, l. 23. **dourlach**, a quiver, or satchel of arrows.
 Page 45, l. 20. **Jewish monarch of old**. King Saul, before whom David played the harp.

CHAPTER V.

- Page 46, l. 28. **Trailsund** is Stralsund, on the Baltic, besieged by Wallenstein.
 Page 48, l. 1. **bannocks**, cakes made of oatmeal, and baked on an iron plate over the fire.
 Page 49, l. 1. **Hoganmogans**. The Dutch, a corruption of "Hoogen Morgend" (High and Mighty); the form of address to the States-General of Holland.
 Page 49, l. 15. **crop-eared hound**. Cropping the ears was a common punishment for criminals, hence "crop-eared" was used as a term of contempt.
 Page 49, l. 18. **Cynthius aurem vellit** (Lat.), Apollo pulled my ear.
 Page 49, l. 28. **Abulziements**, old Scottish form of habiliments; clothes.
 Page 51, l. 11. **heads and thraws**, lying side by side, with the feet of one near the head of another.
 Page 51, l. 25. **wowf** (Low Scot.), crazy.
 Page 53, l. 4. **Titania**, Queen of the Fairies in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

CHAPTER VI.

- Page 62, l. 4. **junta** (Sp.), a council.
 Page 62, l. 7. **Old Leven**. Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, made a field-marshal by Gustavus Adolphus. He commanded the Covenanters at Dunse Law (1639), and Newburn-on-Tyne (1640).
 Page 62, l. 20. **fiery cross**, the ancient signal used to call the Highland clans to arms. It was made of light wood, the ends set on fire, and then extinguished in the blood of a goat.

CHAPTER VII.

- Page 66, l. 30. **Dunse Law**, a hill near Berwick where the Covenanters under General Leslie faced Charles I. in 1639.
 Page 67, l. 9. **Macedonian phalanx**, a body of troops, sixteen deep, with overlapping shields and long projecting spears. This formation was first employed by Philip, King of Macedon.

Page 67, l. 33. "**One who troubles Israel.**" Said by King Ahab to the prophet Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 17).

Page 70, l. 27. **leaguer**, camp.

Page 72, l. 30. **Siege of Capua**, a town near Naples in Italy. It took the side of Hannibal in the Second Punic War. When captured, its chief men were beheaded by the Roman Consul Fulvius.

Page 73, l. 5. **corragio** (Sp.), courage.

Page 73, l. 7. **mea paupera regna** (Lat.), my poor realms, or estates.

Page 73, l. 31. **un peu clairvoyant** (Fr.), rather observant.

Page 74, l. 7. **trews**, the plaid trousers of a Highlander.

Page 75, l. 9. **the heys** (Low Scot.), steps in dancing.

Page 75, l. 26. **beal**, a narrow pass.

Page 75, l. 26. **corries** (Low Scot.), a hollow formed when part of the side of an extinct volcano falls in.

CHAPTER IX.

Page 82, l. 7. **gasconading**, boasting. The natives of Gascony, one of the ancient provinces of France, were reputed great boasters.

Page 84, l. 17. **Sassenach** (Gaelic), Saxon, *i.e.* Englishman, or Lowland Scot.

Page 84, l. 30. **untenty** (Low Scot.), clumsy; awkward.

Page 85, l. 10. **portcullis**, a wooden or iron-grated door let down in front of the entrance to a castle.

Page 85, l. 11. **traverse**, an obstruction, as a wall or ditch, across the approach to a fortress.

Page 86, l. 16. **stell**, place, or mount (Ger. *stellen*, to put or place).

Page 86, l. 17. **chamade** (Fr.), the beat of a drum summoning the enemy to a parley.

Page 87, l. 7. **sconce**, fort or bulwark.

Page 87, l. 7. **graffe**, a ditch (Eng. *grave*).

Page 87, l. 13. **fousse**, a ditch (Fr. *fosse*).

Page 87, l. 19. **crenelles** (Fr.), indentations, on the top of a wall, for soldiers to fire through.

Page 87, l. 22. **tups** (Low Scot.), rams.

Page 88, l. 1. **Diavolo!** (It.), devil.

Page 88, l. 3. **provost-marshal**, the officer commanding the military police.

Page 88, l. 14. **scarped**, sloped like the side of a moat round a fortress.

CHAPTER X.

Page 90, l. 21. **Carthusian silence.** The Carthusians were an order of monks who followed very strict rules of life. They were not allowed to leave their cells, except to go to church, nor to speak without leave from their superior.

Page 92, l. 6. **Clam, vi, vel precario** (Lat.), secretly, by force, or by entreaty.

Page 92, l. 21. **Quaigh** (Low Scot.), wooden vessel made of staves hooped together.

Page 95, l. 9. **Fides et fiducia sunt relativa** (Lat.), fidelity and confidence are mutual or reciprocal, *i.e.* between a victor and his prisoner.

Page 95, l. 25. **Castle of Wolgast.** In Pomerania, on the Baltic.

Page 96, l. 14. **Blow the match of his piece.** The soldier on service carried the slow-match (tow dipped in saltpetre) in a smouldering state, and made it glow thus when he wished to fire.

CHAPTER XI.

Page 97, l. 15. **coronach** (Gael.), a lamentation for the dead (see "Lady of the Lake," Canto III.).

Page 101, l. 34. **Malignant**, a name given by the Puritans to those who aided Charles I. in the Civil War.

Page 97, l. 28. **justified**, executed.

Page 101, l. 12. **Beso a usted los manos** (Sp.), I kiss my hands to your honour.

Page 102, l. 3. **Sir Phelim O'Neale**, leader of the Irish insurgents who massacred the Protestants of Ulster in 1641.

Page 102, l. 22. **cautelous**, cautious.

Page 102, l. 24. **bisognos** (It.), a person of low rank, a beggar.

Page 103, l. 3. **jus gentium** (Lat.), the law of nations.

CHAPTER XII.

Page 106, l. 12. **hurchin** (Low Scot.), hedgehog.

Page 106, l. 20. **patienza** (Sp.), patience.

Page 106, l. 31. **eft**, a newt.

Page 109, l. 3. **intromit**, interfere.

Page 109, l. 19. **camisade** (Fr.), a night attack, so called because the soldiers wore over their armour a shirt (camisade) so as to distinguish each other from the enemy.

Page 109, l. 26. **Teterrima causa** (Lat.), the most hideous cause.

Page 110, l. 10. **pow** (Low Scot.), poll, head.

Page 111, l. 8. **rizzured** (Low Scot.), salted, and dried in the sun.

Page 111, l. 32. **exorcisms**, prayers to expel evil spirits.

Page 112, l. 1. **In nomine Domini** (Lat.), In the name of the Lord.

Page 112, l. 2. **Santissima Madre di Dios** (Sp.), Most Holy Mother of God, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.

- Page 114, l. 9. **girnel-kist** (Low Scot.), corn-bin.
 Page 117, l. 2. **Skianach** (Gael.), a native of Skye; here used for the island itself.
 Page 117, l. 30. **henker** (Ger.), hangman.
 Page 118, l. 6. **giff-gaff**, one good turn deserves another.
 Page 118, l. 11. **Bethlem Gabor**, Prince of Transylvania, an aspirant to the throne of Hungary during the Thirty Years' war.
 Page 118, l. 12. **janizaries**, formerly the footguards of the Sultan of Turkey.
 Page 118, l. 26. **peremptorie**, to the point.
 Page 120, l. 29. **locum tenens** (Lat.), a substitute.
 Page 120, l. 32. **Polonian heyduck**, a Polish light infantry soldier.
 Page 121, l. 27. **factionaries**, partisans, supporters.
 Page 123, l. 4. **Dionysius**, the tyrant of Syracuse (367 B.C.), who is said to have had his dungeons so constructed that he could hear the conversations of his prisoners without himself being seen.

CHAPTER XIII.

- Page 125, l. 21. **perdue** (Fr.), lost to sight, hidden.
 Page 125, l. 23. **reconnaissance** (Fr.), an examination or survey of an enemy's position.
 Page 128, l. 1. **ganz fortreflich** (Ger.), properly "ganz vortreflich," most excellent.
 Page 129, l. 32. **Rizpah**, daughter of King Saul.
 Page 131, l. 23. **Eheu!** (Lat.), alas!
 Page 132, l. 24. **expeditus** (Lat.), in light marching order.
 Page 132, l. 25. **impeditus** (Lat.), in heavy marching order.
 Page 133, l. 18. **seannachies** (Gael.), highland bards or genealogists.
 Page 133, l. 25. **Saturnalian license**. Amongst the ancient Romans the festival of the god Saturn was held in December, when all the people, even the slaves, gave themselves up to the utmost licence and merriment.
 Page 133, l. 28. **I prae, sequar** (Lat.), Go on, I follow.
 Page 135, l. 5. **voto a Dios** (Sp.), a threat.
 Page 135, l. 7. **peloton**, part of a company of soldiers.
 Page 136, l. 1. **Numidians**, a race inhabiting the district now known as Algeria, famous as archers in Roman times.
 Page 136, l. 2. **melley** (Fr. *mêlée*), a hand-to-hand fight.
 Page 136, l. 7. **Non eget Mauri jaculis**, etc., Fuscus wants no Moorish javelins, nor bow, nor quiver filled with poisoned arrows.
 Page 137, l. 33. **tausend teiflen** (Ger.), properly *teufel*, a thousand devils—a common German oath.
 Page 138, l. 28. **sidier**, soldier.

CHAPTER XIV.

- Page 140, l. 27. **chamois**, an Alpine goat.
 Page 141, l. 13. **tuilzie** (Low Scot.), a quarrel, a skirmish.
 Page 146, l. 15. **stiver**, an old Dutch coin worth a penny.
 Page 146, l. 15. **doit**, an old Scottish penny piece.
 Page 146, l. 15. **maravedi**, an old Spanish coin worth less than one farthing.
 Page 147, l. 10. **Hallowe'en**, the eve of All Hallows or all Saints' day, November 1.
 Page 148, l. 18. **volteface** (Fr.), right-about-face.

CHAPTER XV.

- Page 150, l. 17. **douceur** (Fr.), a present, a bribe.

CHAPTER XVI.

- Page 156, l. 21. **shieling**, Highland shed or hut.
 Page 159, l. 33. **Urrie, Baillie, Seaforth**, leaders on the side of the Covenanters.

CHAPTER XVII.

- Page 170, l. 4. **Flagrante bello, multo majus flagrante prælio**, (Lat.), During a campaign, much more in the heat of battle.
 Page 171, l. 1. **bonus socius** (Lat.), a good comrade.
 Page 171, l. 1. **bon camarado** (Sp.), a good comrade.
 Page 171, l. 33. **rider** (Ger., *ritter*), a knight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

- Page 175, l. 6. **hurley-house** (Low Scot.), a large house almost in ruins.
 Page 175, l. 11. **Diem clausit supremum** (Lat.), his last day has come.
 Page 179, l. 15. **amourette** (Fr.), a love affair.
 Page 179, l. 32. **Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum, forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ**, the beauty of the captive maid. Tecmessæ subdued her master Ajax, the son of Telamon.
 Page 181, l. 1. **tent**, probe.

Page 183, l. 19. **Icolmkill**, Iona, the sacred island, where the Irish missionary Columba founded the first Christian church in Scotland in 563 A.D.

CHAPTER XIX.

Page 185, l. 18. **Achilles**, the hero of Homer's "Iliad," which relates the siege and destruction of Troy. He killed the Trojan hero Hector, and was himself slain by Paris.

Page 185, l. 31. **Esculapius**, the god of medicine.

Page 185, l. 32. **Apollo**, the god of music.

Page 185, l. 34. **Opiferque per orbem dicor** (Lat.), throughout the world I am considered a helper.

Page 186, l. 7. **signifer** (Lat.), a standard-bearer.

Page 186, l. 7. **furcifer** (Lat.), a rascal.

Page 186, l. 14. **damnum fatale** (Lat.), a fatal injury.

Page 187, l. 17. **strapado** (Sp.), an old military punishment which consisted in raising the culprit by means of a rope, and letting him suddenly fall.

CHAPTER XX.

Page 198, l. 26. **Briseis**, a maiden captured by the Greeks near Troy, and given as a spoil to Achilles. When she was claimed by Agamemnon, Achilles withdrew in disgust from the war against Troy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Page 201, l. 4. **protégée** (Fr.), one under the care and protection of another.

QUESTIONS ON "A LEGEND OF MONTROSE "

1. At what period is the action of the story supposed to take place?
2. Describe briefly the climax of the story.
3. Has the story a sad or happy ending? What bearing has the ending of the novel on the truth or falsity of "second sight"?
4. What did the Highlanders understand by "second sight"?
5. Explain the meaning of claymore, Lochaber-axe, cuirass, dirk, halbert, jack-boots, jerkin, porteullis.
6. Describe briefly the chief points in the Highland character as portrayed by Scott.
7. Describe briefly the characters of Montrose, Allan M'Aulay, and Dugald Dalgetty.
8. Explain the meaning of the following:—"Lion of the North"; "Prick-ear'd Covenanter"; "Macedonian Phalanx"; "Carthusian Silence"; "to blow the match of his piece"; "crop-ear'd hound"; "Geneva cap and gown"; "gasconading"; "Saturnalian licence"; and "fiery cross."
9. Contrast the characters of Argyle and Menteith.
10. State briefly who the following were:—Gustavus Adolphus, M'Callum More, Wallenstein, Leven, Christian of Denmark, the Knight of Ardenvoehr, and Tilly.
11. Give the meanings of—usquebaugh, bothy, bannock, Hallowe'en, Rories, Teagues, kyle, loon, trews, mickle, muckle.
12. By whom, and on what occasions, were the following expressions used:—

(a) "I think this fellow is one of those horse-leeches, whose appetite for blood being only sharpened by what he has sucked in foreign countries, he is now returned to batten on that of his own."

(b) "Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name. Not one of these men knows any law but their chief's command. Would you dare to compare to them in value the richest ore that ever was dug out of the mine? How say you, cavaliers? is your wager won or lost?"

(c) "I wish you would describe him to me, and I shall save him the trouble of fulfilling your prophecy, if his plaid be passable to sword or pistol."

(d) "I heard your armour clash as you fell, and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest eft that crawls on the floor."

(e) "Surely, sir, I would rather have taken you for a profane malignant, than for such a devout person as you prove, who reverences the great Master even in the meanest of his servants."

(f) "It is you who speak false. I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union—that is now removed; and whom do you think yourself, that I should yield up my pretensions in your favour?"

13. Which of the personages in the story exhibit the following traits of character:—Jealousy, hypocrisy, gluttony, cowardice, revengefulness, amiability, bravery, boastfulness, vanity, filial obedience, and family pride.

14. Give a brief account of Dalgetty's escape from the castle of Inverary.

15. Describe briefly the part played by Annot Lyle in the novel.

16. Mention any incidents in the story which you consider improbable.

17. Why does Scott conclude the action of the novel immediately after the battle of Inverlochy?

THE END.